

THE POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN MILTON:

WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES

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INTRODUCTION

TO

PARADISE REGAINED.

Paradise Regained seems to have been complete in manuscript before the publication of *Paradise Lost*. This we infer from an interesting passage in the Autobiography of the Quaker, Thomas Ellwood, in which he gives an account of the origin of *Paradise Regained*, and claims the credit of having suggested the subject to Milton. We have already seen (Introduction to *Paradise Lost*, pp. 53, 54) how young Ellwood, visiting Milton, in 1665, at the cottage in Chalfont St. Giles, Buckinghamshire, where he was then residing to avoid the Great Plague in London, had a manuscript given him by the poet, with a request to read it at his leisure, and return it with his judgment thereon. On taking this manuscript home with him, Ellwood tells us, he found it to be *Paradise Lost*. He then proceeds as follows:—"After I had, with the best attention, read it through, I made him another visit, and returned him his book, with due acknowledgment of the favour he had done me in communicating it to me. He asked how I liked it, and what I thought of it; which I modestly, but freely, told him: and, after some further discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him, 'Thou hast said much here of *Paradise Lost*; but what hast thou to say of *Paradise Found*?' He made me no answer, but sate some time in a muse, then brake off that discourse and fell upon another subject. After the sickness was over, and the city well cleansed and become safely habitable again, he returned thither. And when, afterwards, I went to wait on him there (which I seldom failed of doing, whenever my occasions drew me to London), he showed me his second

"poem, called *Paradise Regained*, and in a pleasant tone said "to me, 'This is owing to you; for you put it into my head "by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which before I "had not thought of."* The inference from this passage may certainly be that the poem was at least begun in the cottage at Chalfont St. Giles (say in the winter of 1665-6), and that, if not finished there, it was finished in Milton's house in Artillery Walk, shortly after his return to town in 1666. When *Paradise Lost*, therefore, was published in the autumn of 1667, its sequel, though kept back, was ready.

According to this calculation, the poem remained in manuscript for about four years. It was not published till 1671, when *Paradise Lost* had been in circulation for four years, and when the first edition of that poem must have been nearly, if not quite, exhausted—for that edition was restricted to 1,500 copies at the utmost, and Milton's receipt for the second five pounds, due, by agreement, on the sale of 1,300 of these copies,² bears date April 26, 1669. But, for some reason or other, Simmons, the publisher of *Paradise Lost*, was delaying a second edition of that poem—which did not appear till 1674. It may have been owing to dissatisfaction with this delay on Milton's part that Milton did not put *Paradise Regained* into Simmons's hands, but had it printed (as appears) on his own account. Conjoining with it *Samson Agonistes*, which he also had for some time by him, or had just composed, he issued the two poems in a small octavo volume of 220 pages, with this general title-page—"Paradise Regain'd. A Poem. In IV. Books. To which is added Samson Agonistes. The Author John Milton. London, Printed by J. M. for John Starkey at the Mitre in Fleetstreet, near Temple Bar. MDCLXXI." There is no separate title-page to *Paradise Regained*; which commences on the next leaf after this general title; and extends to p. 112 of the volume. Then there is a separate title-leaf to *Samson Agonistes*; which poem, occupying the rest of the volume, is separately paged. On the last leaf of the whole volume are two sets of *Errata*, entitled "Errata in the former Poem" and "Errata in the latter Poem."

Not Samuel Simmons of the Golden Lion in Aldersgate Street, the publisher of *Paradise Lost*, it will be seen, but

* The History of the Life of Thomas Ellwood, Second Edition (1714), pp. 246, 247.

John Starkey, of the Mitre in Fleet Street, was the publisher of the new volume. He was, however, the publisher only, or agent for the printer "J. M." Such, at all events, is the inference of so good an authority in such matters as the late Mr. Leigh Sotheby, who, after quoting the title of the volume, as above, adds: "It is interesting here to notice that the 'initials of Milton occur in the imprint as the *printer* of the 'volume. Such was frequently the case when a work was 'printed solely at the expense of the author.'"* In connexion with which observation we may here note the entry of the volume in the books of the Stationers' Company:

Septemb. 10, 1670: Mr. John Starkey entered for his copie, under the hands of Mr. Tho. Tomkyns and Mr. Warden Roper, a copie or Booke Intituled *Paradise regain'd*, A Poem in 4 Bookes. The Author John Milton. To which is added *Samson Agonistes*, a drammatic [*sic*] Poem, by the same Author.

The volume itself furnishes an additional item of information. On the page opposite the general title-page at the beginning is this brief imprint, "Licensed, July 2, 1670"—from which it appears that the necessary licence had been obtained by Milton from the censor Tomkyns. Apparently Tomkyns gave this licence more easily than he had given that for *Paradise Lost*.

The volume containing the first editions of *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes* is handsome enough in appearance—the paper thicker than that of the first edition of *Paradise Lost*, and the type more distinct and more widely spaced. But the printing, especially the pointing, is not nearly so accurate. Within the first few pages one finds commas where there should be full stops or colons, and *vice versâ*, becomes aware that the person or persons who assisted Milton in seeing the volume through the press cannot have been so careful as those who performed the like duty for the former poem—where, though the pointing is not our modern pointing, it rarely conflicts with the sense.

Whatever was the number of copies printed, it sufficed the demand during the rest of Milton's life, and for six years beyond. When he died in 1674, there was a second edition of the *Paradise Lost*, to be followed by a third in 1678; but it was not till 1680 that there was a second edition of the *Paradise Regained* and *Samson*. It was brought out by the

* Ramblings in the Elucidation of the Autograph of Milton, 1861, p. 83.

same publisher, Starkey, and is of inferior appearance and getting-up to the first—the size still small octavo, but the type closer, so as to reduce the number of pages to 132. The title-pages remain the same; but the two poems are now paged continuously, and not separately. There seems to have been no particular care in revising for the press, for errors noted in the list of errata in the former edition remain uncorrected in the text of this.

Third editions, both of the *Paradise Regained* and of the *Samson*, appeared in folio in 1688, sold, either together or separately, by a new publisher—Randal Taylor; and these are commonly found bound up with the fourth or folio edition of *Paradise Lost*, published by another bookseller in the same year. From this time forward, in fact, the connexion between *Paradise Regained* and *Samson*, originally accidental, is not kept up, save for mere convenience in publication. The tendency was to editions of all Milton's poetical works collectively—in which editions it was natural to put *Paradise Lost* first, then *Paradise Regained*, then *Samson Agonistes*, and after these the *Minor Poems*. The greater demand for *Paradise Lost*, however, making it convenient to divide the Poetical Works in publication, two methods of doing so presented themselves. On the one hand, there was an obvious propriety, if the Poems were to be divided at all, in detaching *Paradise Regained* from *Samson* and the rest, and attaching it to *Paradise Lost*; and, accordingly, there are instances of such conjoint editions of *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*, apart from the other poems, in 1692, 1775, and 1776. But a more convenient plan, mechanically, inasmuch as it divided the Poems collectively into two portions of nearly equal bulk, was to let *Paradise Lost* stand by itself in one or more volumes, and throw *Paradise Regained*, *Samson*, and the *Minor Poems* together into a separate issue in one or more volumes—the two sets combinable or not into a collective edition. This plan, first adopted by Tonson, in 1695, has prevailed since.

There is not the least reason for doubting Ellwood's statement as to the way in which the subject of *Paradise Regained* was suggested to Milton. There is no such evidence as in the case of *Paradise Lost* of long meditation of the subject previous to the actual composition of the poem. Among Milton's jottings, in 1640-1, of subjects for dramas, or other poems (see Introduction to *Paradise Lost*, p. 16), there are

indeed several from the New Testament History. There is a somewhat detailed scheme of a drama, to be called *Baptistes*, on the subject of the death of John the Baptist at the hands of Herod. There are also seven notes of subjects from the Life of Christ—the first entitled *Christus Patiens*, accompanied by a few words which show that, under that title, Milton had an idea of a drama on the scene of the Agony in the Garden the others entered simply as follows : “*Christ Born*,” “*Herod Massacring, or Rachel Weeping* (Matt. ii.),” “*Christ Bound*,” “*Christ Crucified*,” “*Christ Risen*,” and “*Lazarus* (John xi.)” But not one of those eight subjects, thought of in Milton’s early manhood, it will be seen, corresponds with the precise subject of *Paradise Regained*, executed when he was verging on sixty. The subject of that poem is expressly and exclusively the Temptation of Christ by the Devil in the Wilderness, after his Baptism by John, as related in Matt. iv. 1–11, Mark i. 12, 13, and Luke iv. 1–13. Commentators on the Poem, indeed, have remarked it as somewhat strange that Milton should have given so general a title as “*Paradise Regained*” to a poem representing only this particular passage of the Gospel History. For the subject of the Poem is thus announced in the opening lines—

“I, who erewhile the happy Garden sung
By one man’s disobedience lost, now sing
Recovered Paradise to all mankind,
By one man’s firm obedience fully tried
Through all temptation, and the Tempter foiled
In all his wiles, defeated and repulsed,
And Eden raised in the waste Wilderness.”

On which passage, and on the Poem generally, a commentator (Thyer), representing a general feeling, makes this remark : “It may seem a little odd that Milton should impute the recovery of Paradise to this short scene of our Saviour’s life upon earth, and not rather extend it to His Agony, Crucifixion, &c. But the reason, no doubt, was that Paradise *regained* by our Saviour’s resisting the temptation of Satan might be a better contrast to Paradise *lost* by our first parents too easily yielding to the same seducing Spirit.” This remark is perfectly just ; but it receives elucidation and point from Ellwood’s story of the way in which the poem came into existence.

Only by firmly remembering that it was as a sequel to *Paradise Lost* that *Paradise Regained* grew into shape in

Milton's mind, will the second poem be rightly understood. The commentators, indeed, as they have sought the "origin of *Paradise Lost*," or hints for its origin, in all sorts of previous poems, Italian, Latin, and Dutch, on the same subject (see our Introduction to the Poem), have, though less laboriously, searched for previous poems from which Milton may have taken hints for his *Paradise Regained*. Todd, in his preliminary observations entitled "Origin of *Paradise Regained*," refers to the following pieces as, possibly in Milton's recollection while he was writing the Poem,—Bale's *Brefe Comedy or Enterlude concernynge the Temptacyon of our Lorde and Sauer Jesus Christ by Sathan in the Desart* (1538); Giles Fletcher's *Christ's Victorie and Triumph* (1611), a poem in four parts, the second of which, entitled "Christ's Triumph on Earth," describes the Temptation; also *La Humanità del Figliuolo di Dio*, a poem in ten books, by Theofilo Folengo of Mantua (1533); *La Vita et Passione di Christo*, a poem by Antonio Cornozano (1518); and one or two other Italian poems cited at random for their titles and not from knowledge. The only one of these references worth much is that to Giles Fletcher's religious poem. Giles Fletcher (died 1623), and his brother Phineas Fletcher, who outlived him more than twenty-five years, were among the truest poets in the interval between Spenser and Milton, and the highest in that ideal or Spenserian faculty which Milton possessed and admired. He must have known the works of both brothers well, and not least the really fine poem of Giles Fletcher to which Todd refers. But recollection of it can have had no effect on the *scheme* of his own *Paradise Regained*. That was determined simply by the poet's own meditations on those passages of the Evangelists which narrate the Temptation in the Wilderness,—especially the eleven verses in Matt. iv. and the thirteen in Luke iv.—with a view to construct therefrom an imagination of the whole scene, which, while it should be true to the scriptural text, should fit as a sequel to *Paradise Lost*. The result was the poem as we now have it—a poem in which the brief scriptural narrative of the Temptation is expanded into four books, and yet the additions and filling-in are consistent with the texts which have suggested them.

So distinctly is *Paradise Regained* a sequel to *Paradise Lost* that acquaintance with *Paradise Lost* is all but presupposed in the reader ere he begins the shorter poem. Such acquaintance, indeed, is not absolutely necessary; but it conduces to a

more exact understanding of the total meaning of the poem, and of not a few individual passages in it. Indeed, even that diagram of Universal Space or physical Infinitude which was before the poet's mind, as we have seen, throughout *Paradise Lost* (see our Introduction to that Poem), is still present to his mind, though more dimly, in *Paradise Regained*.

The result of Satan's triumph in *Paradise Lost*, it is to be remembered, was that he and his crew of Fallen Angels had succeeded in adding the "orbicular World" of Man, *i.e.* the whole Starry Universe with the Earth at its centre, to that infernal Empire of Hell to which they had been driven down on their expulsion from Heaven or the Empyrean. At the close of the real action of the great epic this is what we find Satan and Sin congratulating themselves upon (Book X. 350—409)—that Man's World has now been wrested from the Empire of Heaven above, and annexed to that of Hell beneath. An inter-communication has been established between Hell and Man's World, and it is hinted that thenceforward the Fallen Angels will not dwell so much in their main dark dominion of Hell as in the more lightsome World overhead, to which access is now easy. Distributing themselves through this World, they will rule its spheres and its elements; but more especially will they congregate in the Air round the central Earth, so as to intermingle with human affairs continually and exercise their diabolic functions on the successive generations of men. They—originally Angels in the Empyrean Heaven, then doomed spirits in Hell—will now be the "Powers of the Air," round about the Earth, and the Gods of Man's World. So they anticipate, and, over and over again throughout the poem, we are reminded that their anticipation has been fulfilled. || What is the theory throughout *Paradise Lost* but that the gods of all the heathen mythologies, worshipped by all the nations, are the Fallen Angels who, in their new condition as Demons of Man's World and Powers of the Air, have so blinded and drugged the perceptions and imaginations of men as to be accepted as divinities?

Well, in *Paradise Regained* all this is assumed. It is assumed that for some thousands of years these "Powers of the Air," *alias* Devils, *alias* gods of the Polytheistic Mythologies, have been in possession of Man's World, distributed some here, some there, according to their characters and faculties of mischief, but occasionally meeting in council somewhere in the element of Air or Mist. Satan is still their

chief—the greatest in power and in ability, the leader in their councils, their governor, and the director of their common enterprises. He is no longer quite the same sublime spirit as in the *Paradise Lost*, in whom were to be discerned the majestic lineaments of the Archangel just ruined. The thousands of years he has spent since then in his self-selected function as the devil of our Earth,—no longer flying from star to star and through the grander regions of Universal Space, but winging about constantly close to our Earth, and meddling incessantly with all that is worst in merely terrestrial affairs,—have told upon his nature, and even upon his mien and bearing. He is a meaner, shrewder spirit, both morally and physically less impressive. But he has not yet degenerated into the mere scoffing Mephistopheles of Goethe's great poem. He retains something of his former magnanimity, or at least of his power of understanding and appealing to the higher motives of thought and action. Whatever of really great invention or wisdom remains among the diabolic host in their diffusion through Man's World and its elements is still chiefly lodged in *him*. He it is, accordingly, who, in his vigilance as to what goes on on Earth, is the first to become aware of the advent of one who may possibly be that prophesied "greater Man" who is to retrieve the consequences of Adam's fall, end the diabolic influence in Man's World, and reconnect that World with Heaven. He it is who, as soon as he has made this discovery, summons the diabolic crew to consultation; and the farther trial of Christ's virtue likewise devolves on him.

▲ The greater portion of the first book of the Poem is preliminary to the real action. It describes the baptism of Christ, when about thirty years of age, and as yet obscure and unknown, by John at Bethabara on the Jordan, the recognition of him by John, the proclamation from Heaven of his Messiahship, the presence of Satan among those who hear this proclamation, and his alarm thereupon. A few days are then supposed to elapse, during which Christ remains in his lodging in Bethabara, the object now of much public regard, and with his first disciples gathering round him; after which he is led by the Spirit into the wilderness, there to revolve his past life, and meditate on the ministry he is about to begin. It is after he has been already forty days in the Desert, and has begun to feel hunger, that the special action of the Poem opens (I. 303). It extends over three

days. On the first day (the fortieth, it is to be supposed, of Christ's stay in the Wilderness,) we have Satan's presentation of himself to Christ in the guise of an old peasant, their first discourse, and the commencement of the Temptation in the manner in which it is related both in Matthew and in Luke—to wit, by the suggestion to Christ that he should prove his divinity by turning the stones around him into bread. This part of the relation occupies the remainder of Book I., which ends with a description of the coming on of night in the Desert. In Book II. the relation is resumed—about half the Book being occupied with an episodic account of the perplexity of Mary and the disciples by reason of Christ's mysterious absence, and an account also of a second council of the Evil Spirits to advise with Satan on his farther proceedings; but the remainder of the Book bringing us back to the Desert, where Satan, early in the second day, renews the temptation. This second day's temptation is the most protracted and laborious, and the account of it extends from Book II. through the whole of Book III. and over two-thirds of Book IV. It is here that Milton has allowed his imagination the largest liberty in expanding the brief hints of the scriptural texts. Both in Matthew and in Luke the acts of the Temptation are represented as three. There is the Temptation of the Bread, or the appeal to Christ's hunger, which is put first by both Evangelists: there is the Temptation of the Vision of the Kingdoms of the Earth from a mountain-top, or the appeal to Christ's ambition—which Luke puts second in order, but Matthew last; and there is the Temptation on the pinnacle of the Temple, or, as it may be called, the appeal to vanity—which Matthew puts second, but Luke last. Milton, assigning a separate day to each act of the Temptation, follows Luke's order rather than Matthew's in the last two acts, and devotes the second day to the appeal to Christ's ambition. But he adds a variety of circumstances. He begins the day, for example, with a repetition of the hunger-temptation of the previous day, and then passes on to subtle appeals to the higher appetites of wealth and power, so as to prepare the way for the vision of the Kingdoms of the Earth from the mountain-top. Milton's management of this vision (which begins at line 251 of Book III. and extends to line 393 of Book IV.) has hardly met with sufficient admiration. He contrives to make it not only a splendid, but also a most accurate, general view of the political condition of

the earth at the time referred to, when the Parthians in the East and the Romans in the West were the great rival powers that had swamped all others; and by thus supposing Satan to have based his temptation on the actual state of the world, and a calculation of what might be done by the genius of a bold adventurer striking in, at that particular juncture, between the Romans and the Parthians, he imparts to it a character of high Machiavellian ability. But the Temptation passes into still a new vein at the close, where, the direct appeal to political ambition having failed, Satan, with Athens in view, instead of Rome, tries to work on the passion for purely intellectual distinction. This too failing, the second day's temptation is at an end, and there is the return from the mountain-top to the wilderness, where Christ is left alone during a night of storm and ghastliness. There remains then only the final act of the Temptation, reserved for the third day—the temptation on the pinnacle of the Temple. Although Milton has also put his own interpretation on this portion of the Temptation, working up to the actual transportation of Christ to the pinnacle, and the challenge of his power there, by previous questionings of Satan whether, after all, he is the “Son of God” in any very extraordinary sense, yet a comparatively brief space suffices both for the discourse leading up to the incident and for the incident itself. The third day's temptation, indeed, encroaching only a little on that day, and not protracted over the whole of it, occupies only about the last third of Book IV. One sees, at the close of the poem, why Milton preferred Luke's arrangement of the three acts of the Temptation to Matthew's. The reservation of the incident on the pinnacle of the Temple to the last enables the poet to close with that fine visual effect of Christ standing alone on the pinnacle, after Satan's inglorious fall, till the fiery globe of ministering Angels surround him, and bear him in safety to earth on their wings as on a floating couch. Down they bear him to a flowery valley, and to the celestial food spread out for him there; he refreshes himself therewith while the Angels above sing a hymn of his victory and its consequences; then, rising, he finds his way unobserved to his mother's house.

Speaking of *Paradise Regained*, Milton's nephew, Phillips, says (Life of Milton, 1694): “It is generally censured to be “much inferior to the other (*i.e.* to *Paradise Lost*), though he “(Milton) could not hear with patience any such thing when

"related to him." Tradition, as usual, has exaggerated this statement, until now the current assertion is that Milton preferred *Paradise Regained* to *Paradise Lost*. We may safely say that he knew better than to do any such thing. But, probably, in that "general censure" of the inferiority of the smaller poem, which had begun, according to Phillips, even during the three years that were spared Milton to note its reception, he discovered critical misconceptions which have transmitted themselves to our time. "Is *Paradise Regained* complete or not?" is a question on which a good deal has been written by Peck, Warburton, Newton, and others. The sole reason for thinking that it is incomplete, and that possibly the four books of the Poem as it now stands were originally intended only as part of a much larger poem, is founded on the smallness of that portion of Christ's life which is embraced in the poem, and on the stopping short of that consummation which would have completed the antithesis to *Paradise Lost*—i.e. the expulsion of Satan and his crew out of the human World altogether back to Hell. This objection has already been discussed, and found invalid. By no protraction of the poem over the rest of Christ's life, we may also remark, could Milton have brought the story to the consummation thought desirable. The *virtual* deliverance of the World from the power of Satan and his crew may be represented as achieved in Christ's life on earth, and Milton represents it as achieved in Christ's first encounter with Satan at the outset of his ministry; but the *actual* or *physical* expulsion of the Evil Spirits out of their usurped world into their own nether realm was left a matter of prophecy or promise, and was certainly not regarded by Milton as having been accomplished even at the time when he wrote. Such completion of the poem, therefore, as could be given to it by working it on to this historical consummation, was impossible. But, in short, by publishing the poem as it stands, Milton certified its completeness according to his own idea of the theme.—"Well, then," some of the critics continue, raising a second question, "can the poem properly be called an epic?" They have in view the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, and the *Æneid*, as the types of epics; and, allowing that *Paradise Lost* may rank as also an epic, they think *Paradise Regained* too short and too simple for such a name. But Milton had anticipated the objection as early as 1641, when, in his *Reason of Church-Government*, speaking of his literary schemes, he

had discriminated two kinds of epics, of which he might have the option, if he should ultimately determine on the epic form of composition as the best for his genius. "That epick form," he had said, "whereof the two poems of Homer, and "those other two of Virgil and Tasso are a *diffuse*, and the "Book of Job a *brief* model." May we not say that, whereas in *Paradise Lost* he had adopted the larger or more diffuse of the two models of epic here described, so in *Paradise Regained* he had in view rather the smaller or briefer model? This would put the matter on its right footing. *Paradise Regained* is a different poem from *Paradise Lost*—not so great, because not admitting of being so great; but it is as good in its different kind. The difference of kinds between the two poems is even signalized in certain differences in the language and versification. *Paradise Regained* seems written more hurriedly than *Paradise Lost*, and, though with passages of great beauty, with less avoidance of plain historical phrases, and less care to give to all the effect of continued song.

PARADISE REGAINED:

A POEM IN FOUR BOOKS.

THE AUTHOR

JOHN MILTON.

PARADISE REGAINED.

THE FIRST BOOK.

I WHO erewhile the happy Garden sung
By one man's disobedience lost, now sing
Recovered Paradise to all mankind,
By one man's firm obedience fully tried
Through all temptation, and the Tempter foiled
In all his wiles, defeated and repulsed,
And Eden raised in the waste Wilderness.
Thou Spirit, who led'st this glorious Eremite
Into the desert, his victorious field
Against the spiritual foe, and brought'st him thence 10
By proof the undoubted Son of God, inspire,
As thou art wont, my prompted song, else mute,
And bear through highth or depth of Nature's bounds,
With prosperous wing full summed, to tell of deeds
Above heroic, though in secret done,
And unrecorded left through many an age :
Worthy to have not remained so long unsung.
Now had the great Proclaimer, with a voice
More awful than the sound of trumpet, cried
Repentance, and Heaven's kingdom nigh at hand 20
To all baptized. To his great baptism flocked
With awe the regions round, and with them came
From Nazareth the son of Joseph deemed
To the flood Jordan—came as then obscure,
Unmarked, unknown. But him the Baptist soon
Descried, divinely warned, and witness bore
As to his worthier, and would have resigned

To him his heavenly office. Nor was long
His witness unconfirmed : on him baptized
Heaven opened, and in likeness of a dove 30
The Spirit descended, while the Father's voice
From Heaven pronounced him his beloved Son.
That heard the Adversary, who, roving still
About the world, at that assembly fumed
Would not be last, and, with the voice divine
Nigh thunder-struck, the exalted man to whom
Such high attest was given a while surveyed
With wonder ; then, with envy fraught and rage,
Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid air
To council summons all his mighty peers, 40
Within thick clouds and dark tenfold involved,
A gloomy consistory ; and then amidst,
With looks aghast and sad, he thus bespake :—
“ O ancient Powers of Air and this wide World
(For much more willingly I mention Air,
This our old conquest, than remember Hell,
Our hated habitation), well ye know
How many ages, as the years of men,
This Universe we have possessed, and ruled
In manner at our will the affairs of Earth, 50
Since Adam and his facile consort Eve
Lost Paradise, deceived by me, though since
With dread attending when that fatal wound
Shall be inflicted by the seed of Eve
Upon my head. Long the decrees of Heaven
Delay, for longest time to Him is short ;
And now, too soon for us, the circling hours
This dreaded time have compassed, wherein we
Must bide the stroke of that long-threatened wound
(At least, if so we can, and by the head 60
Broken be not intended all our power
To be infringed, our freedom and our being
In this fair empire won of Earth and Air)—
For this ill news I bring : The Woman's Seed,
Destined to this, is late of woman born.
His birth to our just fear gave no small cause ;

But his growth now to youth's full flower, displaying
 All virtue, grace and wisdom to achieve
 Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear.
 Before him a great Prophet, to proclaim 70
 His coming, is sent harbinger, who all
 Invites, and in the consecrated stream
 Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them so
 Purified to receive him pure, or rather
 To do him honour as their King. All come,
 And he himself among them was baptized—
 Not thence to be more pure, but to receive
 The testimony of Heaven, that who he is
 Thenceforth the nations may not doubt. I saw
 The Prophet do him reverence ; on him, rising 80
 Out of the water, Heaven above the clouds
 Unfold her crystal doors ; thence on his head
 A perfect dove descend (whate'er it meant) ;
 And out of Heaven the sovran voice I heard,
 ' This is my Son beloved,—in him am pleased.'
 His mother, then, is mortal, but his Sire
 He who obtains the monarchy of Heaven ;
 And what will He not do to advance his Son ?
 His first-begot we know, and sore have felt, .
 When his fierce thunder drove us to the Deep ; 90
 Who this is we must learn, for Man he seems
 In all his lineaments, though in his face
 The glimpses of his Father's glory shine.
 Ye see our danger on the utmost edge
 Of hazard, which admits no long debate,
 But must with something sudden be opposed
 (Not force, but well-couched fraud, well-woven snares),
 Ere in the head of nations he appear,
 Their king, their leader, and supreme on Earth.
 I, when no other durst, sole undertook 100
 The dismal expedition to find out
 And ruin Adam, and the exploit performed
 Successfully : a calmer voyage now
 Will waft me ; and the way found prosperous once
 Induces best to hope of like success."

He ended, and his words impression left
 Of much amazement to the infernal crew,
 Distracted and surprised with deep dismay
 At these sad tidings. But no time was then
 For long indulgence to their fears or grief : 110
 Unanimous they all commit the care
 And management of this main enterprise
 To him, their great Dictator, whose attempt
 At first against mankind so well had thrived
 In Adam's overthrow, and led their march
 From Hell's deep-vaulted den to dwell in light,
 Regents, and potentates, and kings, yea gods,
 Or many a pleasant realm and province wide.
 So to the coast of Jordan he directs
 His easy steps, girded with snaky wiles, 120
 Where he might likeliest find this new-declared,
 This man of men, attested Son of God,
 Temptation and all guile on him to try—
 So to subvert whom he suspected raised
 To end his reign on Earth so long enjoyed :—
 But, contrary, unweeting he fulfilled
 The purposed counsel, pre-ordained and fixed,
 Of the Most High, who, in full frequency bright
 Of Angels, thus to Gabriel smiling spake :—
 “ Gabriel, this day, by proof, thou shalt behold, 130
 Thou and all Angels conversant on Earth
 With Man or men's affairs, how I begin
 To verify that solemn message late,
 On which I sent thee to the Virgin pure
 In Galilee, that she should bear a son,
 Great in renown, and called the Son of God.
 Then told'st her, doubting how these things could be
 To her a virgin, that on her should come
 The Holy Ghost, and the power of the Highest
 O'ershadow her. This Man, born and now upgrown, 141
 To show him worthy of his birth divine
 And high prediction, henceforth I expose
 To Satan ; let him tempt ; and now assay
 His utmost subtlety, because he boasts

And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng
 Of his apostasy. He might have learnt
 Less overweening, since he failed in Job,
 Whose constant perseverance overcame
 Whate'er his cruel malice could invent.
 He now shall know I can produce a man,
 Of female seed, far abler to resist
 All his solicitations, and at length
 All his vast force, and drive him back to Hell—
 Winning by conquest what the first man lost
 By fallacy surprised. But first I mean
 To exercise him in the Wilderness ;
 There he shall first lay down the rudiments
 Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth
 To conquer Sin and Death, the two grand foes.
 By humiliation and strong sufferance
 His weakness shall o'ercome Satanic strength,
 And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh ;
 That all the Angels and ethereal Powers—
 They now, and men hereafter—may discern
 From what consummate virtue I have chose
 This perfect man, by merit called my Son,
 To earn salvation for the sons of men.”

So spake the Eternal Father, and all Heaven
 Admiring stood a space ; then into hymns
 Burst forth, and in celestial measures moved,
 Circling the throne and singing, while the hand
 Sung with the voice, and this the argument :—

“Victory and triumph to the Son of God,
 Now entering his great duel, not of arms,
 But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles !
 The Father knows the Son ; therefore secure
 Ventures his filial virtue, though untried,
 Against whate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce,
 Allure, or terrify, or undermine.
 Be frustrate, all ye stratagems of Hell,
 And, devilish machinations, come to nought !”

So they in Heaven their odes and vigils tuned.
 Meanwhile the Son of God, who yet some days

Lodged in Bethabara, where John baptized,
Musing and much revolving in his breast
How best the mighty work he might begin
Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first
Publish his godlike office now mature,
One day forth walked alone, the Spirit leading
And his deep thoughts, the better to converse 190
With solitude, till, far from track of men,
Thought following thought, and step by step led on,
He entered now the bordering Desert wild,
And, with dark shades and rocks environed round,
His holy meditations thus pursued :—

“O what a multitude of thoughts at once
Awakened in me swarm, while I consider
What from within I feel myself, and hear
What from without comes often to my ears,
Ill sorting with my present state compared ! 200
When I was yet a child, no childish play
To me was pleasing ; all my mind was set
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do,
What might be public good ; myself I thought
Born to that end, born to promote all truth,
All righteous things. Therefore, above my years,
The Law of God I read, and found it sweet ;
Made it my whole delight, and in it grew
To such perfection that, ere yet my age
Had measured twice six years, at our great Feast 210
I went into the Temple, there to hear
The teachers of our Law, and to propose
What might improve my knowledge or their own,
And was admired by all. Yet this not all
To which my spirit aspired. Victorious deeds
Flamed in my heart, heroic acts—one while
To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke ;
Then to subdue and quell, o’er all the earth,
Brute violence and proud tyrannic power,
Till truth were freed, and equity restored : 220
Yet held it more humane, more heavenly, first
By winning words to conquer willing hearts,

And make persuasion do the work of fear ;
At least to try, and teach the erring soul,
Not wilfully misdoing, but unware
Misled ; the stubborn only to subdue.
These growing thoughts my mother soon perceiving,
By words at times cast forth, inly rejoiced,
And said to me apart, ' High are thy thoughts,
O Son ! but nourish them, and let them soar 230
To what highth sacred virtue and true worth
Can raise them, though above example high ;
By matchless deeds express thy matchless Sire.
For know, thou art no son of mortal man ;
Though men esteem thee low of parentage,
Thy Father is the Eternal King who rules
All Heaven and Earth, Angels and sons of men.
A messenger from God foretold thy birth
Conceived in me a virgin ; he foretold
Thou shouldst be great, and sit on David's throne, 240
And of thy kingdom there should be no end.
At thy nativity a glorious quire
Of Angels, in the fields of Bethlehem, sung
To shepherds, watching at their folds by night,
And told them the Messiah now was born,
Where they might see him ; and to thee they came,
Directed to the manger where thou lay'st ;
For in the inn was left no better room.
A star, not seen before, in heaven appearing,
Guided the wise men thither from the East, 250
To honour thee with incense, myrrh, and gold ;
By whose bright course led on they found the place,
Affirming it thy star, new-graven in heaven,
By which they knew thee King of Israel born.
Just Simeon and prophetic Anna, warned
By vision, found thee in the Temple, and spake,
Before the altar and the vested priest,
Like things of thee to all that present stood.'
This having heard, straight I again revolved
The Law and Prophets, searching what was writ 260
Concerning the Messiah, to our scribes

Known partly, and soon found of whom they spake
I am—this chiefly, that my way must lie
Through many a hard assay, even to the death,
Ere I the promised kingdom can attain,
Or work redemption for mankind, whose sins'
Full weight must be transferred upon my head.
Yet, neither thus disheartened or dismayed,
The time prefixed I waited ; when behold
The Baptist (of whose birth I oft had heard, 270
Not knew by sight) now come, who was to come
Before Messiah, and his way prepare !
I, as all others, to his baptism came,
Which I believed was from above ; but he
Straight knew me, and with loudest voice proclaimed
Me him (for it was shown him so from Heaven)—
Me him whose harbinger he was ; and first
Refused on me his baptism to confer,
As much his greater, and was hardly won.
But, as I rose out of the laving stream, 280
Heaven opened her eternal doors, from whence
The Spirit descended on me like a dove ;
And last, the sum of all, my Father's voice,
Audibly heard from Heaven, pronounced me his,
Me his beloved Son, in whom alone
He was well pleased : by which I knew the time
Now full, that I no more should live obscure,
But openly begin, as best becomes
The authority which I derived from Heaven.
And now by some strong motion I am led 290
Into this wilderness ; to what intent
I learn not yet. Perhaps I need not know ;
For what concerns my knowledge God reveals."
So spake our Morning Star, then in his rise,
And, looking round, on every side beheld
A pathless desert, dusk with horrid shades.
The way he came, not having marked return,
Was difficult, by human steps untrod ;
And he still on was led, but with such thoughts
Accompanied of things past and to come 300

Lodged in his breast as well might recommend
Such solitude before choicest society.

Full forty days he passed—whether on hill
Sometimes, anon in shady vale, each night
Under the covert of some ancient oak
Or cedar to defend him from the dew,
Or harboured in one cave, is not revealed ;
Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt,
Till those days ended ; hungered then at last
Among wild beasts. They at his sight grew mild, 310
Nor sleeping him nor waking harmed ; his walk
The fiery serpent fled and noxious worm ;
The lion and fierce tiger glared aloof.
But now an aged man in rural weeds,
Following, as seemed, the quest of some stray ewe,
Or withered sticks to gather, which might serve
Against a winter's day, when winds blow keen,
To warm him wet returned from field at eve,
He saw approach ; who first with curious eye
Perused him, then with words thus uttered spake :—320

“ Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this place,
So far from path or road of men, who pass
In troop or caravan ? for single none
Durst ever, who returned, and dropt not here
His carcass, pined with hunger and with droughth.
I ask the rather, and the more admire,
For that to me thou seem'st the man whom late
Our new baptizing Prophet at the ford
Of Jordan honoured so, and called thee Son
Of God. I saw and heard, for we sometimes 330
Who dwell this wild, constrained by want, come forth
To town or village nigh (nighest is far),
Where aught we hear, and curious are to hear,
What happens new ; fame also finds us out.”

To whom the Son of God :—“ Who brought me
hither
Will bring me hence ; no other guide I seek.”

“ By miracle he may,” replied the swain ;
“ What other way I see not ; for we here

Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inured
More than the camel, and to drink go far— 340
Men to much misery and hardship born.
But, if thou be the Son of God, command
That out of these hard stones be made thee bread ;
So shalt thou save thyself, and us relieve
With food, whereof we wretched seldom taste.”

He ended, and the Son of God replied :—
“Think’st thou such force in bread? Is it not written
(For I discern thee other than thou seem’st),
Man lives not by bread only, but each word
Proceeding from the mouth of God, who fed 350
Our fathers here with manna? In the Mount
Moses was forty days, nor eat nor drank ;
And forty days Eliah without food
Wandered this barren waste ; the same I now.
Why dost thou, then, suggest to me distrust,
Knowing who I am, as I know who *thou* art?”

Whom thus answered the Arch-Fiend, now undis-
guised :—

“’Tis true, I am that Spirit unfortunate
Who, leagued with millions more in rash revolt,
Kept not my happy station, but was driven 360
With them from bliss to the bottomless Deep—
Yet to that hideous place not so confined
By rigour unconniving but that oft,
Leaving my dolorous prison, I enjoy
Large liberty to round this globe of Earth,
Or range in the Air ; nor from the Heaven of Heavens
Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.
I came, among the Sons of God, when he
Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job,
To prove him, and illustrate his high worth ; 370
And, when to all his Angels he proposed
To draw the proud king Ahab into fraud,
That he might fall in Ramoth, they demurring,
I undertook that office, and the tongues
Of all his flattering prophets glibbed with lies
To his destruction, as I had in charge :

For what he bids I do. Though I have lost
 Much lustre of my native brightness, lost
 To be beloved of God, I have not lost
 To love, at least contemplate and admire, 380
 What I see excellent in good, or fair,
 Or virtuous ; I should so have lost all sense.
 What can be then less in me than desire
 To see thee and approach thee, whom I know
 Declared the Son of God, to hear attent
 Thy wisdom, and behold thy godlike deeds ?
 Men generally think me much a foe
 To all mankind. Why should I ? they to me
 Never did wrong or violence. By them
 I lost not what I lost ; rather by them 390
 I gained what I have gained, and with them dwell
 Copartner in these regions of the World,
 If not disposer—lend them oft my aid,
 Oft my advice by presages and signs,
 And answers, oracles, portents, and dreams,
 Whereby they may direct their future life.
 Envy, they say, excites me, thus to gain
 Companions of my misery and woe !
 At first it may be ; but, long since with woe
 Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof 400
 That fellowship in pain divides not smart,
 Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar load ;
 Small consolation, then, were Man adjoined.
 This wounds me most (what can it less ?) that Man,
 Man fallen, shall be restored, I never more."

To whom our Saviour sternly thus replied :—
 " Deservedly thou griev'st, composed of lies
 From the beginning, and in lies wilt end,
 Who boast'st release from Hell, and leave to come
 Into the Heaven of Heavens. Thou com'st, indeed,
 As a poor miserable captive thrall 411
 Comes to the place where he before had sat
 Among the prime in splendour, now deposed,
 Ejected, emptied, gazed, unpitied, shunned,
 A spectacle of ruin, or of scorn,

To all the host of Heaven. The happy place
Imparts to thee no happiness, no joy—
Rather inflames thy torment, representing
Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable ;
So never more in Hell than when in Heaven. 420
But thou art serviceable to Heaven's King !
Wilt thou impute to obedience what thy fear
Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites ?
What but thy malice moved thee to misdeem
Of righteous Job, then cruelly to afflict him
With all inflictions ? but his patience won.
The other service was thy chosen task,
To be a liar in four hundred mouths ;
For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.
Yet thou pretend'st to truth ! all oracles 430
By thee are given, and what confessed more true
Among the nations ? That hath been thy craft,
By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies.
But what have been thy answers ? what but dark,
Ambiguous, and with double sense deluding,
Which they who asked have seldom understood,
And, not well understood, as good not known ?
Who ever, by consulting at thy shrine,
Returned the wiser, or the more instruct
To fly or follow what concerned him most, 440
And run not sooner to his fatal snare ?
For God hath justly given the nations up
To thy delusions ; justly, since they fell
Idolatrous. But, when his purpose is
Among them to declare his providence,
To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy truth,
But from him, or his Angels president
In every province, who, themselves disdaining
To approach thy temples, give thee in command
What, to the smallest titile, thou shalt say 450
To thy adorers ? Thou, with trembling fear,
Or like a fawning parasite, obey'st ;
Then to thyself ascrib'st the truth foretold.
But this thy glory shall be soon retrenched ;

No more shalt thou by oracling abuse
 The Gentiles ; henceforth oracles are ceased,
 And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice
 Shalt be inquired at Delphos or elsewhere—
 At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.
 God hath now sent his living Oracle 460
 Into the world to teach his final will,
 And sends his Spirit of Truth henceforth to dwell
 In pious hearts, an inward oracle
 To all truth requisite for men to know."

So spake our Saviour ; but the subtle Fiend,
 Though inly stung with anger and disdain,
 Dissembled, and this answer smooth returned :—

"Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,
 And urged me hard with doings which not will,
 But misery, hath wrested from me. Where 470
 Easily canst thou find one miserable,
 And not enforced oft-times to part from truth,
 If it may stand him more in stead to lie,
 Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure ?
 But thou art placed above me ; thou art Lord ;
 From thee I can, and must, submit, endure
 Check or reproof, and glad to scape so quit.
 Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,
 Smooth on the tongue discoursed, pleasing to the ear,
 And tunable as sylvan pipe or song ; 480
 What wonder, then, if I delight to hear
 Her dictates from thy mouth ? most men admire
 Virtue who follow not her lore. Permit me
 To hear thee when I come (since no man comes),
 And talk at least, though I despair to attain.
 Thy Father, who is holy, wise, and pure,
 Suffers the hypocrite or atheous priest
 To tread his sacred courts, and minister
 About his altar, handling holy things,
 Praying or vowing, and vouchsafed his voice 490
 To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet
 Inspired : disdain not such access to me."

To whom our Saviour, with unaltered brow :—

“Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,
I bid not, or forbid. Do as thou find'st
Permission from above ; thou canst not more.”

He added not ; and Satan, bowing low
His gray dissimulation, disappeared,
Into thin air diffused : for now began
Night with her sullen wing to double-shade 500
The desert ; fowls in their clay nests were couched ;
And now wild beasts came forth the woods to roam.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

PARADISE REGAINED.

THE SECOND BOOK.

MEANWHILE the new-baptized, who yet remained,
At Jordan with the Baptist, and had seen
Him whom they heard so late expressly called
Jesus Messiah, Son of God, declared,
And on that high authority had believed,
And with him talked, and with him lodged—I mean
Andrew and Simon, famous after known,
With others, though in Holy Writ not named—
Now missing him, their joy so lately found,
So lately found and so abruptly gone, 10
Began to doubt, and doubted many days,
And, as the days increased, increased their doubt.
Sometimes they thought he might be only shown,
And for a time caught up to God, as once
Moses was in the Mount and missing long,
And the great Thisbite, who on fiery wheels
Rode up to heaven, yet once again to come.
Therefore, as those young prophets then with care
Sought lost Elijah, so in each place these
Nigh to Bethabara—in Jericho 20
The city of palms, Ænon, and Salem old,
Machærus, and each town or city walled
On this side the broad lake Genezaret,
Or in Peræa—but returned in vain.
Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek,
Where winds with reeds and osiers whispering play,
Plain fishermen (no greater men them call),

Close in a cottage low together got,
Their unexpected loss and plaints outbreathed :—

“ Alas, from what high hope to what relapse 30
Unlooked for are we fallen ! Our eyes beheld
Messiah certainly now come, so long
Expected of our fathers ; we have heard
His words, his wisdom full of grace and truth.
‘ Now, now, for sure, deliverance is at hand ;
The kingdom shall to Israel be restored :’
Thus we rejoiced, but soon our joy is turned
Into perplexity and new amaze.

For whither is he gone ? what accident
Hath rapt him from us ? will he now retire 40
After appearance, and again prolong
Our expectation ? God of Israel,
Send thy Messiah forth ; the time is come.
Behold the kings of the earth, how they oppress
Thy Chosen, to what highth their power unjust
They have exalted, and behind them cast
All fear of Thee ; arise, and vindicate
Thy glory ; free thy people from their yoke !
But let us wait ; thus far He hath performed—
Sent his Anointed, and to us revealed him, 50
By his great Prophet pointed at and shown
In public, and with him we have conversed.
Let us be glad of this, and all our fears
Lay on his providence ; He will not fail,
Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall—
Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him hence :
Soon we shall see our hope, our joy, return.”

Thus they out of their plaints new hope resume
To find whom at the first they found unsought.
But to his mother Mary, when she saw 60
Others returned from baptism, not her Son,
Nor left at Jordan tidings of him none,
Within her breast though calm, her breast though pure.
Motherly cares and fears got head, and raised
Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad :—

“ Oh, what avails me now that honour high,

To have conceived of God, or that salute,
 'Hail, highly favoured, among women blest !'
 While I to sorrows am no less advanced,
 And fears as eminent above the lot 70
 Of other women, by the birth I bore :
 In such a season born, when scarce a shed
 Could be obtained to shelter him or me
 From the bleak air? A stable was our warmth,
 A manger his ; yet soon enforced to fly
 Thence into Egypt, till the murderous king
 Were dead, who sought his life, and, missing, filled
 With infant blood the streets of Bethlehem.
 From Egypt home returned, in Nazareth
 Hath been our dwelling many years ; his life 80
 Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
 Little suspicious to any king. But now,
 Full grown to man, acknowledged, as I hear,
 By John the Baptist, and in public shown,
 Son owned from Heaven by his Father's voice,
 I looked for some great change. To honour? no ;
 But trouble, as old Simeon plain foretold,
 That to the fall and rising he should be
 Of many in Israel, and to a sign
 Spoken against—that through my very soul 90
 A sword shall pierce. This is my favoured lot,
 My exaltation to afflictions high !
 Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest !
 I will not argue that, nor will repine.
 But where delays he now? Some great intent
 Conceals him. When twelve years he scarce had seen,
 I lost him, but so found as well I saw
 He could not lose himself, but went about
 His Father's business. What he meant I mused—
 Since understand ; much more his absence now 100
 Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.
 But I to wait with patience am inured ;
 My heart hath been a storehouse long of things
 And sayings laid up, portending strange events."
 Thus Mary, pondering oft, and oft to mind

Recalling what remarkably had passed
Since first her salutation heard, with thoughts
Meekly composed awaited the fulfilling :
The while her Son, tracing the desert wild,
Sole, but with holiest meditations fed, 110
Into himself descended, and at once
All his great work to come before him set—
How to begin, how to accomplish best
His end of being on Earth, and mission high.
For Satan, with sly preface to return,
Had left him vacant, and with speed was gone
Up to the middle region of thick air,
Where all his Potentates in council sat.
There, without sign of boast, or sign of joy,
Solicitous and blank, he thus began :— 120
“Princes, Heaven’s ancient Sons, Ethereal Thrones—
Demonian Spirits now, from the element
Each of his reign allotted, rightlier called
Powers of Fire, Air, Water, and Earth beneath
(So may we hold our place and these mild seats
Without new trouble !)—such an enemy
Is risen to invade us, who no less
Threatens than our expulsion down to Hell.
I, as I undertook, and with the vote
Consenting in full frequency was empowered, 130
Have found him, viewed him, tasted him ; but find
Far other labour to be undergone
Than when I dealt with Adam, first of men,
Though Adam by his wife’s allurements fell,
However to this Man inferior far—
If he be Man by mother’s side, at least
With more than human gifts from Heaven adorned,
Perfections absolute, graces divine,
And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds.
Therefore I am returned, lest confidence. 140
Of my success with Eve in Paradise
Deceive ye to persuasion over-sure
Of like succeeding here. I summon all
Rather to be in readiness with hand

Or counsel to assist, lest I, who erst
Thought none my equal, now be overmatched."

So spake the old Serpent, doubting, and from all
With clamour was assured their utmost aid
At his command ; when from amidst them rose
Belial, the dissolutes Spirit that fell, 150
The sensualest, and, after Asmodai,
The fleshliest Incubus, and thus advised :—

" Set women in his eye and in his walk,
Among daughters of men the fairest found.
Many are in each region passing fair
As the noon sky, more like to goddesses
Than mortal creatures, graceful and discreet,
Expert in amorous arts, enchanting tongues
Persuasive, virgin majesty with mild
And sweet allayed, yet terrible to approach, 160
Skilled to retire, and in retiring draw
Hearts after them tangled in amorous nets.
Such object hath the power to soften and tame
Severest temper, smooth the rugged'st brow,
Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,
Draw out with credulous desire, and lead
At will the manliest, resolute breast,
As the magnetic hardest iron draws.
Women, when nothing else, beguiled the heart
Of wisest Solomon, and made him build, 170
And made him bow, to the gods of his wives."

To whom quick answer Satan thus returned :—
" Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st
All others by thyself. Because of old
Thou thyself doat'st on womankind, admiring
Their shape, their colour, and attractive grace,
None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys.
Before the Flood, thou, with thy lusty crew,
False titled Sons of God, roaming the Earth,
Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men, 180
And coupled with them, and begot a race.
Have we not seen, or by relation heard,
In courts and regal chambers how thou lurk'st,

In wood or grove, by mossy fountain-side,
In valley or green meadow, to waylay
Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymene,
Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,
Or Amymone, Syrinx, many more
Too long—then lay'st thy scapes on names adored,
Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan, 190
Satyr, or Faun, or Silvan? But these haunts
Delight not all. Among the sons of men
How many have with a smile made small account
Of beauty and her lures, easily scorned
All her assaults, on worthier things intent!
Remember that Pellean conqueror,
A youth, how all the beauties of the East
He slightly viewed, and slightly overpassed;
How he surnamed of Africa dismissed,
In his prime youth, the fair Iberian maid. 200
For Solomon, he lived at ease, and, full
Of honour, wealth, high fare, aimed not beyond
Higher design than to enjoy his state;
Thence to the bait of women lay exposed.
But he whom we attempt is wiser far
Than Solomon, of more exalted mind,
Made and set wholly on the accomplishment
Of greatest things. What woman will you find,
Though of this age the wonder and the fame,
On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye 210
Of fond desire? Or should she, confident,
As sitting queen adored on Beauty's throne,
Descend with all her winning charms begirt
To enamour, as the zone of Venus once
Wrought that effect on Jove (so fables tell),
How would one look from his majestic brow,
Seated as on the top of Virtue's hill,
Discountenance her despised, and put to rout
All her array, her female pride deject,
Or turn to reverent awe! For Beauty stands 220
In the admiration only of weak minds
Led captive; cease to admire, and all her plumes

Fall flat, and shrink into a trivial toy,
 At every sudden slighting quite abashed.
 Therefore with manlier objects we must try
 His constancy—with such as have more show
 Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise
 (Rocks whereon greatest men have ofttest wrecked);
 Or that which only seems to satisfy
 Lawful desires of nature, not beyond. 230
 And now I know he hungers, where no food
 Is to be found, in the wild Wilderness:
 The rest commit to me; I shall let pass
 No advantage, and his strength as oft assay."

He ceased, and heard their grant in loud acclaim;
 Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band
 Of Spirits likest to himself in guile,
 To be at hand and at his beck appear,
 If cause were to unfold some active scene
 Of various persons, each to know his part; 240
 Then to the desert takes with these his flight,
 Where still, from shade to shade, the Son of God,
 After forty days' fasting, had remained,
 Now hungering first, and to himself thus said:—
 "Where will this end? Four times ten days I have
 passed

Wandering this woody maze, and human food
 Nor tasted, nor had appetite. That fast
 To virtue I impute not, or count part
 Of what I suffer here. If nature need not,
 Or God support nature without repast, 250
 Though needing, what praise is it to endure?
 But now I feel I hunger; which declares
 Nature hath need of what she asks. Yet God
 Can satisfy that need some other way,
 Though hunger still remain. So it remain
 Without this body's wasting, I content me,
 And from the sting of famine fear no harm;
 Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts, that feed
 Me hungering more to do my Father's will."

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son 260

Communed in silent walk, then laid him down
Under the hospitable covert nigh
Of trees thick interwoven. There he slept,
And dreamed, as appetite is wont to dream,
Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet.
Him thought he by the brook of Cherith stood,
And saw the ravens with their horny beaks
Food to Elijah bringing even and morn—
Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they
brought ;
He saw the Prophet also, how he fled 270
Into the desert, and how there he slept
Under a juniper—then how, awaked,
He found his supper on the coals prepared,
And by the Angel was bid rise and eat,
And eat the second time after repose,
The strength whereof sufficed him forty days :
Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,
Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.
Thus wore out night ; and now the herald lark
Left his ground-nest, high towering to descry 280
The Morn's approach, and greet her with his song.
As lightly from his grassy couch up rose
Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream ;
Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting waked.
Up to a hill anon his steps he reared,
From whose high top to ken the prospect round,
If cottage were in view, sheep-cote, or herd ;
But cottage, herd, or sheep-cote, none he saw—
Only in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,
With chant of tuneful birds resounding loud. 290
Thither he bent his way, determined there
To rest at noon, and entered soon the shade
High-roofed, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,
That opened in the midst a woody scene ;
Nature's own work it seemed (Nature taught Art),
And, to a superstitious eye, the haunt
Of wood-gods and wood-nymphs. He viewed it round ;
When suddenly a man before him stood,

Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,
 As one in city or court or palace bred, 300
 And with fair speech these words to him addressed:—

“With granted leave officious I return,
 But much more wonder that the Son of God
 In this wild solitude so long should bide,
 Of all things destitute, and, well I know,
 Not without hunger. Others of some note,
 As story tells, have trod this wilderness :
 The fugitive bond-woman, with her son,
 Outcast Nebaioth, yet found here relief
 By a providing Angel; all the race 310
 Of Israel here had famished, had not God.
 Rained from heaven manna ; and that Prophet bold,
 Native of Thebez, wandering here, was fed
 Twice by a voice inviting him to eat.
 Of thee these forty days none hath regard,
 Forty and more deserted here indeed.”

To whom thus Jesus:—“What conclud’st thou
 hence?

They all had need ; I, as thou seest, have none.”

“How hast thou hunger then ?” Satan replied.
 “Tell me, if food were now before thee set, 320
 Would’st thou not eat ?” “Thereafter as I like
 The giver,” answered Jesus. “Why should that
 Cause thy refusal ?” said the subtle Fiend.
 “Hast thou not right to all created things?
 Owe not all creatures, by just right, to thee
 Duty and service, nor to stay till bid,
 But tender all their power ? Nor mention I
 Meats by the law unclean, or offered first
 To idols—those young Daniel could refuse ;
 Nor proffered by an enemy—though who 330
 Would scruple that, with want oppressed ? Behold,
 Nature ashamed, or, better to express,
 Troubled, that thou shouldst hunger, hath purveyed
 From all the elements her choicest store,
 To treat thee as beseems, and as her Lord
 With honour. Only deign to sit and eat.”

He spake no dream ; for, as his words had end,
Our Saviour, lifting up his eyes, beheld,
In ample space under the broadest shade,
A table richly spread in regal mode, 340
With dishes piled and meats of noblest sort
And savour—beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boiled,
Grisamber-steamed ; all fish, from sea or shore,
Freshet or purling brook, of shell or fin,
And exquisitest name, for which was drained
Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.
Alas ! how simple, to these cates compared,
Was that crude apple that diverted Eve !
And at a stately sideboard, by the winc, 350
That fragrant smell diffused, in order stood
Tall stripling youths rich-clad, of fairer hue
Than Ganymed or Hylas ; distant more,
Under the trees now tripped, now solemn stood,
Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades
With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn,
And ladies of the Hesperides, that seemed
Fairer than feigned of old, or fabled since
Of faery damsels met in forest wide
By knights of Logres, or of Lyones, 360
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore.
And all the while harmonious airs were heard
Of chiming strings or charming pipes ; and winds
Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fanned
From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells.
Such was the splendour ; and the Tempter now
His invitation earnestly renewed :—
“ What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat ?
These are not fruits forbidden ; no interdict
Defends the touching of these viands pure ; 370
Their taste no knowledge works, at least of evil,
But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,
Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.
All these are Spirits of air, and woods, and springs,
Thy gentle ministers, who come to pay

Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their Lord.
 What doubt'st thou, Son of God? Sit down and eat."

To whom thus Jesus temperately replied :—
 "Said'st thou not that to all things I had right?
 And who withholdeth my power that right to use? 380
 Shall I receive by gift what of my own,
 When and where likes me best, I can command?
 I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,
 Command a table in this wilderness,
 And call swift flights of Angels ministrant,
 Arrayed in glory, on my cup to attend :
 Why shouldst thou, then, obtrude this diligence
 In vain, where no acceptance it can find?
 And with my hunger what hast thou to do?
 Thy pompous delicacies I contemn, 390
 And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but guiles."

To whom thus answered Satan, malecontent :—
 "That I have also power to give thou seest ;
 If of that power I bring thee voluntary
 What I might have bestowed on whom I pleased,
 And rather opportunely in this place
 Chose to impart to thy apparent need,
 Why shouldst thou not accept it? But I see
 What I can do or offer is suspect.
 Of these things others quickly will dispose, 400
 Whose pains have earned the far-fet spoil." With that
 Both table and provision vanished quite,
 With sound of harpies' wings and talons heard ;
 Only the importune Tempter still remained,
 And with these words his temptation pursued :—

"By hunger, that each other creature tames,
 Thou art not to be harmed, therefore not moved ;
 Thy temperance, invincible besides,
 For no allurements yields to appetite ;
 And all thy heart is set on high designs, 410
 High actions. But wherewith to be achieved?
 Great acts require great means of enterprise ;
 Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,
 A carpenter thy father known, thyself

Bred up in poverty and straits at home,
Lost in a desert here and hunger-bit.
Which way, or from what hope, dost thou aspire
To greatness? whence authority deriv'st?
What followers, what retinue canst thou gain,
Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude, 420
Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost?
Money brings honour, friends, conquest, and realms.
What raised Antipater the Edomite,
And his son Herod placed on Judah's throne,
Thy throne, but gold, that got him puissant friends?
Therefore, if at great things thou wouldst arrive,
Get riches first, get wealth, and treasure heap—
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me.
Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand;
They who ^{on} I favour thrive in wealth amain, 430
While virtue, valour, wisdom, sit in want."
To whom thus Jesus patiently replied:—
"Yet wealth without these three is impotent
To gain dominion, or to keep it gained—
Witness those ancient empires of the earth,
In highth of all their flowing wealth dissolved;
But men endued with these have oft attained,
In lowest poverty, to highest deeds—
Gideon, and Jephtha, and the shepherd lad
Whose offspring on the throne of Judah sat 440
So many ages, and shall yet regain
That seat, and reign in Israel without end.
Among the Heathen (for throughout the world
To me is not unknown what hath been done
Worthy of memorial) canst thou not remember
Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus?
For I esteem those names of men so poor,
Who could do mighty things, and could contemn
Riches, though offered from the hand of kings.
And what in me seems wanting but that I 450
May also in this poverty as soon
Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more?
Extol not riches, then, the toil of fools,

The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare ; more apt
To slacken virtue and abate her edge
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.
What if with like aversion I reject
Riches and realms ! Yet not for that a crown,
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights,
To him who wears the regal diadem, 461
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies ;
For therein stands the office of a king,
His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,
That for the public all this weight he bears.
Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king—
Which every wise and virtuous man attains ;
And who attains not ill aspires to rule
Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes, 470
Subject himself to anarchy within,
Or lawless passions in him, which he serves.
But to guide nations in the way of truth
By saving doctrine, and from error lead
To know, and, knowing, worship God aright,
Is yet more kingly. This attracts the soul,
Governs the inner man, the nobler part ;
That other o'er the body only reigns,
And oft by force—which to a generous mind
So reigning can be no sincere delight. 480
Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
Far more magnanimous, than to assume.
Riches are needless, then, both for themselves,
And for thy reason why they should be sought—
To gain a sceptre, ofttest better missed."

PARADISE REGAINED.

THE THIRD BOOK.

SO spake the Son of God ; and Satan stood
A while as mute, confounded what to say,
What to reply, confuted and convinced
Of his weak arguing and fallacious drift ;
At length, collecting all his serpent wiles,
With soothing words renewed, him thus accosts :—

“ I see thou know'st what is of use to know,
What best to say canst say, to do canst do ;
Thy actions to thy words accord ; thy words
To thy large heart give utterance due ; thy heart 10
Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.
Should kings and nations from thy mouth consult,
Thy counsel would be as the oracle
Urim and Thummim, those oraculous gems
On Aaron's breast, or tongue of Seers old
Infallible ; or, wert thou sought to deeds
That might require the array of war, thy skill
Of conduct would be such that all the world
Could not sustain thy prowess, or subsist
In battle, though against thy few in arms. 20
These godlike virtues wherefore dost thou hide?
Affecting private life, or more obscure
In savage wilderness, wherefore deprive
All Earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself
The fame and glory—glory, the reward
That sole excites to high attempts the flame
Of most erected spirits, most tempered pure
Ethereal, who all pleasures else despise,

All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,
 And dignities and powers, all but the highest? 30
 Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe. The son
 Of Macedonian Philip had ere these
 Won Asia, and the throne of Cyrus held
 At his dispose; young Scipio had brought down
 The Carthaginian pride; young Pompey quelled
 The Pontic king, and in triumph had rode.
 Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,
 Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment.
 Great Julius, whom now all the world admires,
 The more he grew in years, the more inflamed 40
 With glory, wept that he had lived so long
 Inglorious. But thou yet art not too late."

To whom our Saviour calmly thus replied :—
 "Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth
 For empire's sake, nor empire to affect
 For glory's sake, by all thy argument.
 For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
 The people's praise, if always praise unmixed?
 And what the people but a herd confused,
 A miscellaneous rabble, who extol 50
 Things vulgar, and, well weighed, scarce worth the
 praise?

They praise and they admire they know not what,
 And know not whom, but as one leads the other ;
 And what delight to be by such extolled,
 To live upon their tongues, and be their talk?
 Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise—
 His lot who dares be singularly good.
 The intelligent among them and the wise
 Are few, and glory scarce of few is raised.
 This is true glory and renown—when God, 60
 Looking on the Earth, with approbation marks
 The just man, and divulges him through Heaven
 To all his Angels, who with true applause
 Recount his praises. Thus he did to Job,
 When, to extend his fame through Heaven and Earth,
 As thou to thy reproach may'st well remember,

He asked thee, 'Hast thou seen my servant Job?'
Famous he was in Heaven; on Earth less known,
Where glory is false glory, attributed
To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame. 70
They err who count it glorious to subdue
By conquest far and wide, to overrun
Large countries, and in field great battles win,
Great cities by assault. What do these worthies
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
Peaceable nations, neighbouring or remote,
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
Than those their conquerors, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy; 80
Then swell with pride, and must be titled Gods,
Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,
Worshipped with temple, priest, and sacrifice?
One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other;
Till conqueror Death discover them scarce men,
Rolling in brutish vices, and deformed,
Violent or shameful death their due reward.
But, if there be in glory aught of good,
It may by means far different be attained,
Without ambition, war, or violence— 90
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
By patience, temperance. I mention still
Him whom thy wrongs, with saintly patience borne,
Made famous in a land and times obscure;
Who names not now with honour patient Job?
Poor Socrates, (who next more memorable?)
By what he taught and suffered for so doing,
For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now
Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.
Yet, if for fame and glory aught be done, 100
Aught suffered—if young African for fame
His wasted country freed from Punic rage—
The deed becomes unpraised, the man at least,
And loses, though but verbal, his reward.
Shall I seek glory, then, as vain men seek,

Oft not deserved ? I seek not mine, but His
Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am."

To whom the Tempter, murmuring, thus replied :—

"Think not so slight of glory, therein least
Resembling thy great Father. He seeks glory, 110
And for his glory all things made, all things
Orders and governs ; nor content in Heaven,
By all his Angels glorified, requires
Glory from men, from all men, good or bad,
Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption.
Above all sacrifice, or hallowed gift,
Glory he requires, and glory he receives,
Promiscuous from all nations, Jew, or Greek,
Or Barbarous, nor exception hath declared ;
From us, his foes pronounced, glory he exacts." 120

To whom our Saviour fervently replied :—

"And reason ; since his Word all things produced,
Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,
But to show forth his goodness, and impart
His good communicable to every soul
Freely ; of whom what could he less expect
Than glory and benediction—that is, thanks—
The slightest, easiest, readiest recompense
From them who could return him nothing else,
And, not returning that, would likeliest render 130
Contempt instead, dishonour, obloquy ?
Hard recompense, unsuitable return
For so much good, so much beneficence !
But why should man seek glory, who of his own
Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs
But condemnation, ignominy, and shame—
Who, for so many benefits received,
Turned recreant to God, ingrate and false,
And so of all true good himself despoiled ;
Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take 140
That which to God alone of right belongs ?
Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,
That who advance his glory, not their own,
Them he himself to glory will advance."

So spake the Son of God ; and here again
 Satan had not to answer, but stood struck
 With guilt of his own sin—for he himself,
 Insatiable of glory, had lost all ;
 Yet of another plea bethought him soon :—

“Of glory, as thou wilt,” said he, “so deem ; 150
 Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass.
 But to a Kingdom thou art born—ordained
 To sit upon thy father David’s throne,
 By mother’s side thy father, though thy right
 Be now in powerful hands, that will not part
 Easily from possession won with arms.
 Judæa now and all the Promised Land,
 Reduced a province under Roman yoke,
 Obeys Tiberius, nor is always ruled
 With temperate sway : oft have they violated 160
 The Temple, oft the Law, with foul affronts,
 Abominations rather, as did once
 Antiochus. And think’st thou to regain
 Thy right in sitting still, or thus retiring ?
 So did not Machabeus. He indeed
 Retired unto the Desert, but with arms ;
 And o’er a mighty king so oft prevailed
 That by strong hand his family obtained,
 Though priests, the crown, and David’s throne usurped,
 With Modin and her suburbs once content. 170
 If kingdom move thee not, let move thee zeal
 And duty—zeal and duty are not slow,
 But on Occasion’s forelock watchful wait :
 They themselves rather are occasion best—
 Zeal of thy Father’s house, duty to free
 Thy country from her heathen servitude.
 So shalt thou best fulfil, best verify,
 The Prophets old, who sung thy endless reign—
 The happier reign the sooner it begins.
 Reign then ; what canst thou better do the while ?” 180

To whom our Saviour answer thus returned :—
 “All things are best fulfilled in their due time ;
 And time there is for all things, Truth hath said.

If of my reign Prophetic Writ hath told
 That it shall never end, so, when begin
 The Father in his purpose hath decreed—
 He in whose hand all times and seasons roll.
 What if he hath decreed that I shall first
 Be tried in humble state, and things adverse,
 By tribulations, injuries, insults, 190
 Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,
 Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting
 Without distrust or doubt, that He may know
 What I can suffer, how obey? Who best
 Can suffer best can do, best reign who first
 Well hath obeyed—just trial ere I merit
 My exaltation without change or end.
 But what concerns it *thee* when I begin
 My everlasting Kingdom? Why art *thou*
 Solicitous? What moves *thy* inquisition? 200
 Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,
 And my promotion will be thy destruction?"

To whom the Tempter, inly racked, replied :—
 "Let that come when it comes. All hope is lost
 Of my reception into grace³; what worse?
 For where no hope is left is left no fear.
 If there be worse, the expectation more
 Of worse torments me than the feeling can.
 I would be at the worst ; worst is my port,
 My harbour, and my ultimate repose, 210
 The end I would attain, my final good.
 My error was my error, and my crime
 My crime ; whatever, for itself condemned,
 And will alike be punished, whether thou
 Reign or reign not—though to that gentle brow
 Willingly I could fly, and hope thy reign,
 From that placid aspect and meek regard,
 Rather than aggravate my evil state,
 Would stand between me and thy Father's ire
 (Whose ire I dread more than the fire of Hell) 220
 A shelter and a kind of shading cool
 Interposition, as a summer's cloud.

If I, then, to the worst that can be haste,
Why move thy feet so slow to what is best ?
Happiest, both to thyself and all the world,
That thou, who worthiest art, shouldst be their king !
Perhaps thou linger'st in deep thoughts detained
Of the enterprise so hazardous and high !
No wonder ; for, though in thee be united
What of perfection can in Man be found, 230
Or human nature can receive, consider
Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent
At home, scarce viewed the Galilean towns,
And once a year Jerusalem few days'
Short sojourn ; and what thence couldst thou observe ?
The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory,
Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant courts—
Best school of best experience, quickest in sight
In all things that to greatest actions lead;
The wisest, unexperienced, will be ever 240
Timorous and loth, with novice modesty
(As he who, seeking asses, found a kingdom)
Irresolute, unhardy, unadventurous.
But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit
Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes
The monarchies of the Earth, their pomp and state—
Sufficient introduction to inform
Thee, of thyself so apt, in regal arts,
And regal mysteries ; that thou may'st know
How best their opposition to withstand. 250
With that (such power was given him then), he took
The Son of God up to a mountain high.
It was a mountain at whose verdant feet
A spacious plain outstretched in circuit wide
Lay pleasant ; from his side two rivers flowed,
The one winding, the other straight, and left between
Fair champaign, with less rivers interveined,
Then meeting joined their tribute to the sea.
Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil, and wine ;
With herds the pasture thronged, with flocks the hills ;
Huge cities and high-towered, that well might seem 261

The seats of mightiest monarchs ; and so large
The prospect was that here and there was room
For barren desert, fountainless and dry.

To this high mountain-top the Tempter brought
Our Saviour, and new train of words began :—

“ Well have we speeded, and o’er hill and dale,
Forest, and field, and flood, temples and towers,
Cut shorter many a league. Here thou behold’st

Assyria, and her empire’s ancient bounds, 270

Araxes and the Caspian lake ; thence on

As far as Indus east, Euphrates west,

And oft beyond ; to south the Persian bay,

And, inaccessible, the Arabian drouth :

Here, Nineveh, of length within her wall

Several days’ journey, built by Ninus old,

Of that first golden monarchy the seat,

And seat of Salmanassar, whose success

Israel in long captivity still mourns ;

There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues, 280

As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice

Judah and all thy father David’s house

Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste,

Till Cyrus set them free ; Persepolis,

His city, there thou seest, and Bactra there ;

Ecbatana her structure vast there shows,

And Hecatompylos her hundred gates ;

There Susa by Choaspes, amber stream,

The drink of none but kings ; of later fame,

Built by Emathian or by Parthian hands, 290

The great Seleucia, Nisibis, and there

Artaxata, Teredon, Ctesiphon,

Turning with easy eye, thou may’st behold.

All these the Parthian (now some ages past

By great Arsaces led, who founded first

That empire) under his dominion holds,

From the luxurious kings of Antioch won.

And just in time thou com’st to have a view

Of his great power ; for now the Parthian king

In Ctesiphon hath gathered all his host 300

Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild
Have wasted Sogdiana ; to her aid
He marches now in haste. See, though from far,
His thousands, in what martial equipage
They issue forth, steel bows and shafts their arms,
Of equal dread in flight or in pursuit—
All horsemen, in which fight they most excel ;
See how in warlike muster they appear,
In rhombs, and wedges, and half-moons, and wings.

He looked, and saw what numbers numberless 3..
The city gates outpoured, light-armed troops
In coats of mail and military pride.
In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,
Prancing their riders bore, the flower and choice
Of many provinces from bound to bound—
From Arachosia, from Candaor east,
And Margiana, to the Hyrcanian cliffs
Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales ;
From Atropatia, and the neighbouring plains
Of Adiabene, Media, and the south 32
Of Susiana, to Balsara's haven.
He saw them in their forms of battle ranged,
How quick they wheeled, and flying behind them shot
Sharp sleet of arrowy showers against the face
Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight ;
The field all iron cast a gleaming brown.
Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor, on each horn,
Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,
Chariots, or elephants indorsed with towers
Of archers ; nor of labouring pioneers 33
A multitude, with spades and axes armed,
To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,
Or where plain was raise hill, or overlay
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke :
Mules after these, camels and dromedaries,
And waggons fraught with utensils of war.
Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,
When Agrican, with all his northern powers,
Besieged Albracca, as romances tell,

The city of Gallaphrone, from thence to win
 The fairest of her sex, Angelica,
 His daughter, sought by many prowrest knights,
 Both Paynim and the peers of Charlemain.
 Such and so numerous was their chivalry ;
 At sight whereof the Fiend yet more presumed,
 And to our Saviour thus his words renewed :—

“ That thou may'st know I seek not to engage
 Thy virtue, and not every way secure
 On no slight grounds thy safety, hear and mark
 To what end I have brought thee hither, and show 350
 All this fair sight. Thy kingdom, though foretold
 By Prophet or by Angel, unless thou
 Endeavour, as thy father David did,
 Thou never shalt obtain : prediction still
 In all things, and all men, supposes means ;
 Without means used, what it predicts revokes.
 But say thou wert possessed of David's throne
 By free consent of all, none opposite,
 Samaritan or Jew ; how couldst thou hope
 Long to enjoy it quiet and secure 360
 Between two such enclosing enemies,
 Roman and Parthian ? Therefore one of these
 Thou must make sure thy own : the Parthian first,
 By my advice, as nearer, and of late
 Found able by invasion to annoy
 Thy country, and captive lead away her kings,
 Antigonus and old Hyrcanus, bound,
 Maugre the Roman. It shall be my task
 To render thee the Parthian at dispose,
 Choose which thou wilt, by conquest or by league. 370
 By him thou shalt regain, without him not,
 That which alone can truly reinstall thee
 In David's royal seat, his true successor—
 Deliverance of thy brethren, those Ten Tribes
 Whose offspring in his territory yet serve
 In Habor, and among the Medes dispersed :
 Ten sons of Jacob, two of Joseph, lost
 Thus long from Israel, serving, as of old

Their fathers in the land of Egypt served,
 This offer sets before thee to deliver. 380
 These if from servitude thou shalt restore
 To their inheritance, then, nor till then,
 Thou on the throne of David in full glory,
 From Egypt to Euphrates and beyond,
 Shalt reign, and Rome or Cæsar not need fear."

To whom our Saviour answered thus, unmoved :—
 "Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm
 And fragile arms, much instrument of war,
 Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,
 Before mine eyes thou hast set, and in my ear 390
 Vented much policy, and projects deep
 Of enemies, of aids, battles, and leagues,
 Plausible to the world, to me worth naught.
 Means I must use, thou say'st ; prediction else
 Will unpredict, and fail me of the throne !
 My time, I told thee (and that time for thee
 Were better farthest off), is not yet come.
 When that comes, think not thou to find me slack
 On my part aught endeavouring, or to need
 Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome 400
 Luggage of war there shown me—argument
 Of human weakness rather than of strength.
 My brethren, as thou call'st them, those Ten Tribes,
 I must deliver, if I mean to reign
 David's true heir, and his full sceptre sway
 To just extent over all Israel's sons !
 But whence to *thee* this zeal ? Where was it then
 For Israel, or for David, or his throne,
 When thou stood'st up his tempter to the pride
 Of numbering Israel—which cost the lives 410
 Of threescore and ten thousand Israelites
 By three days' pestilence ? Such was thy zeal
 To Israel then, the same that now to me.
 As for those captive tribes, themselves were they
 Who wrought their own captivity, fell off
 From God to worship calves, the deities
 Of Egypt, Baal next and Ashtaroth,

And all the idolatries of heathen round,
Besides their other worse than heathenish crimes ;
Nor in the land of their captivity 420
Humbled themselves, or penitent besought
The God of their forefathers, but so died
Impenitent, and left a race behind
Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce
From Gentiles, but by circumcision vain,
And God with idols in their worship joined.
Should I of these the liberty regard,
Who, freed, as to their ancient patrimony,
Unhumbled, unrepentant, unreformed,
Headlong would follow, and to their gods perhaps 430
Of Bethel and of Dan? No ; let them serve
Their enemies who serve idols with God.
Yet He at length, time to himself best known,
Remembering Abraham, by some wondrous call
May bring them back, repentant and sincere,
And at their passing cleave the Assyrian flood,
While to their native land with joy they haste,
As the Red Sea and Jordan once he cleft,
When to the Promised Land their fathers passed.
To his due time and providence I leave them." 440
So spake Israel's true King, and to the Fiend
Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles.
So fares it when with truth falsehood contends.

PARADISE REGAINED.

THE FOURTH BOOK.

PERPLEXED and troubled at his bad success
The Tempter stood, nor had what to reply,
Discovered in his fraud, thrown from his hope
So oft, and the persuasive rhetoric
That sleeked his tongue, and won so much on Eve,
So little here, nay lost. But Eve was Eve ;
This far his over-match, who, self-deceived
And rash, beforehand had no better weighed
The strength he was to cope with, or his own.
But—as a man who had been matchless held 10
In cunning, over-reached where least he thought,
To salve his credit, and for very spite,
Still will be tempting him who foils him still,
And never cease, though to his shame the more ;
Or as a swarm of flies in vintage-time,
About the wine-press where sweet must is poured,
Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound ;
Or surging waves against a solid rock,
Though all to shivers dashed, the assault renew,
(Vain battery !) and in froth or bubbles end— 20
So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse
Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,
Yet gives not o'er, though desperate of success,
And his vain importunity pursues.
He brought our Saviour to the western side
Of that high mountain, whence he might behold
Another plain, long, but in breadth not wide,
Washed by the southern sea, and on the north

To equal length backed with a ridge of hills
That screened the fruits of the earth and seats of men 30
From cold Septentrion blasts ; thence in the midst
Divided by a river, off whose banks
On each side an imperial city stood,
With towers and temples proudly elevate
On seven small hills, with palaces adorned,
Porches and theatres, baths, aqueducts,
Statues and trophies, and triumphal arcs,
Gardens and groves, presented to his eyes
Above the highth of mountains interposed—
By what strange parallax, or optic skill 40
Of vision, multiplied through air, or glass
Of telescope, were curious to inquire.

And now the Tempter thus his silence broke :—

“ The city which thou seest no other deem
Than great and glorious Rome, Queen of the Earth
So far renowned, and with the spoils enriched
Of nations. There the Capitol thou seest,
Above the rest lifting his stately head
On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel
Impregnable ; and there Mount Palatine, 50
The imperial palace, compass huge, and high
The structure, skill of noblest architects,
With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,
Turrets, and terraces, and glittering spires.
Many a fair edifice besides, more like
Houses of gods—so well I have disposed
My aery microscope—thou may'st behold,
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs
Carved work, the hand of famed artificers
In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold. 60

Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see
What conflux issuing forth, or entering in :
Prætors, proconsuls to their provinces
Hasting, or on return, in robes of state ;
Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power ;
Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings ;
Or embassies from regions far remote,

In various habits, on the Appian road,
Or on the Æmilian—some from farthest south,
Syene, and where the shadow both way falls, 70
Merbè, Nilotic isle, and, more to west,
The realm of Bocchus to the Blackmoor sea ;
From the Asian kings (and Parthian among these),
From India and the Golden Chersoness,
And utmost Indian isle Taprobane,
Dusk faces with white silken turbants wreathed ;
From Gallia, Gades, and the British west ;
Germans, and Scythians, and Sarmatians north
Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool.
All nations now to Rome obedience pay— 80
To Rome's great Emperor, whose wide domain,
In ample territory, wealth and power,
Civility of manners, arts and arms,
And long renown, thou justly may'st prefer
Before the Parthian. These two thrones except,
The rest are barbarous, and scarce worth the sight,
Shared among petty kings too far removed ;
These having shown thee, I have shown thee all
The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory.
This Emperor hath no son, and now is old, 90
Old and lascivious, and from Rome retired
To Capreæ, an island small but strong
On the Campanian shore, with purpose there
His horrid lusts in private to enjoy ;
Committing to a wicked favourite
All public cares, and yet of him suspicious ;
Hated of all, and hating. With what case,
Endued with regal virtues as thou art,
Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,
Might'st thou expel this monster from his throne, 100
Now made a sty, and, in his place ascending,
A victor-people free from servile yoke !
And with my help thou may'st ; to me the power
Is given, and by that right I give it thee.
Aim, therefore, at no less than all the world ;
Aim at the highest ; without the highest attained,

Will be for thee no sitting, or not long,
On David's throne, be prophesied what will."

To whom the Son of God, unmoved, replied :—
"Nor doth this grandeur and majestic show 110
Of luxury, though called magnificence,
More than of arms before, allure mine eye,
Much less my mind ; though thou should'st add to tell
Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts
On citron tables or Atlantic stone
(For I have also heard, perhaps have read),
Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,
Chios and Crete, and how they quaff in gold,
Crystal, and myrrhine cups, embossed with gems
And studs of pearl—to me should'st tell, who thirst 120
And hunger still. Then embassies thou show'st
From nations far and nigh ! What honour that,
But tedious waste of time, to sit and hear
So many hollow compliments and lies,
Outlandish flatteries ? Then proceed'st to talk
Of the Emperor, how easily subdued,
How gloriously. I shall, thou say'st, expel
A brutish monster : what if I withal
Expel a Devil who first made him such ?
Let his tormentor, Conscience, find him out ; 130
For him I was not sent, nor yet to free
That people, victor once, now vile and base,
Deservedly made vassal—who, once just,
Frugal, and mild, and temperate, conquered well,
But govern ill the nations under yoke,
Peeling their provinces, exhausted all
By lust and rapine ; first ambitious grown
Of triumph, that insulting vanity ;
Then cruel, by their sports to blood inured
Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts exposed ; 140
Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still,
And from the daily scene effeminate.
What wise and valiant man would seek to free
These, thus degenerate, by themselves enslaved,
Or could of inward slaves make outward free ?

Know, therefore, when my season comes to sit
On David's throne, it shall be like a tree
Spreading and overshadowing all the earth,
Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash
All monarchies besides throughout the world ; 150
And of my kingdom there shall be no end.
Means there shall be to this ; but what the means
Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell."

To whom the Tempter, impudent, replied :—
" I see all offers made by me how slight
Thou valuest, because offered, and reject'st.
Nothing will please the difficult and nice,
Or nothing more than still to contradict.
On the other side know also thou that I
On what I offer set as high esteem, 160
Nor what I part with mean to give for naught.
All these, which in a moment thou behold'st,
The kingdoms of the world, to thee I give
(For, given to me, I give to whom I please),
No trifle ; yet with this reserve, not else—
On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,
And worship me as thy superior lord
(Easily done), and hold them all of me ;
For what can less so great a gift deserve?"

Whom thus our Saviour answered with disdain :—
" I never liked thy talk, thy offers less ; 171
Now both abhor, since thou hast dared to utter
The abominable terms, impious condition.
But I endure the time, till which expired
Thou hast permission on me. It is written,
The first of all commandments, ' Thou shalt worship
The Lord thy God, and only Him shalt serve ;'
And dar'st thou to the Son of God propound
To worship thee, accursed ? now more accursed
For this attempt, bolder than that on Eve, 180
And more blasphemous ; which expect to rue.
The kingdoms of the world to thee were given !
Permitted rather, and by thee usurped ;
Other donation none thou canst produce.

If given, by whom but by the King of kings,
 God over all supreme? If given to thee,
 By thee how fairly is the Giver now
 Repaid! But gratitude in thee is lost
 Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame
 As offer them to me, the Son of God— 190
 To me my own, on such abhorred pact,
 That I fall down and worship thee as God?
 Get thee behind me! Plain thou now appear'st
 That Evil One, Satan for ever damned."

To whom the Fiend, with fear abashed, replied:—
 "Be not so sore offended, Son of God—
 Though Sons of God both Angels are and Men—
 If I, to try whether in higher sort
 Than these thou bear'st that title, have proposed 200
 What both from Men and Angels I receive,
 Tetrarchs of Fire, Air, Flood, and on the Earth
 Nations besides from all the quartered winds—
 God of this World invoked, and World beneath.
 Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold
 To me most fatal, me it most concerns.
 The trial hath indamaged thee no way,
 Rather more honour left and more esteem;
 Me naught advantaged, missing what I aimed.
 Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,
 The kingdoms of this world; I shall no more 210
 Advise thee; gain them as thou canst, or not,
 And thou thyself seem'st otherwise inclined
 Than to a worldly crown, addicted more
 To contemplation and profound dispute;
 As by that early action may be judged,
 When, slipping from thy mother's eye, thou went'st
 Alone into the Temple, there wast found
 Among the gravest Rabbies, disputant
 On points and questions fitting Moses' chair,
 Teaching, not taught. (The childhood shows the man,
 As morning shows the day) Be famous, then, 221
 By wisdom; as thy empire must extend,
 So let extend thy mind o'er all the world

In knowledge ; all things in it comprehend.
All knowledge is not couched in Moses' law,
The Pentateuch, or what the Prophets wrote ;
The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach
To admiration, led by Nature's light ;
And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,
Ruling them by persuasion, as thou mean'st. 230
Without their learning, how wilt thou with them,
Or they with thee, hold conversation meet ?
How wilt thou reason with them, how refute
Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes ?
Error by his own arms is best evinced.
Look once more, ere we leave this specular mount,
Westward, much nearer by south-west ; behold
Where on the Ægean shore a city stands,
Built nobly, pure the air and light the soil—
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts 240
And eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburban, studious walks and shades.
See there the olive-grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long ;
There, flowery hill, Hymettus, with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
To studious musing ; there Ilissus rolls
His whispering stream. Within the walls then view
The schools of ancient sages—his who bred 251
Great Alexander to subdue the world,
Lyceum there ; and painted Stoa next.
There thou shalt hear and learn the secret power
Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand, and various-measured verse,
Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer called,
Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own. 260
Thence what the lofty grave Tragedians taught
In chorus or iambic, teachers best

Of moral prudence, with delight received
 In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
 Of fate and chance, and change in human life,
 High actions and high passions best describing.
 Thence to the famous Orators repair,
 Those ancient whose resistless eloquence
 Wielded at will that fierce democracy,
 Shook the Arsenal, and fulminated over Greece 270
 To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.
 To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,
 From heaven descended to the low-roofed house
 Of Socrates—see there his tenement—
 Whom, well inspired, the oracle pronounced
 Wisest of men ; from whose mouth issued forth
 Mellifluous streams, that watered all the schools
 Of Academics old and new, with those
 Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect
 Epicurean, and the Stoic severe. 280
 These here revolve, or, as thou likest, at home,
 Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight ;
 These rules will render thee a king complete
 Within thyself, much more with empire joined."

To whom our Saviour sagely thus replied :—
 " Think not but that I know these things ; or, think
 I know them not, not therefore am I short
 Of knowing what I ought. He who receives
 Light from above, from the Fountain of Light,
 No other doctrine needs, though granted true ; 290
 But these are false, or little else but dreams,
 Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.
 The first and wisest of them all professed
 To know this only, that he nothing knew ;
 The next to fabling fell and smooth conceits ;
 A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense ;
 Others in virtue placed felicity,
 But virtue joined with riches and long life ;
 In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease ;
 The Stoic last in philosophic pride, 300
 By him called virtue, and his virtuous man,

Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing,
 Equal to God, oft shames not to prefer,
 As fearing God nor man, contemning all
 Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life—
 Which, when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can ;
 For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,
 Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.
 Alas ! what can they teach, and not mislead,
 Ignorant of themselves, of God much more, 310
 And how the World began, and how Man fell,
 Degraded by himself, on grace depending ?
 Much of the Soul they talk, but all awry ;
 And in themselves seek virtue ; and to themselves
 All glory arrogate, to God give none ;
 Rather accuse him under usual names,
 Fortune and Fate, as one regardless quite
 Of mortal things. Who, therefore, seeks in these
 True wisdom finds her not, or, by delusion
 Far worse, her false resemblance only meets, 320
 An empty cloud. However, many books,
 Wise men have said, are wearisome ; who reads
 Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
 A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
 (And what he brings what needs he elsewhere seek ?)
 Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
 Deep-versed in books and shallow in himself,
 Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys
 And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge,
 As children gathering pebbles on the shore. 330
 Or, if I would delight my private hours
 With music or with poem, where so soon
 As in our native language can I find
 That solace ? All our Law and Story strewed
 With hymns, our Psalms with artful terms inscribed,
 Our Hebrew songs and harps, in Babylon
 That pleased so well our victor's ear, declare
 That rather Greece from us these arts derived—
 Ill imitated while they loudest sing
 The vices of their deities, and their own, 340

In fable, hymn, or song, so personating
 Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.
 Remove their swelling epithets, thick-laid
 As varnish on a harlot's cheek, the rest,
 Thin-sown with aught of profit or delight,
 Will far be found unworthy to compare
 With Sion's songs, to all true tastes excelling,
 Where God is praised aright and godlike men,
 The Holiest of Holies and his Saints
 (Such are from God inspired, not such from thee) ; 350
 Unless where moral virtue is expressed
 By light of Nature, not in all quite lost.
 Their orators thou then extoll'st as those
 The top of eloquence—statists indeed,
 And lovers of their country, as may seem ;
 But herein to our Prophets far beneath,
 As men divinely taught, and better teaching
 The solid rules of civil government,
 In their majestic, unaffected style,
 Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome. 360
 In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,
 What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so,
 What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat ;
 These only, with our Law, best form a king."

So spake the Son of God ; but Satan, now
 Quite at a loss (for all his darts were spent),
 Thus to our Saviour, with stern brow, replied :—

" Since neither wealth nor honour, arms nor arts,
 Kingdom nor empire pleases thee, nor aught
 By me proposed in life contemplative 370
 Or active, tended on by glory or fame,
 What dost thou in this world ? The Wilderness
 For thee is fittest place : I found thee there,
 And thither will return thee. Yet remember
 What I foretell thee ; soon thou shalt have cause
 To wish thou never hadst rejected, thus
 Nicely or cautiously, my offered aid,
 Which would have set thee in short time with ease
 On David's throne, or throne of all the world,

Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season, 380
When prophecies of thee are best fulfilled.
Now, contrary—if I read aught in heaven,
Or heaven write aught of fate—by what the stars
Voluminous, or single characters
In their conjunction met, give me to spell,
Sorrows and labours, opposition, hate,
Attends thee ; scorns, reproaches, injuries,
Violence and stripes, and, lastly, cruel death.
A kingdom they portend thee, but what kingdom,
Real or allegoric, I discern not ; 390
Nor when : eternal sure—as without end,
Without beginning ; for no date prefixed
Directs me in the starry rubric set.”

So saying, he took (for still he knew his power
Not yet expired), and to the Wilderness
Brought back, the Son of God, and left him there,
Feigning to disappear. Darkness now rose,
As daylight sunk, and brought in louring Night,
Her shadowy offspring, unsubstantial both,
Privation mere of light and absent day. 400
Our Saviour, meek, and with untroubled mind
After his aery jaunt, though hurried sore,
Hungry and cold, betook him to his rest,
Wherever, under some concourse of shades,
Whose branching arms thick intertwined might shield
From dews and damps of night his sheltered head ;
But, sheltered, slept in vain ; for at his head
The Tempter watched, and soon with ugly dreams
Disturbed his sleep. And either tropic now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of heaven ; the clouds
From many a horrid rift abortive poured 411
Fierce rain with lightning mixed, water with fire
In ruin reconciled ; nor slept the winds
Within their stony caves, but rushed abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vexed wilderness, whose tallest pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks,
Bowed their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,

Or torn up sheer. Ill wast thou shrouded then,
 O patient Son of God, yet only stood'st 420
 Unshaken ! Nor yet staid the terror there :
 Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round
 Environed thee ; some howled, some yelled, some
 shrieked,

Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
 Sat'st unappalled in calm and sinless peace.
 Thus passed the night so foul, till Morning fair
 Came forth with pilgrim steps, in amice gray,
 Who with her radiant finger stilled the roar
 Of thunder, chased the clouds, and laid the winds,
 And grisly spectres, which the Fiend had raised 430
 To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.

And now the sun with more effectual beams
 Had cheered the face of earth, and dried the wet
 From drooping plant, or dropping tree ; the birds,
 Who all things now behold more fresh and green,
 After a night of storm so ruinous,
 Cleared up their choicest notes in bush and spray,
 To gratulate the sweet return of morn.
 Nor yet, amidst this joy and brightest morn,
 Was absent, after all his mischief done, 440
 The Prince of Darkness ; glad would also seem
 Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came ;
 Yet with no new device (they all were spent),
 Rather by this his last affront resolved,
 Desperate of better course, to vent his rage
 And mad despite to be so oft repelled.
 Him walking on a sunny hill he found,
 Backed on the north and west by a thick wood ;
 Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,
 And in a careless mood thus to him said :— 450

“ Fair morning yet betides thee, Son of God,
 After a dismal night. I heard the wrack,
 As earth and sky would mingle ; but myself
 Was distant ; and these flaws, though mortals fear them,
 As dangerous to the pillared frame of Heaven,
 Or to the Earth's dark basis underneath,

Are to the main as inconsiderable
 And harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze
 To man's less universe, and soon are gone.
 Yet, as being oftentimes noxious where they light 460
 On man, beast, plant, wasteful and turbulent,
 Like turbulencies in the affairs of men,
 Over whose heads they roar, and seem to point,
 They oft fore-signify and threaten ill.
 This tempest at this desert most was bent;
 Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'st.
 Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject
 The perfect season offered with my aid
 To win thy destined seat, but wilt prolong 470
 All to the push of fate, pursue thy way
 Of gaining David's throne no man knows when
 (For both the when and how is nowhere told),
 Thou shalt be what thou art ordained, no doubt;
 For Angels have proclaimed it, but concealing
 The time and means? Each act is rightliest done
 Not when it must, but when it may be best.
 If thou observe not this, be sure to find
 What I foretold thee—many a hard assay
 Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,
 Ere thou of Israel's sceptre get fast hold; 480
 Whereof this ominous night that closed thee round,
 So many terrors, voices, prodigies,
 May warn thee, as a sure foregoing sign."
 So talked he, while the Son of God went on,
 And staid not, but in brief him answered thus:—
 "Me worse than wet thou find'st not; other harm
 Those terrors which thou speak'st of did me none.
 I never feared they could, though noising loud
 And threatening nigh: what they can do as signs
 Betokening or ill-boding I contemn 490
 As false portents, not sent from God, but thee;
 Who, knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,
 Obtrud'st thy offered aid, that I, accepting,
 At least might seem to hold all power of thee,
 Ambitious Spirit! and would'st be thought my God;

And storm'st, refused, thinking to terrify
 Me to thy will ! Desist (thou art discerned,
 And toil'st in vain), nor me in vain molest."

To whom the Fiend, now swoln with rage, replied :—
 " Then hear, O Son of David, virgin-born ! 500

For Son of God to me is yet in doubt.
 Of the Messiah I have heard foretold
 By all the Prophets ; of thy birth, at length
 Announced by Gabriel, with the first I knew,
 And of the angelic song in Bethlehem field,
 On thy birth-night, that sung thee Saviour born.

From that time seldom have I ceased to eye
 Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,
 Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred ;
 Till, at the ford of Jordan, whither all 510

Flocked to the Baptist, I among the rest
 (Though not to be baptized), by voice from Heaven
 Heard thee pronounced the Son of God beloved.

Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view
 And narrower scrutiny, that I might learn
 In what degree or meaning thou art called

The Son of God, which bears no single sense
 The Son of God I also am, or was ;

And, if I was, I am ; relation stands :
 All men are Sons of God ; yet thee I thought 520
 In some respect far higher so declared.

Therefore I watched thy footsteps from that hour,
 And followed thee still on to this waste wild,
 Where, by all best conjectures, I collect
 Thou art to be my fatal enemy.

Good reason, then, if I beforehand seek
 To understand my adversary, who
 And what he is ; his wisdom, power, intent ;
 By parle or composition, truce or league,
 To win him, or win from him what I can. 530

And opportunity I here have had
 To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found thee
 Proof against all temptation, as a rock
 Of adamant and as a centre, firm

To the utmost of mere man both wise and good,
 Not more; for honours, riches, kingdoms, glory,
 Have been before contemned, and may again.
 Therefore, to know what more thou art than man,
 Worth naming Son of God by voice from Heaven,
 Another method I must now begin." 540

So saying, he caught him up, and, without wing
 Of hippogrif, bore through the air sublime,
 Over the wilderness and o'er the plain,
 Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,
 The Holy City, lifted high her towers,
 And higher yet the glorious Temple reared
 Her pile, far off appearing like a mount
 Of alabaster, topt with golden spires :
 There, on the highest pinnacle, he set
 The Son of God, and added thus in scorn :— 550
 "There stand, if thou wilt stand; to stand upright
 Will ask thee skill. I to thy Father's house
 Have brought thee, and highest placed : highest is best.
 Now show thy progeny; if not to stand,
 Cast thyself down. Safely, if Son of God;
 For it is written, 'He will give command
 Concerning thee to his Angels; in their hands
 They shall uplift thee, lest at any time
 Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone.'"

To whom thus Jesus: "Also it is written, 560
 'Tempt not the Lord thy God.' " He said, and stood;
 But Satan, smitten with amazement, fell.
 As when Earth's son, Antæus (to compare
 Small things with greatest), in Irassa strove
 With Jove's Alcides, and, oft foiled, still rose,
 Receiving from his mother Earth new strength,
 Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple joined,
 Throttled at length in the air expired and fell,
 So, after many a foil, the Tempter proud,
 Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride 570
 Fell whence he stood to see his victor fall;
 And, as that Theban monster that proposed
 Her riddle, and him who solved it not devoured,

That once found out and solved, for grief and spite
 Cast herself headlong from the Ismenian steep,
 So, strook with dread and anguish, fell the Fiend,
 And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought
 Joyless triumphals of his hoped success,
 Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,
 Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God. 580
 So Satan fell ; and straight a fiery globe
 Of Angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,
 Who on their plummy vans received Him soft
 From his uneasy station, and upbore,
 As on a floating couch, through the blithe air ;
 Then, in a flowery valley, set him down
 On a green bank, and set before him spread
 A table of celestial food, divine
 Ambrosial fruits fetched from the Tree of Life,
 And from the Fount of Life ambrosial drink, 590
 That soon refreshed him wearied, and repaired
 What hunger, if aught hunger, had impaired,
 Or thirst ; and, as he fed, Angelic quires
 Sung heavenly anthems of his victory
 Over temptation and the Tempter proud :—
 “ True Image of the Father, whether throned
 In the bosom of bliss, and light of light
 Conceiving, or, remote from Heaven, enshrined
 In fleshly tabernacle and human form,
 Wandering the wilderness—whatever place, 600
 Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing
 The Son of God, with Godlike force endued
 Against the attempter of thy Father’s throne
 And thief of Paradise ! Him long of old
 Thou didst debel, and down from Heaven cast
 With all his army ; now thou hast avenged
 Supplanted Adam, and, by vanquishing
 Temptation, hast regained lost Paradise,
 And frustrated the conquest fraudulent.
 He never more henceforth will dare set foot 610
 In Paradise to tempt ; his snares are broke.
 For, though that seat of earthly bliss be failed,

A fairer Paradise is founded now
For Adam and his chosen sons, whom thou,
A Saviour, art come down to reinstall ;
Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be,
Of tempter and temptation without fear.
But thou, Infernal Serpent ! shalt not long
Rule in the clouds. Like an autumnal star,
Or lightning, thou shalt fall from Heaven, trod down
Under his feet. For proof, ere this thou feel'st 621
Thy wound (yet not thy last and deadliest wound)
By this repulse received, and hold'st in Hell
No triumph ; in all her gates Abaddon rues
Thy bold attempt. Hereafter learn with awe
To dread the Son of God. He, all unarmed,
Shall chase thee, with the terror of his voice,
From thy demoniac holds, possession foul—
Thee and thy legions ; yelling they shall fly,
And beg to hide them in a herd of swine, 630
Lest he command them down into the Deep,
Bound, and to torment sent before their time.
Hail, Son of the Most High, heir of both Worlds,
Queller of Satan ! On thy glorious work
Now enter, and begin to save Mankind.”

Thus they the Son of God, our Saviour meek,
Sung victor, and, from heavenly feast refreshed,
Brought on his way with joy. Hē, unobserved,
Home to his mother's house private returned.

THE END.

SAMSON AGONISTES.

INTRODUCTION

TO

SAMSON AGONISTES.

MILTON is remembered mainly as an epic poet. But his final choice of the epic form for his greatest poem and its companion was the result of deliberation. Apparently, it was even a departure from his original inclination, when in his early manhood he had debated with himself in what form of poetry his genius would have fullest scope. Two of his early English poems had not only been dramatic, but had actually been performed. The *Arcades* was "part of an entertainment presented to the Countess-Dowager of Derby at Harefield by some noble persons of her family," probably in the year 1634; and *Comus*, the finest and most extensive of all Milton's minor poems, was nothing else than an elaborate "masque," performed, in the same year, at Ludlow Castle, in Shropshire, before the Earl of Bridgewater, Lord President of Wales, by way of an entertainment to the gentry of the neighbourhood. (See Introductions to these two Poems.) Whether Milton was present at the performance of either the *Arcades* or the *Comus* is not known; but the fact of his writing two such dramatic pieces for actual performance by the members of a family with which he had relations of acquaintance shows that at that time—i.e. when he was twenty-six years of age—he had no objection to this kind of entertainment, then so fashionable at Court and among noble families of literary tastes. That he had seen masques performed—masques of Ben Jonson, Carew, or Shirley—may be taken for granted; and we have his own assurance that, when at Cambridge, he attended dramatic representations there, got up in the colleges, and that, when

in London, during his vacations from Cambridge, he used to go to the theatres (*Eleg.* i. 29-46). To the same effect we have his lines in *L'Allegro*, where he includes the theatre among the natural pleasures of the mind in its cheerful mood—

“Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild”—

words which, so far as Milton's appreciation of Shakespeare is concerned, would seem poor, if we did not recollect the splendid lines which he had previously written (1630), and which were prefixed to the second folio edition of Shakespeare's plays in 1632—

“What needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones
The labour of an age in piled stones,
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-pointing pyramid?
Dear Son of Memory, great heir of Fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness,” &c.

Still the unlawfulness of dramatic entertainments had always been a tenet of those stricter English Puritans with whom Milton even then felt a political sympathy; and Prynne's famous *Histriomastix*, in which he denounced stage-plays and all connected with them through a thousand quarto pages (1632), had helped to confirm Puritanism in this tenet. As Prynne's treatise had been out more than a year before the *Arcades* and *Comus* were written, it is clear that he had not converted Milton to his opinion. While the more rigid and less educated of the Puritans undoubtedly went with Prynne in condemning the stage altogether, Milton, I should say, before the time of his journey to Italy (1638-39), was one of those who retained a pride in the drama as the form of literature in which, for two generations, English genius had been most productive. Lamenting, with others, the corrupt condition into which the national drama had fallen in baser hands, and the immoral accompaniments of the degraded stage, he had seen no reason to recant his enthusiastic tribute to the memory of Shakespeare, or to be ashamed of his own contribution to the dramatic literature of England in his two model masques.

Gradually, however, with Milton's growing seriousness amid the events and duties that awaited him after his return from his Italian journey, and especially after the meeting of the Long Parliament (Nov. 3, 1640), there came a change in his notions of the drama. From this period there is evidence that his sympathy with the Prynne view of things, at least as far as regarded the English stage, was more considerable than it had been—that, while he regarded all literature as recently infected with baseness and corruption, and requiring to be taught again its true relation to the spiritual needs and uses of a great nation, he felt an especial dislike to the popular literature of stage-plays, as then written and acted. From this period, if I mistake not, he was practically against theatre-going, as unworthy of a serious man, considering the contrast between what was to be seen within the theatres and what was in course of transaction without them; nor, if his two masques and his eulogy on Shakespeare had remained to be written now, do I think he would have judged it opportune to write them. Certainly he would not now have written the masques for actual performance, public or private. And yet he had not abandoned his admiration of the drama as a form of literature. On the contrary, he was still convinced that no form of literature was nobler, more capable of conveying the highest and most salutary conceptions of the mind of a great poet. When, immediately after his return from Italy, he was preparing himself for that great English poem upon which he proposed to bestow his full strength, and debating with himself what should be its subject and what its form, what do we find? We find him, for a while (*The Reason of Church Government*, Introd. to Book II.), balancing the claims of the epic, the dramatic, and the lyric, and concluding that in any one of these a great Christian poet might have congenial scope, and the benefit of grand precedents and models. He discusses the claims of the Epic first, and thinks highly of them, but proceeds immediately to inquire "whether those dramatic constitutions in which Sophocles and Euripides reign" shall be found more doctrinal and exemplary to a nation," adding, "The Scripture also affords us a divine Pastoral Drama in the Song of Solomon, consisting of two persons and a double chorus, as Origen rightly judges; and the Apocalypse of St. John is the majestic image of a high and

“stately Tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies; and this my opinion the grave authority of Paræus, commenting that book, is sufficient to confirm.” Here we have certainly a proof that no amount of sympathy which Milton may have felt with the Puritan dislike of stage-plays had affected his admiration of the dramatic form of poesy as practised by the ancient Greek tragedians and others. Accordingly, it was to the dramatic form, rather than to either the epic or the lyric, that Milton then inclined in his meditations of some great English poem to be written by himself. As we have already seen (*Introduction to Paradise Lost*, pp. 16, 17), he threw aside his first notion of an epic on King Arthur, and began to collect possible subjects for dramas from Scriptural History, and from the early history of Britain. He collected and jotted down the titles of no fewer than sixty possible tragedies on subjects from the Old and New Testaments, and thirty eight possible tragedies on subjects of English and Scottish History—among which latter, curiously enough, was one on the subject of *Macbeth*. From this extraordinary collection of possible subjects *Paradise Lost* already stood out as that which most fascinated him; but even that subject was to be treated dramatically.

All this was before the year 1642. On the 2d of September in that year—the King having a few days before raised his standard at Nottingham, and given the signal for the Civil War—there was passed the famous ordinance of Parliament suppressing stage-plays “while the public troubles last,” and shutting up the London theatres. From that date onward to the Restoration, or for nearly eighteen years, the Drama in the sense of the Acted Drama, was in abeyance in England. This fact may have co-operated with other reasons in determining Milton—when he did at length find leisure for returning to his scheme of a great English poem—to abandon the dramatic form he had formerly favoured. True the mere discontinuance of stage-plays in England, as an amusement inconsistent with Puritan ideas, and intolerable in the state of the times, cannot, even though Milton approved of such discontinuance (as he doubtless did), have altered his former convictions in favour of the dramatic form of poetry according to its noblest ancient models—especially as he

could have had no thought, when meditating his Scriptural Tragedies, of adapting them for actual performance. Such a tragedy as *he* had meant to write would not have been the least in conflict with the real operative element in the contemporary Puritan antipathy to the Drama. Still the Dramatic form itself had fallen into discredit; and there were weaker brethren with whom it would have been useless to reason on the distinction between the written Drama and the acted Drama, between the noblest tragedy on the ancient Greek model and the worst of those English stage-plays, of the reign of Charles, from which the nation had been compelled to desist. Milton does not seem to have been indifferent to this feeling. The tone of his reference to Shakespeare in his *Εἰκονοκλαστικῆς*, published in 1649, suggests that, if he had not then really abated his allegiance to Shakespeare, he at least agreed so far with the ordinary Puritanism around him as not to think Shakespeare-worship the particular doctrine then required by the English mind.

For some such reason, among others, Milton, when he set himself at length (in 1658) to redeem his long-given pledge of a great English poem, and chose for his subject *Paradise Lost*, deliberately gave up his first intention of treating that subject in the dramatic form. When that poem was given to the world (1667), it was as an epic. Its companion, *Paradise Regained*, published in 1671, was also an epic.

But, though it was thus as an epic poet that Milton chose mainly and finally to appear before the world, he was so far faithful to his old affection for the Drama as to leave to the world one experiment of his mature art in that form. *Samson Agonistes* was an attestation that the poet who in his earlier years had written the beautiful pastoral drama of *Comus* had never ceased to like that form of poesy, but to the last believed it suitable, with modifications, for his severer and sterner purposes. At what time *Samson* was written is not definitely ascertained; but it was certainly after the Restoration, and probably after 1667. It was published in 1671, in the same volume with *Paradise Regained* (see title of the volume, &c. in Intro. to *Paradise Regained*, p. 2). For a time the connexion thus established between *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes* was kept up in subsequent editions; but since 1688 I know of no publication of these two poems together by

themselves. There have been one or two editions of the *Samson* by itself; but it has generally appeared either in collective editions of all the poems, or in editions of the minor poems apart from *Paradise Lost*.

How came Milton to select such a subject as that of *Samson Agonistes* for one of his latest poems, if not the very latest?

To this question it is partly an answer to say that the exploits of the Hebrew Samson had long before struck him as capable of treatment in an English tragedy. Among his jottings, in 1640-41, of subjects for possible Scripture Tragedies, we find these two, occurring as the 19th and 20th in the total list—"Samson Pursophorus or Hybristes, or Samson Marrying, or Ramath-lechi," Judges xv. ; and "Dagonalia," Judges xvi. That is to say, Milton, in 1640-41, thought there might be two sacred dramas founded on the accounts of Samson's life in the Book of Judges—the one on Samson's first marriage with a Philistian woman, and his feuds with the Philistines growing out of that incident; when he was *Pursophorus* (i.e. The Firebrand-bringer) or *Hybristes* (i.e. Violent); the other on the closing scene of his life, when he took his final vengeance on the Philistines in their feast to Dagon. These subjects, however, do not seem then to have had such attractions for Milton as some of the others in the list; for they are merely jotted down as above, whereas to some of the others, such as "*Dinah*," "*Abram from Morea*," and "*Sodom*," are appended sketches of the plot or hints for the treatment. Why, then, did Milton, in his later life, neglect so many other subjects of which he had kept his early notes, and cling so tenaciously to the story of Samson?

The reason is not far to seek; nor need we seek it in the fact that he had seen Italian, Latin, and even English, poems on the story of Samson, which may have reminded him of the theme. Todd and other commentators have dug up the titles of some such old poems, without being able to prove that they suggested anything to Milton. The truth is that the capabilities of the theme, perceived by him through mere poetic tact as early as 1640-41, had been brought home to him, with singular force and intimacy, by the experience of his own subsequent life. The story of Samson must have

seemed to Milton a metaphor or allegory of much of his own life in its later stages. He also, in his veteran days, after the Restoration, was a champion at bay, a prophet-warrior left alone among men of a different faith and different manners—Philistines, who exulted in the ruin of his cause, and wreaked their wrath upon him for his past services to that cause by insults, calumnies, and jeers at his misfortunes and the cause itself. He also was blind, as Samson had been—groping about among the malignant conditions that had befallen him, helplessly dependent on the guiding of others, and bereft of the external consolations and means of resistance to his scornors that might have come to him through sight. He also had to live mainly in the imagery of the past. In that past, too, there were similarities in his case to that of Samson. Like Samson, substantially, he had been a Nazarite—no drinker of wine or strong drink, but one who had always been an ascetic in his dedicated service to great designs. And the chief blunder in his life, that which had gone nearest to wreck it, and had left the most marring consequences and the most painful reflections, was the very blunder of which, twice-repeated, Samson had to accuse himself. Like Samson, he had married a Philistine woman—one not of his own tribe, and having no thoughts or interests in common with his own; and, like Samson, he had suffered indignities from this wife and her relations, till he had learnt to rue the match. The consequences of Milton's unhappy first marriage (1643) in his temper and opinions form a marked train in his biography, extending far beyond their apparent end in the publication of his *Divorce Pamphlets*, followed by his hasty reconciliation with his wife after her two years' desertion of him (1645). Although, from that time, he lived with his first wife, without further audible complaint, till her death about 1652, and although his two subsequent marriages were happier, the recollection of his first marriage (and it was only the wife of this first marriage that he had ever *seen*) seems always to have been a sore in Milton's mind, and to have affected his thoughts of the marriage-institution itself, and of the ways and character of women. In this respect also he could find coincidences between his own life and that of Samson, which recommended the story of Samson with far more poignancy to him in his later life than when he first looked at it in the inexperience of his early manhood. In short, there

must have rushed upon Milton, contemplating in his later life the story of the blind Samson among the Philistines, so many similarities with his own case, that there is little wonder that he then selected this subject for poetic treatment. While writing *Samson Agonistes* (i.e. Samson the Agonist, Athlete, or Wrestler) he must have been secretly conscious throughout that he was representing much of his own feelings and experience; and the reader of the poem that knows anything of Milton's life has this pressed upon him at every turn. Probably the best introduction to the poem would be to read the Biblical history of Samson (Judges xiii.—xvi.) with the facts of Milton's life in one's mind.

The poem was put forth, however, with no intimation to this effect. That, indeed, might have been an obstacle to its passing the censorship. Readers were left to gather the fact for themselves, according to the degree of their information, and their quickness in interpreting. In the prose preface which Milton thought fit to prefix to the poem—entitled "*Of that sort of Dramatic Poem which is called Tragedy*"—he concerns himself not at all with the matter of the poem, or his own meaning in it, but only with its literary form. He explains why, towards the grave close of his life, he has not thought it inconsistent to write what might be called a Tragedy, and what particular kind of Tragedy he has taken care to write. The preface ought to be carefully read, in connexion with the remarks already made on Milton's early taste for the dramatic form of poesy, and the variations to which that taste had been subjected by circumstances. It will be noted that a large portion of the preface is apologetic. Although, after the Restoration, the drama had revived in England, and men were once more familiar with stage-plays, Milton evidently felt that many of his countrymen still retained their Puritanic horror of the Drama, and of all related to it—nay, that this horror might well be increased by the spectacle of the sort of plays supplied to the re-opened theatres by Dryden, Wycherley, and the other caterers for the amusement of Charles II. and his Court. An explanation might be demanded why, when the Drama was thus becoming a greater abomination than ever, a man like Milton should give his countenance in any way to the dramatic form of poetry. Accordingly, Milton does explain, and in such a way as to distinguish as widely as possible between the Tragedy he has

written and the stage-dramas then popular. "Tragedy, as it was anciently composed," he says, "hath been ever held the gravest, moralest, and most profitable of all other poems." In order to fortify this statement he repeats Aristotle's definition of Tragedy, and reminds his readers that "philosophers and other gravest writers" frequently cite from the old tragic poets—nay, that St. Paul himself had quoted a verse of Euripides, and that, according to the judgment of a Protestant commentator on the Apocalypse, that book might be viewed as a tragedy of peculiar structure, with choruses between the acts. Some of the most eminent and active men in history, he adds, including one of the Fathers of the Christian Church, had written or attempted Tragedies. All this, he says, is "mentioned to vindicate Tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day, with other common interludes; happening through the poet's error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity, or introducing trivial and vulgar persons; which by all judicious hath been counted absurd, and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people." It is impossible not to see, in the carefulness of this apology, that Milton felt that he was treading on perilous ground, and might give offence to the weaker brethren, by his use of the dramatic form at all, especially for a sacred subject. It is hardly possible either to avoid seeing, in the reference to the "error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity," an allusion to Shakespeare, as well as to Dryden and the post-Restoration dramatists.

Samson Agonistes, therefore, was offered to the world as a tragedy avowedly of a different order from that which had been established in England. It was a tragedy of the severe classic order, according to that noble Greek model which had been kept up by none of the modern nations, unless it might be the Italians. In reading it, not Shakespeare, nor Ben Jonson, nor Massinger, must be thought of, but Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. Claiming this in general terms, the poet calls especial attention to his fidelity to ancient Greek precedents in two particulars—his use of the chorus, and his observation of the rule of unity in time. The tragedy, he says, never having been intended for the stage, but only to be read, the division into acts and scenes is omitted. He

does *not* say, however (and this is worth noting), that, had it been possible to produce the tragedy on the stage in a becoming manner, he would have objected to its being done. It is said that Bishop Atterbury, about 1722, had a scheme for bringing it on the stage at Westminster, the division into acts and names to be arranged by Pope. It was a fitter compliment when Handel, in 1742, made Samson the subject of an Oratorio, and married his great music to Milton's as great words.

SAMSON AGONISTES:

A DRAMATIC POEM.

THE AUTHOR

JOHN MILTON.

Aristot. Poet. cap. 6. Τραγωδία μίμησις πράξεως σπουδαίας,
&c.—*Tragœdia est imitatio actionis seriæ, &c., per miseri-*
cordiam et metum perficiens talium affectuum lustrationem.

OF THAT SORT OF DRAMATIC POEM CALLED TRAGEDY.

TRAGEDY, as it was anciently composed, hath been ever held the gravest, moralest, and most profitable of all other poems; therefore said by Aristotle to be of power, by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such-like passions—that is, to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirred up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion; for so, in physic, things of melancholic hue and quality are used against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humours. Hence philosophers and other gravest writers, as Cicero, Plutarch, and others, frequently cite out of tragic poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The Apostle Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture, 1 Cor. xv. 33; and Paræus, commenting on the *Revelation*, divides the whole book, as a tragedy, into acts, distinguished each by a Chorus of heavenly harpings and song between. Heretofore men in highest dignity have laboured not a little to be thought able to compose a tragedy. Of that honour Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious than before of his attaining to the tyranny. Augustus Cæsar also had begun his *Ajax*, but, unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinished. Seneca, the philosopher, is by some thought the author of those tragedies (at least the best of them) that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen, a Father of the Church, thought it not unbeseeming the sanctity of his person to write a tragedy, which he entitled *Christ Suffering*. This is mentioned to vindicate Tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day, with other common

interludes; happening through the poet's error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity, or introducing trivial and vulgar persons: which by all judicious hath been counted absurd, and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people. And, though ancient Tragedy use no Prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self-defence or explanation, that which Martial calls an Epistle, in behalf of this tragedy, coming forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much beforehand may be *epistled*—that Chorus is here introduced after the Greek manner, not ancient only, but modern, and still in use among the Italians. In the modelling therefore of this poem, with good reason, the Ancients and Italians are rather followed, as of much more authority and fame. The measure of verse used in the Chorus is of all sorts, called by the Greeks *Monostrophic*, or rather *Apoteleymenon*, without regard had to Strophe, Antistrophe, or Epode,—which were a kind of stanzas framed only for the music, then used with the Chorus that sung; not essential to the poem, and therefore not material; or, being divided into stanzas or pauses, they may be called *Alteostropha*. Division into act and scene, referring chiefly to the stage (to which this work never was intended), is here omitted.

It suffices if the whole drama be found not produced beyond the fifth act. Of the style and uniformity, and that commonly called the plot, whether intricate or explicit,—which is nothing indeed but such economy, or disposition of the fable, as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum,—they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the three tragic poets unequalled yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavour to write Tragedy. The circumscription of time, wherein the whole drama begins and ends, is, according to ancient rule and best example, within the space of twenty-four hours.

SAMSON AGONISTES.

SAMSON. A little onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on ;
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade.
There I am wont to sit, when any chance
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
Daily in the common prison else enjoined me,
Where I, a prisoner chained, scarce freely draw
The air, imprisoned also, close and damp,
Unwholesome draught. But here I feel amends—
The breath of heaven fresh blowing, pure and sweet, 10
With day-spring born ; here leave me to respire.
This day a solemn feast the people hold
To Dagon, their sea-idol, and forbid
Laborious works. Unwillingly this rest
Their superstition yields me ; hence, with leave
Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
This unfrequented place to find some ease—
Ease to the body some, none to the mind
From restless thoughts, that, like a deadly swarm
Of hornets armed, no sooner found alone 20
But rush upon me thronging, and present
Times past, what once I was, and what am now.
Oh, wherefore was my birth from Heaven foretold
Twice by an Angel, who at last, in sight
Of both my parents, all in flames ascended
From off the altar where an offering burned,
As in a fiery column charioting
His godlike presence, and from some great act
Or benefit revealed to Abraham's race ?

Why was my breeding ordered and prescribed 30
As of a person separate to God,
Designed for great exploits, if I must die
Betrayed, captived, and both my eyes put out,
Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze,
To grind in brazen fetters under task
With this heaven-gifted strength? O glorious strength,
Put to the labour of a beast, debased
Lower than bond-slave! Promise was that I
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver!
Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him 40
Eyeless in Gaza, at the mill with slaves,
Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke.
Yet stay; let me not rashly call in doubt
Divine prediction. What if all foretold
Had been fulfilled but through mine own default?
Whom have I to complain of but myself,
Who this high gift of strength committed to me,
In what part lodged, how easily bereft me,
Under the seal of silence could not keep,
But weakly to a woman must reveal it, 50
O'ercome with importunity and tears?
O impotence of mind in body strong!
But what is strength without a double share
Of wisdom? Vast, unwieldy, burdensome,
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
By weakest subtleties; not made to rule,
But to subserve where wisdom bears command.
God, when he gave me strength, to show withal
How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.
But peace! I must not quarrel with the will 60
Of highest dispensation, which herein
Haply had ends above my reach to know.
Suffices that to me strength is my bane,
And proves the source of all my miseries—
So many, and so huge, that each apart
Would ask a life to wail. But, chief of all,
O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies! O worse than chains,

Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age !
Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct, 70
And all her various objects of delight
Annulled, which might in part my grief have eased.
Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm, the vilest here excel me :
They creep, yet see ; I, dark in light, exposed
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
In power of others, never in my own—
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon, 80
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day !
O first-created beam, and thou great Word,
“ Let there be light, and light was over all,”
Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree ?
The Sun to me is dark
And silent as the Moon,
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
Since light so necessary is to life, 90
And almost life itself, if it be true
That light is in the soul,
She all in every part, why was the sight
To such a tender ball as the eye confined,
So obvious and so easy to be quenched,
And not, as feeling, through all parts diffused,
That she might look at will through every pore ?
Then had I not been thus exiled from light,
As in the land of darkness, yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death, 100
And buried ; but, O yet more miserable !
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave ;
Buried, yet not exempt,
By privilege of death and burial,
From worst of other evils, pains, and wrongs ;
But made hereby obnoxious more
To all the miseries of life,

Life in captivity
Among inhuman foes.
But who are these? for with joint pace I hear 110
The tread of many feet steering this way;
Perhaps my enemies, who come to stare
At my affliction, and perhaps to insult—
Their daily practice to afflict me more.

Chor. This, this is he; softly a while;
Let us not break in upon him.
O change beyond report, thought, or belief!
See how he lies at random, carelessly diffused,
With languished head unpropt, 120
As one past hope, abandoned,
And by himself given over,
In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds
O'er-worn and soiled.

Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be he,
That heroic, that renowned,
Irresistible Samson? whom, unarmed,
No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast, could
withstand;

Who tore the lion as the lion tears the kid;
Ran on embattled armies clad in iron,
And, weaponless himself, 130
Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery
Of brazen shield and spear, the hammered cuirass,
Chalybean-tempered steel, and frock of mail
Adamantean proof:

But safest he who stood aloof,
When insupportably his foot advanced,
In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,
Spurned them to death by troops. The bold Ascalonite
Fled from his lion ramp; old warriors turned 140
Their plated backs under his heel,
Or grovelling soiled their crested helmets in the dust.
Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,
The jaw of a dead ass, his sword of bone,
A thousand foreskins fell, the flower of Palestine,
In Ramath-lechi, famous to this day:

Then by main force pulled up, and on his shoulders bore,
The gates of Azza, post and massy bar,
Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants old—
No journey of a sabbath-day, and loaded so—
Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up Heaven. 150
Which shall I first bewail—

Thy bondage or lost sight,

Prison within prison

Inseparably dark ?

Thou art become (O worst imprisonment !)

The dungeon of thyself ; thy soul

(Which men enjoying sight oft without cause complain)

Imprisoned now indeed,

In real darkness of the body dwells,

Shut up from outward light

160

To incorporate with gloomy night ;

For inward light, alas !

Puts forth no visual beam.

O mirror of our fickle state,

Since man on earth, unparalleled,

The rarer thy example stands,

By how much from the top of wondrous glory,

Strongest of mortal men,

To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fallen.

For him I reckon not in high estate

170

Whom long descent of birth,

Or the sphere of fortune, raises ;

But thee, whose strength, while virtue was her mate,

Might have subdued the Earth,

Universally crowned with highest praises.

Sams. I hear the sound of words ; their sense the air

Dissolves unjointed ere it reach my ear.

Chor. He speaks : let us draw nigh. Matchless in
might,

The glory late of Israel, now the grief !

We come, thy friends and neighbours not unknown, 180

From Eshtaol and Zora's fruitful vale,

To visit or bewail thee ; or, if better,

Counsel or consolation we may bring,

Salve to thy sores : apt words have power to swage
 The tumours of a troubled mind,
 And are as balm to festered wounds.

Sams. Your coming, friends, revives me ; for I learn
 Now of my own experience, not by talk,
 How counterfeit a coin they are who ' friends '
 Bear in their superscription (of the most 190
 I would be understood). In prosperous days
 They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head,
 Not to be found, though sought. Ye see, O friends,
 How many evils have enclosed me round ;
 Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,
 Blindness ; for, had I sight, confused with shame,
 How could I once look up, or heave the head,
 Who, like a foolish pilot, have shipwrecked
 My vessel trusted to me from above,
 Gloriously rigged, and for a word, a tear, 200
 Fool ! have divulged the secret gift of God
 To a deceitful woman ? Tell me, friends,
 Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool
 In every street ? Do they not say, ' How well
 Are come upon him his deserts ' ? Yet why ?
 Immeasurable strength they might behold
 In me ; of wisdom nothing more than mean.
 This with the other should at least have pair'd ;
 These two, proportion'd ill, drove me transverse.

Chor. Tax not divine disposal. Wisest men 210
 Have erred, and by bad women been deceived ;
 And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise.
 Deject not, then, so overmuch thyself,
 Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides.
 Yet, truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder
 Why thou should'st wed Philistian women rather
 Than of thine own tribe fairer, or as fair,
 At least of thy own nation, and as noble.

Sams. The first I saw at Timna, and she pleased
 Me, not my parents, that I sought to wed 220
 The daughter of an infidel. They knew not
 That what I motioned was of God ; I knew

From intimate impulse; and therefore urged
 The marriage on, that, by occasion hence,
 I might begin Israel's deliverance—
 The work to which I was divinely called.
 She proving false, the next I took to wife
 (O that I never had ! fond wish too late !)
 Was in the vale of Sorec, Dalila,
 That specious monster, my accomplished snare. 230
 I thought it lawful from my former act,
 And the same end, still watching to oppress
 Israel's oppressors. Of what now I suffer
 She was not the prime cause, but I myself,
 Who, vanquished with a peal of words, (O weakness !)
 Gave up my fort of silence to a woman.

Chor. In seeking just occasion to provoke
 The Philistine, thy country's enemy,
 Thou never wast remiss, I bear thee witness ;
 Yet Israel still serves with all his sons. 240

Sams. That fault I take not on me, but transfer
 On Israel's governors and heads of tribes,
 Who, seeing those great acts which God had done
 Singly by me against their conquerors,
 Acknowledged not, or not at all considered,
 Deliverance offered. I, on the other side,
 Used no ambition to commend my deeds ;
 The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the doer.
 But they persisted deaf, and would not seem
 To count them things worth notice, till at length 250
 Their lords, the Philistines, with gathered powers,
 Entered Judea, seeking me, who then
 Safe to the rock of Etham was retired—
 Not flying, but forecasting in what place
 To set upon them, what advantaged best.
 Meanwhile the men of Judah, to prevent
 The harass of their land, beset me round ;
 I willingly on some conditions came
 Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me
 To the Uncircumcised a welcome prey, 260
 Bound with two cords. But cords to me were threads

Touched with the flame : on their whole host I flew
 Unarmed, and with a trivial weapon felled
 Their choicest youth ; they only lived who fled.
 Had Judah that day joined, or one whole tribe,
 They had by this possessed the towers of Gath,
 And lorded over them whom now they serve.
 But what more oft, in nations grown corrupt,
 And by their vices brought to servitude,
 Than to love bondage more than liberty— 270
 Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty—
 And to despise, or envy, or suspect,
 Whom God hath of his special favour raised
 As their deliverer ? If he aught begin,
 How frequent to desert him, and at last
 To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds !

Chor. Thy words to my remembrance bring
 How Succoth and the fort of Penuel
 Their great deliverer contemned,
 The matchless Gideon, in pursuit 280
 Of Madian, and her vanquished kings ;
 And how ingrateful Ephraim
 Had dealt with Jephtha, who by argument,
 Not worse than by his shield and spear,
 Defended Israel from the Ammonite,
 Had not his prowess quelled their pride
 In that sore battle when so many died
 Without reprieve, adjudged to death
 For want of well pronouncing *Shibboleth*.

Sams. Of such examples add me to the roll. 290
 Me easily indeed mine may neglect,
 But God's proposed deliverance not so.

Chor. Just are the ways of God,
 And justifiable to men,
 Unless there be who think not God at all.
 If any be, they walk obscure ;
 For of such doctrine never was there school,
 But the heart of the fool,
 And no man therein doctor but himself.

Yet more there be who doubt his ways not just, 300

Chor. All is best, though we oft doubt
What the unsearchable dispose
Of Highest Wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.
Oft He seems to hide his face,
But unexpectedly returns, 1750
And to his faithful champion hath in place
Bore witness gloriously; whence Gaza mourns,
And all that band them to resist
His uncontrollable intent.
His servants He, with new acquist
Of true experience from this great event,
With peace and consolation hath dismissed,
And calm of mind, all passion spent.

THE END.

INTRODUCTION
TO THE MINOR POEMS.

GENERAL INTRODUCTION.

UNDER the date Oct. 6, 1645, this entry occurs in the books of the London Stationers' Company: "*Mr. Moseley entered for his copie, under the hand of Sir Nath. Brent and both the Wardens, a booke called Poems in English and Latyn by Mr. John Milton, 6d.*" The meaning of the entry is that on that day Humphrey Moseley, then the most active publisher in London of poetry, old plays, and works of pure fancy, registered the forthcoming volume as his copyright, showing Brent's licence for its publication, and the signatures of the Wardens of the Company besides, and paying sixpence for the formality. The following is the complete title of the volume when it did appear :—

"Poems of Mr. John Milton, both English and Latin, compos'd at several times. Printed by his true Copies. The Songs were set in Musick by Mr. Henry Lawes, gentleman of the King's Chappel, and one of His Majesties private Musick.

————Baccare frontem
Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro."

VIRGIL, *Eclog. 7.*

Printed and publish'd according to Order. London, Printed by Ruth Raworth, for Humphrey Moseley, and are to be sold at the signe of the Princes Arms in Pauls Churchyard. 1645."

From a copy of this first edition of Milton's Poems among the King's Pamphlets in the British Museum, bearing a note of the precise day of its publication written on the title-page, I learn that the day was Jan. 2, 1645-6. Milton had then been some months in his new house in Barbican (see Memoir); where, besides his pupils, there were now domiciled with him his reconciled wife, his aged father, and several of his wife's relations.

The volume published by Moseley is a small and rather neat octavo of more than 200 pages. The English Poems come first and fill 120 pages; after which, with a separate title-page, and filling 88 pages, separately numbered, come the Latin Poems. The poems contained in the volume, whether in the English or the Latin portion, include, with two exceptions, all those which are now known to have been written by Milton, at different periods, from his boyhood at St. Paul's School to the year 1645, in which the volume was published. The exceptions are the little elegy "On the Death of a fair Infant dying of a Cough" (1626), and the curious little fragment, "At a Vacation Exercise at College" (1628). Prefixed to the volume as a whole, and doubtless with Milton's sanction, was a very eulogistic preface by Moseley, entitled "The Stationer to the Reader" (see it at the beginning of the Minor Poems). Then, before *Comus*, which begins on p. 67 of the volume, there is a separate title-page, as if to call attention to its greater length and importance—besides which, Lawes's eulogistic dedication of this poem to Lord Brackley, in his separate edition of 1637, is reproduced (see it prefixed to *Comus* in this ed.), and the Poem is farther introduced by a copy furnished by Milton of Sir Henry Wotton's remarkable letter to him in 1638 (also prefixed to *Comus* in this ed). Finally, prefixed to the Latin Poems in the volume, after the separate title-page which distinguishes them from the English portion, are copies of the commendatory verses, &c., with which Milton had been favoured when abroad by the distinguished foreigners who had seen some of these poems, or otherwise become acquainted with him. Only in one peculiarity of the volume was there a miscarriage. It had been proposed, apparently by Moseley, that there should be a portrait of Milton prefixed to the volume; and the engraver to whom Moseley had entrusted the thing was one W. Marshall, who had executed other portraits of men of the day, and was of some respectability in his profession. But, whether Marshall worked carelessly from an oil-painting then in Milton's possession, or only concocted something out of his own head, the print which he produced bore no earthly resemblance to Milton, or indeed to any possible human being. Though entitled "*Joannis Miltoni Angli Effigies anno ætatis vges. primo*," ("Portrait of John Milton, Englishman, in the 21st year of his age,") it exhibited a stolid, grim-looking, long-haired

gentleman, of about fifty, with a background of trees and a meadow, and shepherds dancing and piping, seen through a window. What Milton thought when this engraving of himself was shown him we can only guess. But, instead of having it cancelled, he let it go forth with the volume—only taking his revenge by a practical joke at the engraver's expense. He offered him some lines of Greek verse to be engraved ornamentally under the portrait; and these lines the poor artist did innocently engrave, little thinking what they meant. An English translation of them may run thus—

That an unskilful hand had carved this print
You'd say at once, seeing the living face;
But, finding here no jot of me, my friends,
Laugh at the wretched artist's mis-attempt.

Such was the First Edition of Milton's Miscellaneous Poems, published in 1645, when the author was thirty-seven years of age. The volume seems to have had no great circulation; but it sufficed to keep alive, for the next two-and-twenty years, or till the publication of *Paradise Lost* in 1667, the recollection that the man who, through this long period, was becoming more and more known for his Revolutionary principles and his connexion with the Commonwealth government, had begun life as a poet.

Paradise Lost having been followed, in 1671, by *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes*, the popularity of these three great poems of Milton's later years seems to have re-awakened so much demand for his earlier Poems as to make a new edition of them desirable. Accordingly, in 1673, or twenty-eight years after Moseley had published the first edition, a second edition of the Minor Poems did appear, under Milton's own superintendence. This second edition, which, like the first, was a small octavo, bore the following title:—

"Poems, &c., upon Several Occasions. By Mr. John Milton: both English and Latin, &c Composed at several times. With a small Tractate of Education. To Mr. Hartlib. London, Printed for Tho. Dring, at the White Lion, next Chancery Lane End, in Fleet Street. 1673." [So in copies which I have seen; but in a copy now before me, the latter part of the imprint runs thus:—"London: Printed for Thos. Dring, at the Blew Anchor next Mitre Court over against Fetter Lane in Fleet Street. 1673."]

In this second edition, as compared with the first, the following particulars are to be noted: (1) There were certain

additions. The chief of these were, of course, those English and Latin pieces which had been written by Milton since the first edition was published. For obvious reasons, indeed, Milton did not think it advisable, at that date, to publish his sonnets to Fairfax, Vane, and Cromwell, nor that second one to Cyriack Skinner in which he speaks with exultation of his own services in the Republican cause. With these exceptions, however, all the pieces written since 1645 were now published by Milton himself in this second edition. But there were also included in this edition those two English pieces, which, though written long before the publication of the first edition, had not appeared in it, viz.: the Elegy "On the Death of a fair Infant dying of a Cough," written in 1626, and the fragment, "At a Vacation Exercise at College," written in 1628. Copies of these two pieces had apparently been recovered by Milton, and their insertion in the new edition was certainly a gain to that edition. (2) To some copies of this second edition of the Poems there was prefixed a new portrait of Milton, superseding the caricature by Marshall prefixed to the first edition. But the jocular Greek lines on Marshall's portrait which had appeared in the first edition were still preserved. They were printed among the *Sylvæ* in the new edition, with the title "*In Effigiei ejus Sculptorem.*" (3) From the new edition were omitted Moseley's Preface to the first edition, and also the two pieces of English prose which had been specially inserted in the first as introductions to the *Comus*—viz. Lawes's Dedication of the *Comus* to Lord Brackley in 1637, and Sir Henry Wotton's letter of 1638. Milton probably thought that these laudatory introductions were no longer required. He still kept, however, the complimentary verses, &c., of his foreign friends, prefixed to the Latin poems.

To most of the editions of the Minor Poems that have appeared since Milton's own second edition of 1673 there have, of course, been added such scraps of verse, not inserted in that edition, as Milton would himself have included in any final edition. Thus the scraps of verse, whether in English or Latin, interspersed through his prose-writings, are now properly collected and inserted among the Poems. Those four English Sonnets, also, which Milton had, from prudential reasons, omitted in the edition of 1673, are now in their places. After the Revolution of 1688 there was no reason for withholding these interesting sonnets from the public;

and, accordingly, when Milton's nephew, Edward Phillips, published, in 1694, an English edition of the "Letters of State" which had been written by his uncle as Latin Secretary during the Commonwealth, and prefixed to these Letters his Memoir of his uncle, he very properly printed the four missing sonnets as an appendix to the Memoir. From that time they have always been included in editions of the Poems.

Even had Milton not given his Minor Poems to the world in print during his lifetime, those interesting productions of his genius would not have been wholly lost. From the time when he had first begun to write poems or other things, he had carefully kept the MSS.; and it so chanced that a larger quantity of Milton's original MSS. has been preserved than of the original MSS. of most other English poets of that age. Not a few of Milton's papers, either loose, or forming a kind of large draft-book, had come into the possession of Sir Henry Newton Puckering, Bart., a scholar and book-collector of the seventeenth century; and as, on his death in 1700, he left his collection of books to the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, these papers lay about in that Library till 1736, when they were carefully put together and bound in morocco. Accordingly, this thin morocco-bound volume of Milton MSS. is to this day one of the most precious curiosities in the Library of Trinity College. It is shown to visitors in a glass table-case, arranged so as to gratify them with the sight of a page or two of Milton's autograph. By permission of the Master and Fellows, but only in the presence of one of the Fellows, it may be removed from the case for more leisurely examination. The volume consists of fifty-four pages, all of folio size, except an interpolated leaf or two of small quarto. Eight of the pages are blank; all the other forty-six are written on, most of them very closely. The following is a list of the contents in the order in which they stand:—*Arcades* (draft in Milton's own hand); *Song, At a solemn Music* (Milton's own hand); *Sonnet on his having arrived at the age of twenty-three* (in Milton's own hand, as part of Prose Letter to a Friend, of which there are two drafts); *On Time* (Milton's own hand); *Upon the Circumcision* (Milton's own hand); *Sonnet VIII.* (in the hand of an amanuensis); *Sonnets IX. and X.* (Milton's own hand); *Comus* and *Lycidas*, entire drafts, much corrected (in Milton's own hand); *Seven pages of Jottings of Subjects for Tragedies*

(Milton's own hand : see *Introd.* to *P. L.*, to *P. R.*, and to *Sams. Ag.*) ; *Sonnets XI.—XIV.* (in Milton's own hand, but with copies in another hand) ; *Sonnet XV. : To Fairfax* (in Milton's own hand) ; *Sonnet XVI. : To Cromwell* (in the hand of some amanuensis) ; *Sonnet XVII. : To Vane* (also in another hand) ; *Lines on the Forcers of Conscience* (also in another hand) ; *Sonnets XXI.—XXIII.* (also in the hands of amanuenses). It thus appears that in this precious volume at Cambridge there are preserved (mostly in Milton's own hand, but occasionally in the hands of amanuenses, who either transcribed from his original drafts before he was blind, or, after he was blind, wrote to his dictation) actual MS. copies of much the larger part of all Milton's MINOR ENGLISH POETRY.

INTRODUCTIONS TO THE
POEMS SEVERALLY.

PART I.—THE ENGLISH POEMS.

INTRODUCTIONS

TO THE ENGLISH POEMS.

PARAPHRASES ON PSALMS CXIV. AND CXXXVI.

THESE were done, as the author himself takes care to tell us, "at fifteen years old"—*i.e.* in 1624. They are, in fact, the only specimens now extant of Milton's muse before he went to Cambridge. They are the relics, doubtless, of a little collection of boyish performances, now lost, with which he amused himself, and perhaps pleased his father and his teachers, when he lived in his father's house in Bread Street, Cheapside, and attended the neighbouring school of St. Paul's. They prove him to have been even then a careful reader of contemporary English poetry, and, in particular, of Spenser, and of Sylvester's quaint and old-fashioned, but richly poetical, translation of the *Divine Weekes and Workes* of the French religious poet Du Bartas. This book, which had been published in 1605 by Humphrey Lownes, a well-known printer of Bread Street Hill, close to Milton's father's house, was as popular in England as the original was on the Continent. It went through several editions while Sylvester lived, and almost every pious English household of literary tastes possessed a copy.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT DYING OF A COUGH.

Over this poem Milton has himself placed the words "*Anno ætatis 17*," implying that it was written in his 17th year. Now, as Milton entered his seventeenth year on the 9th of December, 1624, and ended it on the 9th of December, 1625, this would place the poem between these dates.

But, when Milton placed Arabic figures after the phrase *anno ætatis* in these headings of his poems, it was his habit to give himself the benefit of a year by understanding the figures as noting cardinal and not ordinal numbers. "*Anno ætatis 17*" meant, with him, not strictly "in his seventeenth year," but "at seventeen years of age." The present poem, accordingly, was actually written in the winter of 1625-6, 0 during Milton's second academic year at Cambridge. It is the first of his preserved English pieces of the Cambridge period, but seems to have been written, not *at* Cambridge, but in the course of a brief visit made to London between the Michaelmas Term and the Lent Term of the academic year—*i.e.* between December 16, 1625, and January 13, 1625-6. The subject of it was the death of an infant niece of the poet, the first child of his only surviving sister Anne Milton, who was several years older than himself, and had been recently married to a Mr. Edward Phillips, a native of Shrewsbury, but resident in London, where he held a situation in the Crown Office in Chancery. When in town from Cambridge, Milton had seen the "fair infant," whether in his father's house in Bread Street, or in his sister's own house, which was "in the Strand, near Charing Cross." But the life of the little creature was to be short. The autumn of 1625 was a particularly unhealthy one in London—the Plague then raging there with such violence that as many as 35,000 persons were said to have died of it during that season within the Bills of Mortality. There is an allusion to this prevalence of the Plague in the last stanza but one of the poem. Not to the Plague, however, but to the general inclemency of the succeeding winter, did the delicate little blossom fall a victim. She died "of a cough"—*i.e.* of some affection of the lungs.

AT A VACATION EXERCISE IN THE COLLEGE.

The heading prefixed to this piece by Milton is, more completely, as follows:—"Anno ætatis 19: *At a Vacation Exercise in the College, part Latin, part English: the Latin Speeches ended, the English thus began.*" The piece, in fact, was written in 1628, or during Milton's fourth academic year at Cambridge, and, as the title implies, was but a fragment of a much longer and more composite exercise or discourse, part of which was in Latin, written for some ceremonial at Christ's

College in the vacation of that year—i.e. after the close of the Easter Term on the 4th of July.

Fortunately, the College Exercise to which this piece belonged still exists. It is the Sixth of those seven juvenile Latin Essays of Milton called *Prolusiones Oratoriæ* (now included in his collected prose-works) which were first published in 1674, the last year of his life, in conjunction with his *Epistolæ Familiares*, or Latin Familiar Epistles. All the seven *Prolusiones* are interesting as throwing light on Milton's career at the University, and his success in those public debates and discussions on scholastic and philosophical topics which formed in those days so important a part of College and University training. The Sixth, however, is nearly the longest, and is perhaps the most interesting altogether. It is entitled "*In Feriis Æstivis Collegii, sed concurrente, ut solet, totâ fere Academiâ juventute, Oratio: Exercitationes nonnunquam ludi-ras Philosophiâ studiis non obesse*;" which may be translated thus, "*In the Summer Vacation of the College, but in the presence, as usual, of a concourse of nearly the whole youth of the University, an Oration to this effect: That occasional sportive exercises are not inconsistent with philosophical studies.*" The Essay, then, was an actual speech delivered by Milton in the hall of Christ's College, Cambridge, on an occasion of periodical revel, when not only his fellow-collegians, but a crowd of students from other colleges, were present. Milton had nearly completed his undergraduate course, and had his degree of B.A. in prospect; and he was probably chosen to lead the revels on account of his pre-eminent reputation among the undergraduates of Christ's. "The revels," we say; for, in reading the speech itself, we become aware that the circumstances were those of some annual academic saturnalia, when the college hall was a scene of festivity, practical joking, and fun of all kinds, and when the president—styled, in academic phrase, "the Father" for the nonce—was expected to enliven the proceedings with a speech full of jests and personalities, and to submit in turn to interruptions, laughter, and outcries from his noisy "sons." Milton, though confessing in the course of his speech that fun was hardly his element, and that his "faculty in festivities and quips" was very slight, seems to have acquitted himself in his character of "Father," or elected master of the revels, with unusual distinction. At all events he took trouble enough. His entire discourse must

have taken at least an hour and a half in the delivery. As originally delivered, it consisted of three parts—first, a serio-comic discourse, in Latin prose, on the theme “*that sportive exercises on occasion are not inconsistent with the studies of Philosophy*”; secondly, a more expressly comic harangue, also in Latin prose, in which he assumes the character of Father of the meeting, addresses his sons jocularly, and leads off the orgy; and, thirdly, a conclusion in English, partly verse and partly prose, consisting of dramatic speeches.

In the middle part, or Latin comic harangue, we have, amid many coarse jocosities, and personal allusions to individual fellow-students not now intelligible, the following passage explanatory of what is to follow: “I turn me, therefore, as Father, to my sons, of whom I behold a goodly number; and I see too that the mischievous little rogues acknowledge me to be their father by secretly bobbing their heads. Do you ask what are to be their names? I will not, by taking the names of dishes, give my sons to be eaten by you, for that would be too much akin to the ferocity of Tantalus and Lycaon; nor will I designate them by the names of parts of the body, lest you should think that I had begotten so many bits of men instead of whole men; nor is it my pleasure to call them after the kinds of wine, lest what I should say should be not according to Bacchus. I wish them to be named according to the number of the Predicaments, that so I may express their distinguished birth and their liberal manner of life.” The meaning of which passage seems to be that it was the custom at such meetings for the “Father” to confer nicknames for the nonce on such of his fellow-students as were more particularly associated with him as his “sons,” and, as such, had perhaps to take a prominent part, under him, in the proceedings; and that Milton, instead of following old practice, and calling his sons by such rigmarole names as *Beef, Mutton, Pork*, &c. (names of dishes), or *Head, Neck, Breast*, &c. (names of parts of the body), or *Suck, Rhenish, Sherris*, &c. (names of wines), proposed to call them after the famous Ten Predicaments or Categories of Aristotle. These Predicaments or Categories were all regarded as subdivisions of the one supreme category of ENS or BEING. First ENS was subdivided into the two general categories of *Ens per se* or *Substance*, and *Ens per accidens* or *Accident*. By farther divisions and subdivisions, however, *Accident* was

made to split itself into nine subordinate categories—Quantity, Quality, Relation, Action, Passion, Place where, Time when, Posture, and Habit. Prefix to these nine categories, developed out of *Accident*, the one unbroken category of *Substance*, and you have the Ten Aristotelian Categories or Predicaments, once so famous in the schools. What Milton said, therefore, was virtually this :—I, as Father, choose to represent myself as ENS or Being in general, undivided Being ; and you, my sons, Messrs. So and So and So and So (to wit, certain students of Christ's acting along with Milton in the farce), are to regard yourselves as respectively Substance, Quantity, Quality, Relation, Action, Passion, Place, Time, Posture, and Habit. Thus I have assigned you your parts in what is to follow of our proceedings.

We have here then the key to the dramatic speeches in English with which Milton's address was wound up. After apologizing for having detained the audience so long with his Latin harangue, he announces that he is about to break the University statutes (which ordained that all academic discourses, &c., should be in the learned tongues) by "running across" from Latin to English. At this point, therefore, he suddenly exclaims—

"Hail ! native language, that by sinews weak
Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,
And mad'st," &c.

He continues this episodic address to his native speech through a goodly number of lines, but then remembers that it is a divergence from the business in hand, and that his sons are waiting to hear him speak in the character of ENS. Accordingly, he does speak in this character, calling up the eldest of his ten sons, *Substance*, and addressing him in fit terms. Whether *Substance* made any reply we are not informed ; but the next two Predicaments, *Quantity* and *Quality*, did speak in their turn—not in verse, however, but in prose. It seems most natural to conclude that these speeches were made by the students of Christ's who represented the Predicaments in question—Milton himself only speaking in his paramount character as ENS. In this character, at all events, he finally calls "by name" on the student who represented the fourth category—*i.e.* *Relation* ; and with this speech of ENS to *Relation*, the fragment, as we now have it, abruptly ends. "The rest was prose," we are informed—*i.e.* whatever

was said by *Relation*, and to or by the six remaining Predicaments, was said in prose and has not been preserved. For some farther elucidations, especially as to the particular fellow-student of Milton at Christ's who represented *Relation*, see our notes on the fragment.

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

This magnificent ode, called by Hallam "perhaps the finest in the English language," was composed, as we learn from Milton's own heading of it in the edition of 1645, in the year 1629. Milton was then twenty-one years of age, in his sixth academic year at Cambridge, and a B.A. of a year's standing. There is an interesting allusion to the ode by Milton himself, when he was in the act of composing it, in the sixth of his Latin elegies. In that elegy, addressed to his friend Charles Diodati, residing in the country, in answer to a friendly epistle which Diodati had sent to him on the 13th of December, 1629, there is a distinct description of the *Ode on the Nativity*, as then finished or nearly so, and ready to be shown to Diodati, together with the express information that it was begun on Christmas-day 1629.

UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

Having, in the Ode on the Nativity, celebrated the birth of Christ, Milton seems to have intended his little piece "Upon the Circumcision" as a sequel. This appears from the opening lines, in which distinct allusion is made to the Nativity. We may therefore, with great probability, suppose the piece to have been written on or about the Feast of the Circumcision following the Christmas of the previous ode—*i.e.* January 1, 1629-30.

THE PASSION.

This piece, also, as the opening stanza implies, grew out of the Ode on the Nativity, and is a kind of sequel to it. It was probably written for Easter 1630. It is but the fragment of an intended larger poem, for which, after he had proceeded so far, he thought his powers unequal.

ON TIME.

In the draft of this little piece, in Milton's own hand, among the Cambridge MSS., the title is given more at length thus: *On Time—To be set on a Clock-case.* The piece is assigned, conjecturally, to the year 1630.

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

This piece is also assigned, conjecturally, to the year 1630. The title "At a Solemn Music" may be translated "At a Concert of Sacred Music." Milton, we know, had been a musician from his childhood, and had had unusual opportunities of hearing the best music in England. See *Introd.* to the Latin Poem *Ad Patrem* among the *Sylvar.*

SONG ON MAY MORNING.

This little piece is also assigned, but only conjecturally, to the year 1630. If this is correct, the exact date is May 1, 1630.

ON SHAKESPEARE.

This famous little piece is sometimes spoken of as Milton's "Sonnet on Shakespeare"; but it is not even laxly a Sonnet, as it consists of sixteen lines. In its anonymous printed form among the commendatory verses prefixed to the Shakespeare Folio of 1632, it is entitled "An Epitaph on the Admirable Dramatick Poet, W. Shakespeare." That it was written two years before its publication in so distinguished a place appears from the date "1630" appended to its shorter title in the original editions of Milton's Poems. It seems to me not improbable that Milton originally wrote the lines in a copy of the First Folio Shakespeare in his possession, and furnished them thence to the publisher of the Second Folio.

ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER.

The two pieces on this subject are chiefly curious as specimens of Milton's muse in that facetious style in which, according to his own statement, he was hardly at home. They celebrate an incident which must have been of considerable interest to all Cambridge men of Milton's time—the death of old Thomas Hobson, the Cambridge University carrier.

Born in 1544, or twenty years before Shakespeare, Hobson had for more than sixty years been one of the most noted characters in Cambridge. Every week during this long period he had gone and come between Cambridge and the Bull Inn, Bishopsgate Street, London, driving his own wain and horses, and carrying letters and parcels, and sometimes stray passengers. All the Heads and Fellows of Colleges, all the students, and all the townspeople, knew him. By his business as a carrier, and also by letting out horses, he had become one of the wealthiest citizens in Cambridge—owner of houses in the town and of other property. He had also such a reputation for shrewdness and humour that, rightly or wrongly, all sorts of good sayings were fathered upon him. Till his eighty-sixth year he had persisted in driving his carrier's waggon himself. But, in April or May 1630, a stop had been put to his journeys. The Plague, after an interval of five years, was again in England; it was rife in Cambridge this time, so that the colleges had been prematurely closed and all University exercises brought to an end; and one of the precautions taken was to interdict the continued passage of Hobson, with his letters and parcels, between Cambridge and London. Though many of his neighbours among the townspeople died of the Plague, the tough old carrier escaped that distemper. But the compulsory idleness of some months was too much for him. Some time in November or December 1630, just as the Colleges had re-assembled, and, the Plague having abated, he might have resumed his journeys, he sickened and took to his bed. On the 1st of January, 1630-31, he died, aged eighty-six. Before he died he had executed a will, in which he left a large family of sons, daughters, and grandchildren (one of his daughters being the wife of a Warwickshire baronet), well provided for. Nor had he forgotten the town in which he had made his fortunes. Besides other legacies for public purposes to the town of Cambridge, he left money for the perpetual maintenance of the town-conduit; and to this day the visitor to Cambridge sees a handsome conduit, called after Hobson's name, in the centre of the town, and runnels of clear water flowing, by Hobson's munificence, along the sides of the footways in the main streets. In some respects, Hobson is still the *genius loci* of Cambridge.

Little wonder that the death of such a worthy as old Hobson made a stir among the Cambridge dons and undergraduates, and that many copies of verses were written on the occasion.

Several such copies of verses have been recovered ; but none so remarkable as Milton's. Milton seems to have had a fondness for the old man, whose horses he must have often hired, and by whom he must often have sent and received parcels. The title of Milton's two pieces is exact to the circumstances of the case : "*On the University Carrier, who sickened in the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London by reason of the Plague.*" The gist of the poems themselves, too—in which, through all their punning facetiousness, there is a vein of kindness—is that Hobson died of *ennui*. Both pieces must have been written in or about January 1630-31.

AN EPITAPH ON THE MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER.

The date of the composition of this poem is determined by that of the event to which it refers—the death, in child-birth, of Jane, wife of John Paulet, fifth Marquis of Winchester. This lady, who was but twenty-three years of age when she died, and was much spoken of for her beauty and mental accomplishments, was a daughter of Thomas, Viscount Savage, of Rock-Savage, Cheshire, by his wife, Elizabeth, the eldest daughter and co-heir of Thomas Darcy, Earl of Rivers. Her husband, the Marquis of Winchester, who had succeeded to the title in 1628, was a Roman Catholic ; he subsequently attained great distinction by his loyalty during the civil wars ; and he did not die till 1674, forty-three years after he had been made a widower by the death of this, his accomplished (first) wife. That event occurred on the 15th of April, 1631, in circumstances thus communicated in a contemporary news-letter, dated the 21st of the same month :—"The Lady Marquis of Winchester, daughter to the Lord Viscount Savage, had an imposthume upon her cheek lanced ; the humour fell down into her throat, and quickly despatched her, being big with child : whose death is lamented, as well in respect of other her virtues as that she was inclining to become a Protestant." An unusual amount of public regret seems to have been caused by the lady's melancholy death. It was the subject of a long elegy by the poet-laureate, Ben Jonson, printed in his "*Underwoods*"; and there were verses on the occasion by Davenant and other poets. How Milton, then in his twenty-third year, and still at Cambridge, came to be so interested in the event as to make it the subject of a poem, is not known. Warton had been told that there was a Cambridge collection of verses

on the occasion, among which Milton's elegiac ode first appeared; and some expressions in the ode might imply that fact; but no such volume has been found.

L'ALLEGRO AND IL PENSEROSO.

These were written as companion-pieces, and are to be read together. There is some doubt as to the time of their composition, there being no drafts of them among the Cambridge MSS. In the edition of 1645 they follow immediately after the pieces on Hobson, and precede the *Arcades*, with the intervention, however, of the ten Sonnets printed in that edition. With great probability they are assigned to the period immediately subsequent to Milton's student-life at Cambridge, *i.e.* to the time of his studious seclusion in his father's country house at Horton in Buckinghamshire, near Windsor. Milton retired thither in 1632, after taking his degree of M.A., and he mainly resided there till the beginning of 1638. If the pieces were written at Horton, they were probably written soon after his going there. That they were written in some peaceful country neighbourhood, amid the sights and sounds of quiet English landscape and English rural life, is rendered likely by their nature. But it is a mistaken notion of the poems, and a somewhat crude notion, to suppose that they must contain a transcript of the scenery of any one place, even the place where they were written. That place (and we incline to think it was Horton) may have shed its influence into the poems; but the purpose of the poet was not to describe actual scenery, but to represent two *moods*, and to do so by making each mood move, as it were, amid circumstances and adjuncts akin to it and nutritive of it. Hence the scenery is visionary scenery, made up of eclectic recollections from various spots blended into one ideal landscape. It is, indeed, the exquisite fitness with which circumstances are chosen or invented, in true poetic affinity with the two moods, that makes the poems so beautiful, and secures them, while the English language lasts, against the possibility of being forgotten.

~~The poems, we have said, are companion-pieces, and must be read together.~~ Each describes an ideal day—a day of twelve hours. But *L'Allegro* is the ideal day of the mind of an educated youth, like Milton himself, in a mood of light

cheerfulness. And observe at what point that day begins. It begins at dawn. The first sound heard is the song of the lark ; the first sights seen round the rustic cottage, or in the walk from it, are those of new-waked nature, and of labour fresh afield. Then the light broadens on to mid-day, and we have the reapers at their dinner, or the haymakers busy in the sun. And so, through the afternoon merry-makings we are led to the evening sports and junkets and nut-brown ale round the cottage bench ; after which, when the country folks, old and young, have retired to rest, the imaginary youth of the poem, still in his mood of cheerfulness, may protract his more educated day by fit reading indoors, varied by sweet Lydian music. Contrast with all this the day of *Il Penseroso*. It is the same youth, but in a mood more serious, thoughtful, and melancholy. The season of the year, too, may be later. At all events, the ideal day now begins with the evening. It is the song of the nightingale that is first heard ; lured by which the youth walks forth in moonlight, seeing all objects in their silver aspect, and listening to the sounds of nightfall. Such evening or nocturnal sights and sounds it is that befit the mood of melancholy. And then, indoors again we follow the thoughtful youth, to see him, in his chamber, where the embers glow on the hearth, sitting meditatively, disturbed by no sound, save (for it may be a town that he is now in) the drowsy voice of the passing bellman. Later still, or after midnight, we may fancy him in some high watch-tower, communing, over his books, with old philosophers, or with poets, of grave and tragic themes. In such solemn and weirdly phantasies let the whole night pass, and let the morning come, not gay, but sombre and cloudy, the winds rocking the trees, and the rain-drops falling heavily from the eaves. At last, when the sun is up, the watcher, who has not slept, may sally forth ; but it is to lose himself in some forest of monumental oaks or pines, where sleep may overtake him recumbent by some waterfall. And always, ere he rejoins the mixed society of men, let him pay his due visit of worship to the Gothic cathedral near, and have his mind raised to its highest by the music of the pealing organ.

~~The studied antithesis of the two pieces has to be kept in mind in reading them.~~ It needs only be added that the commentators have supposed that Milton may have been aided in his conception of the two poems by some passages in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, by a song in Beaumont and

Fletcher's drama of *Nice Valor*, and by recollections of other pieces of a pensive kind, in octosyllabic measure, including Marlowe's pretty poem, the *Passionate Shepherd to his Love*, and Sir Walter Raleigh's answer to the same, called *The Nymph's Reply*. The help from any such quarters, however, must have been very small, the mere suggestion of a cadence here and there.

ARCADES.

"*Part of an Entertainment presented to the Countess-Dowager of Derby at Harefield by some noble persons of her Family,*" are the words added by Milton himself to the title of the poem, to explain its nature. In other words, it is part, and only part, of a masque presented before a venerable lady at her country-seat by some members of her family who had chosen this way of showing their affection and respect for her. The rest of the masque has perished; only this fragment of it, supplied by Milton, remains. The date is a little uncertain. Historically, the *Arcades* is connected so closely with *Comus* that any Introduction to the one must serve also as partly an Introduction to the other; and the manner of the connexion is such that we must assume that the *Arcades* preceded *Comus*. Now, as the date of *Comus* is 1634, the immediately preceding year, 1633, has been taken as the probable year for the *Arcades*; but there are arguments which might push it as far back as 1631, or even 1630. It is chiefly necessary to bear in mind that the *Arcades* did precede *Comus*, and that the lady in whose honour it was composed was one of the same noble family for whom *Comus* was subsequently written.

That lady was Alice, Countess-Dowager of Derby, who, in 1631, was about seventy years of age. The life of this lady had been one that would have made her venerable in the social and literary history of England even had there not been this association of her later years with the youth of Milton. Born, about the year 1560, one of the daughters of Sir John Spencer of Althorpe, Northamptonshire—from whom are descended the Earls Spencer and their branches—she had been married in early life to Ferdinando Stanley, Lord Strange, eldest son of the fourth Earl of Derby. One of her sisters, Elizabeth Spencer, was then, by marriage, Lady Carey, and another, Anne Spencer, was Lady Compton. The three sisters seem to have at that time been especially well known to the poet Spencer, who, indeed, claimed to

be related to the Spencers of Althorpe. Spenser's earliest known publication, *Muiopotmos* (1590), was dedicated to Lady Carey; his *Mother Hubbard's Tale* (1591) was dedicated to Lady Compton; and to the youngest of the three sisters—the one with whom we are at present concerned—was dedicated in the same year (1591) his *Tears of the Muses*. In paying this honour to Alice, Lady Strange, Spenser had regard not only to her own accomplishments and his connexion with her family, but also to the reputation of her husband, Lord Strange. No nobleman of the day was of greater note in the world of letters than Lord Strange. He was himself a poet; among the dramatic companies of the time was one retained by him and known as "Lord Strange's Players;" and among his clients and panegyrists were Nash, Greene, and others of Shakespeare's seniors in the English drama. All this is recognised in Spenser's dedication of the *Tears of the Muses* to Lady Strange. "Most bravé and "noble Lady," he says, "the things that make ye so much "honoured of the world as ye be are such as, without my "simple lines' testimony, are throughly known to all men: "namely, your excellent beauty, your virtuous behaviour, and "your noble match with that most honourable Lord, the very "pattern of right nobility. But the causes for which ye have "thus deserved of, me to be honoured (if honour it be at all) "are both your particular bounties and also some private "bonds of affinity which it hath pleased your Ladyship to "acknowledge. . . . Vouchsafe, noble Lady, to accept this "simple remembrance, though not worthy of yourself, yet "such as perhaps, by good acceptance thereof, you may "hereafter cull out a more meet and memorable evidence of "your own excellent deserts." Some time after this dedication—to wit, in September 1593—the lady so addressed rose still higher in the peerage by the accession of her husband to the earldom of Derby on his father's death. Ferdinando, fifth Earl of Derby, however, enjoyed his new dignity but a few months. He died on the 16th of April, 1594, in his thirty-sixth year, much regretted. From that day his widow was known as Alice, Countess-Dowager of Derby. The earldom of Derby went to the next male heir; and the Countess-Dowager, with her three young daughters by her deceased husband—Lady Anne Stanley, Lady Frances Stanley, and Lady Elizabeth Stanley—lived on to form new alliances. Spenser, who had honoured her during her

husband's life, continued to honour her in her widowhood. In his pastoral of *Colin Clout's come Home again* (completed in 1595), the poet, having enumerated the chief "shepherds" or poets of the British isle, and having proceeded thence to a mention of some of the chief "shepherdesses" or "nymphs," introduces three of these ladies thus :

"Ne less praiseworthyie are the sisters three,
The honour of the noble familie
Of which I meanest boast myself to be,
And most that unto them I am so nie,
Phyllis, Charillis, and sweet Amaryllis.
Phyllis the fair is eldest of the three ;
The next to her is beautiful Charillis ;
But the youngest is the highest in degree."

These three ladies were the three married daughters of Sir John Spencer of Althorpe, honoured some years before by dedications of Spenser's earliest poems to them respectively ; and Amaryllis, the youngest of them, and "the highest in degree," was the one to whom he had dedicated his *Tears of the Muses*—then Lady Strange, but now Countess-Dowager of Derby. Indeed, there are special allusions in *Colin Clout's come Home again* to the widowed condition of this lady :

"But Amaryllis whether fortunate
Or else unfortunate may I aread,
That freed is from Cupid's yoke by fate,
Since which she doth new bands' adventure dread ?
Shepherd, whatever thou hast heard to be
In this or that praised diversely apart,
In her thou mayst them all assembled see,
And sealed up in the treasure of her heart."

The lady, however, did marry again. In 1600, when Spenser was no longer alive to approve or to regret, she contracted a second marriage with Lord Keeper Egerton—then only Sir Thomas Egerton and Lord Keeper of the Great Seal to Queen Elizabeth, but afterwards (1603) Baron Ellesmere and Lord Chancellor to King James, and finally (1616) Viscount Brackley. This eminent lawyer and statesman had already been twice married, and was a man of about sixty years of age, with grown-up children, when he made his splendid match with the Countess-Dowager of Derby. The Countess—who, of course, retained that title in her new condition as the Lord Keeper's wife—was brought once again conspicuously into society by her husband's connexion with public affairs. In 1601 she and her husband jointly purchased

the estate of Harefield in Middlesex—a charming property, with a fine mansion upon it, on a spot of well-wooded hill and meadow, on the river Colne, about four miles from Uxbridge. Here, or in London, the Lord Keeper and his wife mainly resided, doing the honours of their position, and receiving in return the recognitions due to persons of their rank. One very memorable incident in their life at Harefield was a visit of four days paid them there by Queen Elizabeth (July 31—August 3, 1602), when all sorts of pageants were held for her Majesty's recreation, including the first known performance of Shakespeare's *Othello* by "Burbidge's players"—Shakespeare himself probably present and taking part. A long "avenue of elms," leading to the house, was the scene of a kind of masque of welcome at the Queen's reception, and of another of leave-taking on her departure, and was ever afterwards known as "the Queen's Walk." Throughout the reign of James I. there were similar recognitions of the high social rank of the Chancellor and his noble wife, besides not a few of a literary character, in the shape of poems, or dedications of poems, to them. It was not only their own marriage, however—a marriage that proved childless—that now connected the pair. Not long after that marriage had taken place, the ties of family between the two had been drawn closer by the marriage of the Lord Keeper's son—then Sir John Egerton—with Lady Frances Stanley, the Countess's second daughter by her former husband the Earl of Derby. Thus, while the Countess-Dowager was the wife of the father, one of her daughters was the wife of the son. Her other two daughters made marriages of even higher promise at the time. The eldest, Lady Anne Stanley, had married Grey Bridges, fifth Lord Chandos; and the youngest, Lady Elizabeth Stanley, had married, at a very early age (1603), Henry, Lord Hastings, who, in 1605, succeeded his grandfather as Earl of Huntingdon, and possessor of the fine estate of Ashby-de-la-Zouch in Leicestershire.

On the 15th of March, 1616-17, the Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, then just created Viscount Brackley, died, and the Countess-Dowager of Derby commenced her second widowhood. She was then probably over five-and-fifty years of age, and she survived for twenty years more. These twenty years she spent chiefly in retirement at Harefield, where she endowed almshouses for poor widows, and did other acts of charity, but was surrounded all the while, or occasionally

visited, by those numerous descendants and other relatives who had grown up, or were growing up, to venerate her, and whose joys and sorrows constituted the chief interest of her declining years. By the year 1630, when she was about seventy years of age, she had at least twenty of her own direct descendants alive, besides collateral relatives in the families of her sisters, *Phyllis* and *Charillis*. (1.) One group of the venerable lady's direct descendants consisted of her eldest daughter, Lady Chandos, and that daughter's surviving children by her first husband Lord Chandos, the eldest of whom was George Bridges, now Lord Chandos, a boy of about twelve years of age. Both mother and children, we chance to know, lived at Harefield, with the grandmother, in 1631; and the estate of Harefield itself, we also learn, was to descend, after the Countess-Dowager's death, to Lady Chandos, otherwise left "destitute," and so to her son, young Lord Chandos. (2.) An additional group of relatives, also sharing the affections of the venerable Lady of Harefield, consisted of the children of her youngest daughter, the Countess of Huntingdon, viz.: Ferdinando, Lord Hastings, twenty-two years of age, and heir-apparent to the earldom of Huntingdon; his younger brother Henry, afterwards Lord Loughborough; a daughter, Alice, married to Sir Gervase Clifton; and another daughter, Elizabeth. These four grandchildren would sometimes be on visits to their grandmother at Harefield from their own homes in London, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and elsewhere. (3.) There was still a third group of relatives around the venerable lady. At or near the time, when she herself had married the Lord Keeper Egerton, as we have seen, her second daughter by her former husband, Lady Frances Stanley, had married the Lord Keeper's son, Sir John Egerton. When his father was raised to the peerage as Baron Ellesmere (1603), this Sir John Egerton had become "baron-expectant,"—a designation which rose to the higher one of "Lord Egerton" when his father was made Viscount Brackley (1616). On his father's death, a few months afterwards (March 1616-17), he succeeded him as Viscount. But his dignities did not stop at that point. In May 1617, an earldom which had been intended for the father, in recognition of his long services as Lord Chancellor, was bestowed on the son; and he became Earl of Bridgewater. Thus, the Countess-Dowager of Derby saw her second daughter, as well as her youngest, take rank as a

Countess. A far larger family of children had been born to this daughter than to either of her sisters. Out of fifteen children, born in all, at least ten were alive in 1630, in order of age as follows : the Lady Frances Egerton, married to Sir John Hobart, of Blickling, Norfolk ; the Lady Arabella, married to Lord St. John, of Bletso, son and heir of the Earl of Bolingbroke ; the Ladies Elizabeth, Mary, Penelope, Catharine, Magdalen, and Alice, yet unmarried—the last, Lady Alice, being in her tenth or eleventh year ; John, Viscount Brackley, the son and heir, in his ninth year ; and his brother, Mr. Thomas Egerton, about a year younger. The head-quarters of this numerous family, or of such of them as were unmarried, were—in London, the Earl of Bridgewater's town-house in the Barbican, Aldersgate Street ; in the country, the Earl's mansion of Ashridge, Hertfordshire, about sixteen miles from Harefield.

We are now prepared to understand the exact circumstances of the *Arcades*. Sometime in 1630 or 1631, we are to suppose, some of the younger members of the different groups of the relatives of the Dowager-Countess of Derby determined to get up an entertainment in her honour, at her house at Harefield. The occasion may have been the aged lady's birthday, or it may have been some incidental gathering at Harefield for a family purpose. Whatever it was, the young people had resolved to amuse themselves by some kind of festivity in compliment to the venerable lady of whom they were all so proud. What could it be but a masque ? Harefield, with its avenue of elms called "the Queen's Walk" in memory of Queen Elizabeth's visit, and with its fine park of grassy slopes and well-wooded knolls, was exactly the place for a masque ; besides which, was not the Countess accustomed to this kind of entertainment ? Would it not be in good taste to remind her of the masques and similar poetical and musical entertainments that had pleased her in her youth, when she had been the theme of Spenser's muse, and had sat by the side of her first husband, Lord Strange, beholding plays brought out under his patronage ? Masques, indeed, were even more in fashion now, in the reign of Charles I., than they had been in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, and a masque in a noble family on any occasion of family-rejoicing was the most natural thing in the world.

There was, then, to be a masque, or at least a bit of a masque, at Harefield; and the actors were already provided. But for a good masque, or even a good bit of a masque, more is required than willing actors. Who was to write the words for the little masque, and who was to set the songs in it to music?

The latter question may be answered first. There can be little doubt, I think, that the person to whom the young people of the family of the Countess-Dowager of Derby trusted for all the musical requisites of the masque, if not the person who suggested it originally and entirely superintended it, was Henry Lawes, gentleman of the Chapel Royal, and one of his Majesty's private musicians. Farther particulars respecting this interesting man, one of the most celebrated musical composers of his day, will be given in the Introduction to that one of Milton's Sonnets which is addressed to him (Sonnet XIII.). What we have to attend to here is that, though Lawes had professional connexions with not a few aristocratic families, by far the most lasting and intimate of these was with the Bridgewater branch of the Countess-Dowager of Derby's family. As early as 1630-31, the proof tends to show, Lawes, then about thirty years of age, and already of distinction in the English musical world, though with much of his reputation still to make, reckoned among his chief patrons and employers the Earl and Countess of Bridgewater; and among his most hopeful pupils at that time were several of the children of the Earl and Countess. Others of the Countess of Derby's grandchildren may have been pupils of Lawes; but those of the Bridgewater branch were the most musical in their tastes, and it was to them, in their town-house in the Barbican, or in their country-seat at Ashridge, that Lawes's visits were most frequent. Quite possibly, therefore, it was they that originated the notion of a masque in honour of the Countess. But, even if some of her relatives of the other groups were concerned in the plan, or admitted into it, the singing parts would fall to the Bridgewaters, and the arrangement of the music, and the general management, to their instructor, Lawes. Business of this kind was part of the profession of musical composers in those days, and Lawes, as we shall find (Introd. to *Comus*), was an expert in it.

An additional argument in favour of the idea that Lawes was the manager of the entertainment and arranged its music

is found in the fact that the poetry for it was furnished by Milton. For Milton's intimacy with Lawes is a known fact. The friendship between the two, of which many interesting proofs remain, may have begun even in Milton's boyhood. Noted as a musician as was Milton's own father, there can have been few musical artists in London that were not occasional visitors in his house in Bread Street; and there were many things in Lawes, when once he and the younger Milton were brought together, to rivet an attachment to him. On the other hand, Milton's poetical powers must have been well known to Lawes. Accordingly, when the notion of the Entertainment at Harefield had been started, and Lawes and his Bridgewater pupils, if our idea is correct, were busy over the project, it was to Milton that Lawes applied for the necessary words or *libretto*. If, as has been argued, the date was 1630 or 1631, Milton may have been up in London on one of his vacation visits. Perhaps, however, his father was already in possession of his country-place at Horton, and in that case Milton may have been there, and so actually within about ten miles, cross-country, from Harefield. Wherever it was that the two met to consult, Lawes about thirty years of age and Milton eight years younger, we can see what happened. Lawes explained to Milton the circumstances of the proposed Entertainment and the kind of thing that was wanted; and Milton, meditating the affair for a few days, produced *Arcades* or *The Arcadians*.

Let the reader now go back in imagination to Harefield, on a spring or summer evening two hundred and forty years ago. Certain revels or pageants in the ground have perhaps preceded, and the time, we say, seems now to be evening. Harefield House is lit up; and in front of it, on a throne of state arranged so as to glitter in the light, is seated the aged Countess, with the seniors of the assembled party around her as spectators. Suddenly torches are seen flickering among the trees in the park, and out from among those trees, towards where the Countess is sitting, there bursts a band of nymphs and shepherds. They are, in fact, "*some noble persons of her family who appear on the scene in pastoral habit, moving toward the seat of state.*" When they have approached near enough, they pause, as if overcome by the splendour of the vision before them; and then one voice breaks out from the rest in recognition of the Countess. This is the first Song:—

"Look, Nymphs and Shepherds, look !
What sudden blaze of majesty
Is that," &c.

This song ended, the nymphs and shepherds renew their approach to the object of their wonder ; but, "*as they come forward, the Genius of the Wood* [Lawes?] *appears, and turning toward them speaks.*" The speech of this Genius of the Wood is in eighty-three lines of blank versè. In it the Genius first addresses the shepherds, or male performers in the masque, and tells them he recognises them, through their disguise, as noble Arcadians ; then he addresses the nymphs in a similar strain ; then, after introducing himself as the Genius of the Wood, describing his occupations in that capacity, and descanting on his particular affection for music and his desire to do his best in that art in praise of her whom he had often admired in secret as the Queen of the place, and whom his auditory have come to gaze upon, he offers to lead them to her. Accordingly, lute or other instrument in hand, he advances, with this Song, sung probably in solo :—

"O'er the smooth enamelled green
Where no print of step hath been,
Follow me," &c.

Following him, accordingly, the masquers do obeisance to the Lady, and range themselves round her ; whereupon there is a third and concluding song, sung probably by many voices, madrigal-wise, and ending with a repetition of the final words of the previous song :—

"Such a rural queen
All Arcadia hath not seen."

The entertainment was probably not yet over : but whatever more of it there was, out-of-doors or indoors, was not of Milton's composition.

The Countess-Dowager of Derby survived the Entertainment only a few years. She died at Harefield, January 26, 1636-7. Her estate of Harefield descended to Lady Chandos, then her only remaining daughter, and so came to her grandson Lord Chandos, and *his* heirs ; but in 1675 it was purchased back by Sir Richard Newdegate, Bart., of Arbury, Warwickshire, whose family had been the original possessors of the property, but had parted with it in 1585. Accordingly, Harefield is now in possession of the Newdegates

The place is worth visiting, not only as the scene of the *Arcades*, but for other reasons. Harefield House indeed has disappeared. It was burnt down by accident in 1660. But the pedestrian on the road from Uxbridge to Rickmansworth may still identify the site of the House by one or two mounds and hollows, and a large cedar of Lebanon, on the quiet slopes behind Harefield Church ; and in the church itself he may see, besides other antiquities of interest, the tomb of the heroine of the *Arcades*. It is a richly-sculptured and heraldically emblazoned marble monument, exhibiting the effigy of the Countess in a crimson robe and gilt coronet recumbent under a canopy of pale green and gold, and, on the side, effigies of her three daughters in relief and also painted. The Countess is represented as in her youth, beautiful, and with long fair hair. The three daughters have the same long fair hair and like features.

COMUS :

"A Masque, presented at Ludlow Castle, 1634, before the Earl of Bridgewater, Lord President of Wales."

The history of this, the most important of all the minor poems of Milton, is closely connected with that of the *Arcades*, and our introduction to the *Arcades* is partly also an introduction to the *Comus*. What of more specific introduction is necessary remains to be given here.

One branch of the relatives of the venerable Countess-Dowager of Derby, the heroine of the *Arcades*, consisted, as we have seen, of the members of the noble family of Bridgewater :—to wit, John, 1st Earl of Bridgewater, the Countess's stepson, being the son of her second husband, Lord Chancellor Ellesmere ; this nobleman's wife, the Countess's second daughter, Lady Frances Stanley, by her first husband, Ferdinando, 5th Earl of Derby ; and the numerous children born to this pair,—two of them daughters already married and with houses of their own, but other daughters still unmarried, and residing, together with their two boy-brothers, Viscount Brackley and Mr. Thomas Egerton, sometimes at their father's town-house in the Barbican, and sometimes at his country-seat of Ashridge in Hertfordshire. It is with these members of the Bridgewater family that we have chiefly to do in the *Comus*.

The Earl of Bridgewater, now about fifty-four years of age (he had been born in 1579), had a place among the nobility of the Court of Charles I. for which he was probably indebted to the fame and long services of his father, the Lord Chancellor. Already a Privy Councillor, &c., he had, on the 26th of June, 1631, been nominated by Charles to the high office of the Viceroyalty of Wales, or, as it was more formally called, the office of "Lord President of the Council in the Principality of Wales and the Marches of the same." This office—including military command and civil jurisdiction, not only over the Welsh principality itself, but also over the four contiguous English counties of Gloucester, Worcester, Hereford, and Shropshire—had been filled, in Elizabeth's reign, by Sir Henry Sidney, the father of Sir Philip Sidney, and after him by Henry, 2nd Earl of Pembroke; and men of scarcely inferior note had held it since. The official seat of the Lord President was the town and castle of Ludlow in Shropshire, about twenty miles south from Shrewsbury, and beautifully situated in one of those tracts of green hilly country which mark the transition from England proper into Wales. The town, which was formerly walled, is mainly on an eminence near the junction of two streams, the Teme and the Corve, whose united waters flow on to meet the Severn in Worcestershire. On the highest ground of the town, and conspicuous to a great distance over the surrounding country, is Ludlow Church, a large building of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Near it, at a point where the ascending slope on which the town is built ends in a precipitous rock overhanging a steep valley through which the river runs, is Ludlow Castle, now a romantic ruin, but once a garrisoned place of strength, separately walled in from the town, and approached by a gateway from a kind of esplanade at the top of the main street. It was this Castle, with its outer court, inner court, keep, barracks, drawbridge, &c., that was more immediately the residence of the Presidents of Wales. The older portions of the Castle dated from the Conquest, when they had been built by the Conqueror's kinsman, Roger de Montgomery; and there was hardly a part of the edifice but had its interesting legends and associations—legends and associations connected with the old wars of race between the Welsh and the Norman-English, or with those subsequent Wars of the Roses in which the Welsh had taken so active a share. Thus there were shown in the Castle certain rooms

called "the Princes' Apartments," where Edward, Prince of Wales, and his young brother, the sons of Edward IV., had lived from 1472 to 1483, when they left Ludlow on that fatal journey which ended in their murder in the Tower.

Although appointed Lord President of Wales in June 1631, the Earl of Bridgewater does not seem to have assumed his functions actively, or to have gone near Ludlow, till some time afterwards. On the 12th of May, 1633, his powers in his office were defined afresh by a Royal Letter of Instructions, which was also to regulate the future proceedings, judicial and administrative, of the Council over which he presided. This Council was ostensibly to consist of upwards of eighty persons named in the Letter, among whom were many bishops and the chief state-officers of England, besides a number of knights and gentlemen of the Welsh border.

In October 1633 the Earl sent his new Letter of Instructions to his Council at Ludlow, to be read and registered before his own arrival. At what time he followed in person we do not accurately know; but, when he did follow, the ceremonial of his inauguration was unusually splendid. He was attended "by a large concourse of the neighbouring nobility and gentry"—*i.e.*, we may suppose, by all of his Council then in those parts, and by other persons of local consequence. He had brought his Countess with him, and probably his whole family, from London or Ashridge—including, as we certainly know, his youngest daughter, the Lady Alice Egerton, a beautiful young girl, fourteen or fifteen years old, and her two younger brothers, Viscount Brackley and Mr. Thomas Egerton. The festivities and hospitalities proper to such an occasion as the Earl's inauguration would naturally protract themselves over a considerable time. They did protract themselves, at all events, to Michaelmas-night, the 29th of September, 1634, when all Ludlow was astir with an unusual thing in those parts—nothing less than a complete masque, or poetical and musical entertainment, performed in the great hall of Ludlow Castle, by members of the Earl's family, before the Earl and an audience of assembled guests.

At this particular time, the English Court and aristocracy may be said to have been masque-mad. Nothing so magnificent, for example, in the shape of a pageant had ever been seen in England as that got up by the lawyers of the Four Inns of Court in February 1633-4, "as an expression of their

love and duty to their Majesties," *i.e.* to King Charles and Queen Henrietta Maria. Months were spent in the preparation. Shirley was engaged to write the poetry; Mr. Simon Ivy and Mr. Henry Lawes to compose the music; Inigo Jones to construct the machinery: while some of the ablest and most eminent lawyers of the time, such as Selden, Attorney-General Noy, Bulstrode Whitelocke, and Mr. Hyde, acted zealously on the Committee of General Management. When the day came—Feb. 3—there was a gorgeous afternoon and evening procession of the masquers, with painted chariots, flaming torches, music, and wondrous grotesque accompaniments, from Holborn down Chancery Lane to Whitehall, the whole population of London having gathered along the route to see and to cheer; and, afterwards, in the Banqueting-house at Whitehall, the main masque itself, Shirley's *Triumph of Peace*, was performed before their Majesties with every possible magnificence. The whole affair cost the Four Inns of Court 21,000*l.*; whereof 1,000*l.* were spent on the music—Lawes and his fellow-composer receiving 100*l.* apiece for their share. The actors in this masque were chiefly handsome lawyers of the Four Inns, whose names are now unknown. But, a fortnight later, in the same Banqueting-house at Whitehall, there was another masque, of scarcely inferior magnificence, given by their Majesties themselves, and in which the actors were the King, fourteen of the chief nobles, and ten young sons of noblemen. This was Carew's *Cælum Britannicum*, performed on Shrove-Tuesday night, Feb. 18, 1633-4. The music to this masque was by Henry Lawes; the machinery by Inigo Jones; and among the young noblemen who took juvenile parts in it were the Earl of Bridgewater's two sons, Viscount Brackley and Mr. Thomas Egerton, and their cousin Lord Chandos.

With a recollection of the *Arcades*, and probably of many other such private theatrical delights, traditional in the Bridgewater family; with the two young boys fresh from the glory of their small parts in the recent royal masque of *Cælum Britannicum*; above all, with Lawes, the musical tutor of the family, radiant from his musical success in that masque and in its more gorgeous predecessor, the masque of *The Triumph of Peace* by the Four Inns of Court;—what more natural than that it should be resolved to seize the opportunity of the Earl's entry on his Welsh Presidency for a masque on a great scale that should astonish the Welsh and all the

West of England? The youngsters and Lawes probably devised the thing; and, the Earl having given his consent, all was arranged. The preparations must have been begun months before the masque actually came off—probably while the family were yet in London. Lawes, of course, was to take care of the music and was to be general manager; and the other actors and singers were to be the young people of the family. But who should write the poetry? Who but Lawes's friend, Mr. Milton, who had already in the *Arcades* given such satisfactory proofs of his fitness for the kind of composition that was wanted? In fact, whether to please himself or to oblige Lawes, or to oblige the Earl of Bridgewater and his family on account of some bond of acquaintance with the family now not recoverable, Milton did undertake to write the masque. The composition of it, we must suppose, occupied him at Horton for several weeks, or even a month or two, during the early part of 1634.

On undertaking to write the masque, Milton would think of some appropriate story, to be shaped into a dramatic pastoral of the required kind, for representation on a stage in the hall of a great Castle by young lords and ladies, and with songs interspersed, to be sung by some of these performers to airs by his friend Lawes. The nature and circumstances of the occasion would be vividly present to his imagination—the Earl entering on his office as President of the ancient Principality; his retinue, with Welsh and West-of-England gentry among them; the town and castle of Ludlow, and their neighbourhood, as conceived by him from descriptions, or perhaps seen by him (who knows?) in some tour of his own into those parts; the proximity of the place to Welsh scenery, and the connexion of the occasion with ancient British memories and legends. He would, doubtless, co-operate with Lawes, and would give or receive hints. But how the actual story of *Comus* occurred to Milton—the story of the young lady parted from her two brothers at night in the depths of a wild wood, found there by Comus and his crew of evil revellers, and lured and detained by their enchantments, until the Brothers, instructed by a good Attendant Spirit in the shape of their father's faithful shepherd, Thyrsis, rush in and rescue her—how this story occurred to Milton we can but vaguely surmise. (He may have derived the conception of such a plot from some of his readings, and may have seen its fitness for his purpose. A somewhat dif-

ferent theory is that he only dramatised a real incident. The popular tradition round about Ludlow still is that the Lady Alice Egerton and her two young brothers, Viscount Brackley and Mr. Thomas Egerton, were actually benighted in Haywood Forest, near Ludlow, as they were on their way to Ludlow from a visit to the house of their relatives, the Egertons, in Herefordshire, and that the Lady Alice was for some time lost by her brothers in the forest. Milton, the tradition adds, had heard of this incident, and constructed his *Comus* upon it. To us, however, it appears more likely that the story of the loss of Lady Alice and her brothers in Haywood Forest grew out of the *Comus* than that the *Comus* grew out of the story. The story was current more than a hundred years ago; but it consists with our knowledge of the way in which such legends arise to suppose that by that time the parting of the lady and her brothers in the masque had been translated, by prosaic gossip on the spot, into a literal incident in the lives of those for whom the masque was written.

In whatever way suggested, the masque was written with most definite attention to the purpose for which it was required. The characters to be represented were as follows:—

THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT; *first appearing as such, but afterwards in the dress of the shepherd THYRSIS.*

COMUS, *with his crew.*

THE LADY.

FIRST BROTHER.

SECOND BROTHER.

SABRINA, *the Nymph of the Severn river, with attendant Water-nymphs.*

Here, if we omit the "crew of Comus" and Sabrina's "attendant water-nymphs"—parts of mere dumb show, which may have been assigned to supernumeraries—there were six speaking and singing parts to be filled up. How were these parts cast? As to four of the parts we have definite information from Lawes. The part of THE LADY, which is the central part in the masque, was given to the Lady Alice Egerton; and the parts of the FIRST BROTHER and the SECOND BROTHER fell to Lady Alice's two boy-brothers, Viscount Brackley and Mr. Thomas Egerton. The important part of THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT, *afterwards* THYRSIS, was taken by Lawes himself. This leaves but two parts unassigned—those of COMUS and SABRINA. The part of COMUS is important, and a good actor was needed for it; that of SABRINA is less important, and required chiefly a

good singer. There was, we may assume, among the connexions of the Bridgewater family, some hand-some gentleman who did not object to act as the disreputable Riot-god, son of Bacchus and Circe, for the opportunity of luring away the sweet Lady Alice even for a little while; and among Lady Alice's sisters there were more than one fit for the part of the River-nymph.

Suppose Milton's MS. of the masque finished (the draft, in his own hand, now among the Cambridge MSS.); suppose that Lawes has copies for his own use and that of his pupils (one of those copies, perhaps, that now in the Bridgewater Library, which Todd believed to be in Lawes's hand); suppose the rehearsals over; and suppose the memorable Michaelmas-night, Sept. 29, 1634, arrived. The great Hall of Ludlow Castle is filled with guests. It is a noble apartment, sixty feet long and thirty wide, in which, according to tradition, the elder of the two Princes murdered in the Tower had been proclaimed King, with the title of Edward V., before commencing his fatal journey to London. It is the place of all great state-meetings of the Council of the Presidency. But on this evening it is converted into a theatre and brilliantly lighted. While the Earl and Countess and the rest of the seated audience occupy the main portion of the hall, one end of it is fitted up as a stage, with curtains, &c. Here the performance begins. "*The first scene discovers a wild wood: The Attendant Spirit descends or enters.*" Such is the stage-direction; the meaning of which is that, the stage having been darkened to signify that it is night, and there being paintings or other contrivances in the background to represent a wood, Lawes "descends or enters." In the printed copies, and also in the Cambridge MS., he begins with a speech; but in the Bridgewater MS. this speech is preceded by a song of twenty lines, the opening lines of which are—

"From the heavens now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye
Up in the broad fields of the sky."

There is no doubt that the Bridgewater MS., being the stage copy, here represents what did actually happen. Milton had intended the masque to begin with a speech; but

Lawes, thinking it better for stage-purposes to begin with a song, had taken the liberty of transferring to this point a portion of that which now stands, and which Milton intended to stand, as the *final* song or *epilogue* of the Attendant Spirit at the end of the masque. In that final song or epilogue as we now have it, the Attendant Spirit, announcing his *departure*, when the play is over, says—

“To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye
Up in the broad fields of the sky.”—

which lines, with a part of their sequel, Lawes, it will be seen, converted cleverly into a prologue, or song of *arrival*, by the change of “*To the ocean*” into “*From the heavens*.” He doubtless thought it more effective to “descend” on the stage, singing this prologue; after which, when *on* the stage, he made the speech announcing the purpose for which he had descended. In that speech, after introducing himself in his character as an attendant Spirit of Good, sent down to Earth from Jove’s realms on a special errand, he thus informs the audience at the outset as to the general drift of the play they are about to witness, and connects it gracefully with the actual circumstances of the Earl of Bridgewater’s presence among them, and his entering on so high a British office as the Welsh Presidency—

“Neptune, besides the sway
Of every salt flood and each ebbing stream,
Took in, by lot ’twixt high and nether Jove,
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles
That, like to rich and various gems, inlay
The unadornèd bosom of the deep;
Which he, to grace his tributary gods,
By course commits to several government,
And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,
And wield their little tridents. But this Isle,
The greatest and the best of all the main,
He quarters to his blue-haired deities;
And all this tract that fronts the falling sun
A noble Peer of mickle trust and power
Has in his charge, with tempered awe to guide
An old and haughty nation proud in arms:
Where his fair offspring, nursed in princely lore,
Are coming to attend their father’s state
And new-entrusted sceptre. But their way
Lies through the perplexed paths of this drear wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows

Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger ;
 And here their tender age might suffer peril,
 But that, by quick command from sovran Jove,
 I was despatched for their defence and guard."

Prepared by these words, and by the further explanation of the Attendant Spirit that the wood is haunted by the god Comus and his crew of revellers, who waylay travellers and tempt them with an enchanted liquor which changes the countenances of those who partake into the faces of beasts, the audience see the story developed in action before them. They see Comus and his crew appear in the wood with torches, making a riotous and unruly noise—Comus, with a charming-rod in one hand and a glass in the other ; and his crew, a set of monsters, with bodies of men and women in glistering apparel, but headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts. They see the crew knit hands and dance, and the dance broken off, by the orders of Comus, at the sound of a light footstep approaching. They see the crew then disappear among the trees, leaving their master alone, who knows that the footstep is that of some benighted virgin, and who, after throwing his "dazzling spells" (*query*, some baze of blue light?) in the direction in which she is coming, also steps aside to watch. Then they see "the Lady" enter—the sweet Lady Alice, received, of course, with rapturous applause. They hear her explain how she has lost her brothers since sunset, how it is now midnight, how the rude sounds of revelry have attracted her to the spot, and how the darkness and the silence would alarm her were it not for her trust in a higher Power, guarding virtuous minds. As she speaks there comes a gleam through the grove ; and, thinking her brothers may be near, she will guide them to her by a song. Accordingly, she sings the song beginning "*Sweet Echo*"—the first song in the masque, according to Milton's arrangement of it, but the second in Lawes's stage-arrangement. It is not her brothers that the song brings to her, but Comus, who has been listening in admiration. Appearing before her in the guise of a shepherd, he tells her he has seen her brothers, and offers to lead her to them, or to lodge her in his humble cottage till they can be found in the morning. Scarcely has she accepted the offer and left the scene with Comus, when her two brothers—the boys, Viscount Brackley and Mr. Thomas Egerton (also greatly cheered) of course—appear. They discuss with great anxiety the situation of

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 But that, by quick command from sovran Jove,
 I was despatched for their defence and guard."

Prepared by these words, and by the further explanation of the Attendant Spirit that the wood is haunted by the god Comus and his crew of revellers, who waylay travellers and tempt them with an enchanted liquor which changes the countenances of those who partake into the faces of beasts, the audience see the story developed in action before them. They see Comus and his crew appear in the wood with torches, making a riotous and unruly noise—Comus, with a charming-rod in one hand and a glass in the other ; and his crew, a set of monsters, with bodies of men and women in glistening apparel, but headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts. They see the crew knit hands and dance, and the dance broken off, by the orders of Comus, at the sound of a light footstep approaching. They see the crew then disappear among the trees, leaving their master alone, who knows that the footstep is that of some benighted virgin, and who, after throwing his "dazzling spells" (*query*, some blaze of blue light?) in the direction in which she is coming, also steps aside to watch. Then they see "the Lady" enter—the sweet Lady Alice, received, of course, with rapturous applause. They hear her explain how she has lost her brothers since sunset, how it is now midnight, how the rude sounds of revelry have attracted her to the spot, and how the darkness and the silence would alarm her were it not for her trust in a higher Power, guarding virtuous minds. As she speaks there comes a gleam through the grove ; and, thinking her brothers may be near, she will guide them to her by a song. Accordingly, she sings the song beginning "*Sweet Echo*"—the first song in the masque, according to Milton's arrangement of it, but the second in Lawes's stage-arrangement. It is not her brothers that the song brings to her, but Comus, who has been listening in admiration. Appearing before her in the guise of a shepherd, he tells her he has seen her brothers, and offers to lead her to them, or to lodge her in his humble cottage till they can be found in the morning. Scarcely has she accepted the offer and left the scene with Comus, when her two brothers—the boys, Viscount Brackley and Mr. Thomas Egerton (also greatly cheered, of course)—appear. They discuss with great anxiety the situation of

their sister, the elder comforting the younger, till their conversation is interrupted by a far-off holloa. Lest it should be a robber, they draw their swords. But it is their father's faithful shepherd, Thyrsis; or rather they think it is he—for, in reality, it is the good Attendant Spirit, who has been taking note of all that has befallen the Lady, and who, in meeting the brothers, has assumed the disguise of one well known to them. He explains the state of affairs, and greatly alarms the younger brother by his account of Comus and his crew. The elder, though more steady, is for rushing at once to the haunt of the magician and dragging him to death. But the Attendant Spirit, as Thyrsis, explaining that such violence will be vain against the craft of a Sorcerer, proposes rather that they should avail themselves of the power of a certain precious plant, called *Hæmony*, of which a portion had once been given him by a certain skilful shepherd-lad of his acquaintance. He had tested the virtue of this plant to ward off enchantments, for he had already approached Comus safely by means of it; and he now proposes that they should all three confront Comus with its aid. The Brothers agree, and they and the supposed Thyrsis go off. Then the scene changes before the eyes of the audience, representing "a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness; soft music; tables spread with dainties;" the Lady in an enchanted chair, with Comus pressing her to drink out of a glass, while his rabble stand around. There is a matchless dialogue between the Lady and Comus—an argument of Purity or Abstinence against Sensuality, in which Purity overcomes and defies its enemy. The Sorcerer, awed, but still persevering, prays the Lady only to taste, when her Brothers rush in with drawn swords, wrest the glass from his hand, and dash it to pieces. Comus and his crew resist slightly, but are driven away and dispersed. Thyrsis then, coming in after the Brothers, finds that unfortunately they have not attended to his instruction to seize the enchanter's wand. The Lady is still marble-bound to her chair, from which the motion of the wand might have freed her. To effect this Thyrsis proposes a new device. It is to invoke Sabrina, the nymph of the adjacent and far-famed Severn river. Who so likely to succour distressed maidenhood as she, that daughter of Locrine, the son of Brutus, who, as ancient British legends told, had flung herself, to preserve her honour, into the stream which had since borne

her name? By way of invocation of Sabrina, Thyrsis (*i.e.* Lawes) sings what is now the second song in the masque, but is the third in Lawes's arrangement—the exquisite song beginning "*Sabrina fair*." Obeying the invocation, Sabrina rises, attended by water-nymphs, and sings the song "*By the rusky-fringed bank*"—the third song in Milton's arrangement, the fourth in Lawes's. She then performs the expected office of releasing the Lady by sprinkling drops of pure water upon her, and touching thrice her lips and finger-tips. Sabrina descends, and the Lady rises from her seat. But, though she is now free from the spell of Comus in his enchanted wood, it remains to convey her and her brothers safely to their father's residence, where their arrival is waited for. Accordingly, after an ode of thanks to Sabrina for her good service, with blessings on the stream that bears her name, the supposed Thyrsis continues :—

"Come, Lady; while Heaven lends us grace,
 Let us fly this cursed place,
 Lest the Sorcerer us entice
 With some other new device.
 Not a waste or needless sound
 Till we come to holier ground.
 I shall be your faithful guide
 Through the gloomy covert wide;
 And not many furlongs thence
 Is your Father's residence,
 Where this night are met in state
 Many a friend to gratulate
 His wished presence, and beside
 All the swains that there abide
 With jigs and rural dance resort.
 We shall catch them at their sport;
 And our sudden coming there
 Will double all their mirth and cheer.
 Come, let us haste! the stars grow high,
 But Night sits monarch yet in the mid sky."

Thyrsis, the Lady, and the two Brothers, here leave the stage, and are supposed to be gradually wending their way, through the wood, while it is still night, or very early morning, towards Ludlow Castle. While the spectators are imagining this, the journey of some furlongs is actually achieved; for straightway "*the scene changes, presenting Ludlow Town and the President's Castle: then come in country-dancers; after them the Attendant Spirit, with the two Brothers and the Lady.*" In this stage-direction it

seems to be implied that the spectators now looked on some canvas at the back of the stage, representing Ludlow Town, and the exterior of the very castle they were sitting in, all bright on a sunshiny morning, and that, as they looked, there came in first a bevy of rustic lads and lasses, or representatives of such, dancing and making merry, till their clodhopping rounds were interrupted by the appearance among them of the guardian Thyrsis and the three graceful young ones. This is confirmed by what Thyrsis says to the dancers in the song which stands fourth in the printed masque, but must have been the fifth in the actual performance :—

“Back, shepherds, back ! Enough your play
Till next sunshine holiday.”

So dismissed, the clodhoppers vanish ; and there remain on the stage, facing the Earl and Countess and the audience, only (we may drop the disguise now, as doubtless the audience did in their cheering) the musician Lawes, the Lady Alice, and her brothers Viscount Brackley and Master Thomas Egerton. Advancing towards the Earl and Countess, Lawes presents to them his charge with this continuation of his last song :—

“Noble Lord and Lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight.
Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own,” &c.

There seems still to have been a dance at this point, to show off the courtly grace of the young people after the thumping energy of the clodhoppers ; for at the end of Lawes's song there comes this last stage-direction, “*The dances ended, the Spirit epiloguizes.*” That is to say, Lawes, relapsing into his character of the Attendant Spirit who had descended from Heaven at the beginning of the piece, and had acted so beneficially through it in the guise of the shepherd Thyrsis, winds up the whole by a final speech or song as he slowly recedes or reascends. In our printed copies the Epilogue is a longish speech ; but part of that speech, as we have seen, had been transferred, in the actual performance, to the beginning of the masque, as the Spirit's opening song. Therefore in the actual performance the closing lines of the Epilogue as we now have it served as the Spirit's song of reascent or departure, in two stanzas :—

" Now my task is smoothly done :
 I can fly, or I can run,
 Quickly to the green Earth's end,
 Where the bowed welkin slow doth bend,
 And from thence can soar as soon
 To the corners of the moon.

" Mortals that would follow me,
 Love Virtue ! She alone is free :
 She can teach ye how to climb
 Higher than the spherie chime ;
 Or, if Virtue feeble were,
 Heaven itself would stoop to her."

And so, "with these sounds left on the ear, and a final glow
 "of angelic light on the eye, the performance ends, and the
 "audience rises and disperses through the Castle. The
 "Castle is now a crumbling ruin, along the ivy-clad walls
 "and through the dark passages of which the visitor clammers
 "or gropes his way, disturbing the crows and the martlets
 "in their recesses : but one can stand yet in the doorway
 "through which the parting guests of that night descended
 "into the inner court ; and one can see where the stage was,
 "on which the sister was lost by her brothers, and Comus
 "revelled with his crew, and the lady was fixed as marble
 "by enchantment, and the swains danced in welcome of the
 "Earl, and the Spirit ascended gloriously to his native
 "heaven. More mystic still it is to leave the ruins, and,
 "descending one of the winding streets of Ludlow that lead
 "from the Castle to the valley of the Teme, to look upwards
 "to Castle and Town seen as one picture, and, marking
 "more expressly the three long pointed windows that grace-
 "fully slit the chief face of the wall towards the north, to
 "realize that it was from that ruin and from those windows
 "in the ruin that the verse of *Comus* was first shook into the
 "air of England."—So I wrote a good few years ago, when
 the impressions of a visit I had made to Ludlow were fresh
 and vivid ; and, as I copy the words now, they bring back,
 as it were in a dream, the pleasant memory of one bygone
 day. I remember my first sight of the hilly town as I walked
 into it early on a summer's morning, when not a soul was
 astir, and the clean streets were all silent and shuttered ;
 then my ramble at my own will for an hour or so over the
 Castle ruins and the green knoll they crown, undisturbed by
 guide or any figure of fellow-tourist ; then my descent again,
 past and round the great church and its tombs, into the
 steep town streets, now beginning their bustle for a market-

day ; and, finally, the lazy circuit I made round the green outskirts of the town, through I know not what glens and up their sloping sides, the ruined Castle always finely distinct close at hand, and in the distance, wherever the eye could range unopposed, a fairy horizon of dim blue mountains.

There is no evidence that Milton himself had taken the journey of 150 miles from London or Horton in order to be present at the performance. It is possible that he had done so ; but it is just as possible that he had not, and even that the authorship of the masque was kept a secret at the time of its performance, known only to Lawes, or to Lawes and the Earl's family. But the Earl of Bridgewater's masque began to be talked of beyond Ludlow ; as time passed, and the rumour of it spread, and perhaps the songs in it were carried vocally into London society by Lawes and his pupils of the Bridgewater family, it was still more talked of ; and there came to be inquiries respecting its authorship, and requests for copies of it, and especially of the songs. All this we learn from Lawes. His loyalty to his friend Milton in the whole affair was admirable ; and he appears to have been more proud, in his own heart, of his concern with the comparatively quiet Bridgewater masque than with his more blazoned and well-paid co-operation in the London masques of the same year. There were many friends of his, it appears, who were not satisfied with copies of the songs and their music only, but wanted complete copies of the masque. To relieve himself from the trouble so occasioned, Lawes resolved at length to print the masque. He did so in 1637 in a small, and now very rare, quarto of 40 pages, with this title-page :

"A Maske presented at Ludlow Castle, 1634, on Michaelmasse Night, before the Right Honourable John, Earle of Bridgewater, Viscount Brackley, Lord President of Wales, and one of his Majesties' most honourable Privy Counsell.

*'Eheu quid volui misero mihi ! floribus Austrum
Perditus—'*

London : Printed for Humphrey Robinson, at the signe of the Three Pidgeons in Paul's Churchyard, 1637."

The volume was dedicated by Lawes to the Earl's son and heir, young Viscount Brackley, who had acted the part of Elder Brother in the masque. The Dedication complete will be found prefixed to *Comus* in the present edition. We learn from it that the proposal of publication was Lawes's

own, and that Milton still preferred the shelter of the anonymous. That Lawes had Milton's consent, however, is proved by the motto on the title-page. It is from Virgil's Second Eclogue, and must certainly have been supplied by Milton. "Alas! what have I chosen for my wretched self; thus on my flowers, infatuated that I am, letting in the rude wind!" So says the shepherd in Virgil's Eclogue; and Milton, in borrowing the words, hints his fear that he may have done ill in letting his *Comus* be published. Though he was now twenty-eight years of age, it was actually, with hardly an exception, his first public venture in print.

He had no reason to regret the venture. "*Comus*," says Hallam, "was sufficient to convince any one of taste and feeling that a great poet had arisen in England, and one partly formed in a different school from his contemporaries." Such a strong judgment is easily formed now; but there may have been some in England capable of forming it when it was a merit to form it, *i.e.* in 1637 (the year of Ben Jonson's death), when modest copies of Lawes's edition, without the author's name, were first in circulation. We know of one Englishman, at all events, who did form it and express it. This was Milton's near neighbour at Horton, Sir Henry Wotton, Provost of Eton College. Born in 1568, mixed up with political affairs in Elizabeth's reign, and in the height of his active career through that of James—when he had been English Ambassador to various foreign Courts, but had resided, in that capacity, most continuously at Venice—Sir Henry, since Charles came to the throne, had been in veteran retirement in the quiet post of the Eton provostship, respected by all England for his past diplomatic services, but living chiefly on his memories of those services, his Italian experiences in particular, and in the delights of pictures, books, and scholarly society. Some chance introduction had brought Milton and the aged Knight together for the first time early in 1638, when Milton was preparing for his journey to Italy; and on the 6th of April in that year Milton, by way of parting acknowledgment of Sir Henry's courtesy, sent him a letter with a copy of Lawes's edition of his *Comus*. Sir Henry, it appears, had read the poem in a previous copy, without knowing who was the author; and, writing in reply to Milton on the 13th of April, just in time to overtake him before he left England, he mentioned this fact, and expressed his pleasure at finding that a poem that he had liked so singularly

was by his neighbour and new acquaintance. "A dainty piece of entertainment," he calls it, "wherein I should much commend the tragical part [*i.e.* the dialogue] if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Doric delicacy in your songs and odes; whereunto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our language." Here was praise worth having, and which did, as we know, gratify Milton. He was actually on the move towards Italy when he read Sir Henry Wotton's letter.

When, in 1645, six years after his return from Italy, Milton, then in the very midst of his pamphleteering activity, and of the ill-will which it had brought him, consented to the publication by Moseley of the first collective edition of his Poems, *Comus* was still, in respect of length and merit, his chief poetical achievement. Accordingly, he not only reprinted it in that edition, but gave it the place of honour there. It came last of the English Poems, with a separate title-page, thus:—"A Mask of the same Author, presented at Ludlow Castle, 1634, before the Earl of Bridgewater, then President of Wales: Anno Dom. 1645." The title-page of Lawes's edition of 1637 was, of course, cancelled by this new one; but Lawes's Dedication of that edition to young Viscount Brackley was retained, and there was inserted also, by way of pendant to that Dedication, Sir Henry Wotton's courteous letter of April 13, 1638. The courteous old Sir Henry was then dead; but Milton rightly considered that his word from the grave might be important in the circumstances. And so this Second Edition of the *Comus*, thus distinguished and set off as part of the First collective Edition of the Poems, served all the demand till 1673, when the Second collective Edition of the Poems appeared. *Comus* was, of course, retained in that edition, as still the largest and chief of Milton's minor Poems; but it was made less mechanically conspicuous than in the earlier edition. It did not come last among the English Poems, being followed by the translations of some Psalms; and it had no separate title-page, but only the heading, "*A Mask presented at Ludlow Castle, 1634, &c.*" Lawes's Dedication of the edition of 1637 and Sir Henry Wotton's letter were likewise omitted.

In none of the three first printed editions, it will be observed (Lawes's of 1637, Milton's of 1645, and Milton's of 1673), is the poem entitled *COMUS*. Nor is there any such title in

Milton's original draft among the Cambridge MSS., nor in that Bridgewater transcript which is supposed to have been the stage-copy. "*A Mask presented*," &c.: such, with slight variations in the phrasing, was the somewhat vague name of the piece while Milton lived. It was really inconvenient, however, that such a poem should be without a briefer and more specific name. Accordingly, that of COMUS, from one of the chief persons of the drama, has been unanimously and very properly adopted.

Although the word *comus*, or κῶμος, signifying "revel" or "carousal," or sometimes "a band of revellers," is an old Greek common noun, with various cognate terms (such as κερμάζω, "to revel," and κωμῳδία, comedy), the personification or proper name COMUS appears to have been an invention of the later classic mythology. In the *Eikōnes*, or "Descriptions of Pictures," by Philostratus, a Greek author of the third century of our era, COMUS is represented as a winged god, seen in one picture "drunk and languid after a repast, his head sunk on his breast, slumbering in a standing attitude, and his legs crossed" (Smith's Dict. of Greek and Roman Biog. and Myth.). But, in fact, poets were left at liberty to fancy Comus, or the god Revel, very much as their own notions of what constitutes mirth or revel directed them; and the use of this liberty might perhaps be traced in the tradition of Comus, and the allusions to him in the poetry of different modern nations, down to Milton's time.

Comus is an occasional personage among the English Elizabethan poets; and he figures especially in Ben Jonson's masque of "*Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue*, presented at Court before King James, 1619." There he appears riding in triumph, as "the god of Good Cheer or the Belly, his head covered with roses and other flowers, his hair curled;" and his attendants, crowned with ivy, and bearing a large bowl before him, salute him thus:—

"Hail, hail, plump paunch! O the founder of taste
For fresh meats, or powdered, or pickle, or paste;
Devourer of broiled, baked, roasted, or sod;
An emptier of cups, be they even or odd;
All which have now made thee so wide in the waist
As scarce with no pudding thou art to be laced;
But, eating and drinking until thou dost nod,
Thou break'st all thy girdles, and break'st forth a god."

Clearly Milton did not take his idea of the character of Comus from Ben Jonson's masque. A work to which it is

more likely that he was in some small degree indebted is a Latin extravaganza, called *Comus, sive Phagisiposia Cimmerica: Somnium*, by the Dutchman Erycius Puteanus. This writer, whose real name was Hendrik van der Putten, was born at Venlo in Holland in 1574, and, after having been for some time in Italy, became Professor of Eloquence and Classical Literature at Louvain, where he died in 1646. He was "the author of an infinity of books," says Bayle (*Dict.* : *Art.* Puteanus); among which was the one whose title we have given. It was first published in 1608; but there were subsequent editions, including one brought out at Oxford in 1634, the very year of Milton's masque. The subject of the piece of Erycius Puteanus, which is written mostly in prose, with a mixture of verse, is the description of a dream in which the author visits the palace of Comus, the genius of Love and Cheerfulness, beholds him and his disguised guests at a banquet and subsequent torch-lit orgies, and listens to various dialogues on the voluptuous theory of life. In this dream Comus is a decidedly more graceful being than the lumbering god of good cheer in Ben Jonson's masque. He also, like Ben Jonson's Comus, is represented with curled and rose-crowned hair, but he is "soft-gestured and youthful," and personates a more subtle notion of Revel.

After all, however, Milton's Comus is a creation of his own, for which he was as little indebted intrinsically to Puteanus as to Ben Jonson. For the purpose of his masque at Ludlow Castle he was bold enough to add a bran-new god, no less, to the classic Pantheon, and to import him into Britain, and particularly into Shropshire. Observe his parentage. Comus, the god of Sensual Pleasure, is not, with Milton, mere Gluttony, as he is in Jonson's masque; nor is he the mere modification of Feast and the Wine-god pictured by Philostratus and adopted by Puteanus. He is a son of the Wine-god certainly, but it is by the sorceress Circe; and, though he has much of his father's nature, he has more of the thrilling mercilessness and magical subtlety of his mother's. It is not for nothing that Milton, in his account of him, almost cites the description of Circe and her enchanted Island in the 10th Book of the *Odyssey*. There will be found throughout the masque more of real borrowing from Homer's picture of the experience of Ulysses and his companions on Circe's Island than from the extravaganza of Puteanus. Thus, to give but one

Samuel Daniel (1562—1619). This form dispensed altogether with the interlinking of the three stanzas by rhymes common to the first and second and the second and third, and was content that the twelve lines should be three loose stanzas of alternate rhymes, connected only by a continuous meaning, and preceding the final couplet. Thus seven rhymes in all were allowed in the Sonnet, the formula being *A* 1, 3, *B* 2, 4, *C* 5, 7, *D* 6, 8, *E* 9, 11, *F* 10, 12, *G* 13, 14. It was of this free form of the Sonnet that Shakespeare availed himself; and all his famous Sonnets, with scarce an exception, are written in it. For example:—

“No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vile worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay,
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.”

To all time this type of Sonnet, though not the strict Italian, will remain, consecrated by Shakespeare's great usage, a true and sufficient English type. Even while Shakespeare was alive, however, there lingered a knowledge of the stricter Italian type, and a disposition to exhibit it also in English. The Sonnets of Donne (1573—1631), specimens though they are rather of metrical intellection than of lyrical effusion, are, most of them, more after the Italian mechanism than Spenser's, and much more than Shakespeare's. They are of five rhymes, of which two, by their interlinking, sustain the first eight lines of the Sonnet, leaving three for the other six lines. On the same principle, and with much more of softness and music in them, are the Sonnets of Drummond of Hawthornden (1585—1649), a poet imbued with Italian influences and fond of the Sonnet. But both in Donne's Sonnets and in Drummond's, no less than in Spenser's and Shakespeare's, the sounding epigrammatic couplet at the end is still a constant feature. The English ear seems to have grown so accustomed to this ending as to require it, and it was usual to

print Sonnets with these two final lines coupled together for the eye by indentation from the rest.

It was reserved mainly for Milton to emancipate the English Sonnet from this peculiarity of the final rhyming couplet, by reasserting the Italian rule that it should be optional and occasional only, while at the same time he reverted to the Italian construction in other respects. An early student of the Italian poets, he had learnt the true music of the Sonnet from Petrarch most of all, so that, when he first ventured on trials of the Sonnet-form in English, he thought of it as the "Petrarchian Stanza." These first trials were made while he was still a Cambridge student, long before that "damp" fell round his path of which Wordsworth speaks as being already round it when he seized the Sonnet, and the thing in his hands became a trumpet. The series of his Sonnets, however, though beginning about 1630, extends to 1658; and most of them *were* those "soul-animating strains" which he blew at intervals from this instrument when other poetry was in forced abeyance from him, and he was engrossed in prose polemics. Milton's last sixteen Sonnets, indeed, with a verse or two besides, are the few occasional strains that connect, as by intermitted trumpet-blasts through twenty years, the rich minor poetry of his youth and early manhood with the greater poetry of his declining age in blindness after the Restoration

SONNET I.: TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

There is no means of dating this Sonnet precisely; but it is placed first by Milton himself, and must be referred either to the close of the Cambridge period, or to some time in the Horton period. It is the Sonnet of a youth to whom the return of May brings the thought of his youth passing companionless and a sense of love-longing. There is a recollection of the superstition that he who hears the nightingale before he hears the cuckoo will woo fortunately before the year is over.

SONNET II.: ON HIS HAVING ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.

Milton wrote this Sonnet at or about the moment when Time had "stolen on his wing" the "three-and-twentieth year" of his life; and that was on the 9th of December,

1631. He was then at Cambridge, a B.A. of three years' standing, and was looking forward to his degree of M.A., and the close of his Cambridge career, in a few months. But the occurrence of the draft of the Sonnet among the Cambridge MSS. adds other illustrative particulars. It occurs there as an insertion into the first of two drafts, in Milton's hand, of a prose letter, of some length, which he sent, or meant to send, to a friend. This friend, whose name we do not know, had remonstrated with Milton on the aimless course of merely studious life he was then leading, and on the impropriety of his continuing it in-tead of dedicating his talents to the Church or some other active profession. Milton's reply is a courteous acknowledgment of the interest shown by the friend in his behalf, with a defence of his conduct, and a statement of his reasons, for being in no hurry to enter the Church. Though all ordinary motives conspired to urge him into that or some other profession, yet a "sacred reverence and religious advisement," a principle of "not taking thought of being *late*, so it gave advantage to be more *fit*," had hitherto held him back. "That you may see," he adds, "that I am something suspicious of myself, and do "take notice of a certain *belatedness* in me, I am the bolder "to send you some of my nightward thoughts some little "while ago, because they come in not altogether unfitly, "made up in a Petrarchian stanza, which I told you of." Here, accordingly, follows the Sonnet.

SONNETS III.—VII.: FIVE ITALIAN SONNETS, WITH AN ACCOMPANYING CANZONE.

These Italian pieces, which precede Sonnet II. in Milton's own editions, form a little group by themselves. They relate the story of Milton's love for some Italian lady, beautiful, black-eyed, dark-haired, accomplished, and fascinating by her grace and her powers of singing. Altogether there is an Italian air about the Sonnets; they breathe of Italy. They have been referred therefore, by common consent, to the time of Milton's Italian journey (1638-9). Some time and some where during that journey, it is supposed, he met the foreign beauty who captivated him. Warton imagines that she may have been the celebrated singer Leonora, whom Milton heard at Rome, and to whom he addressed three pieces of complimentary Latin verse (see them among the Latin Poems, and

the Introduction to them). There is no real ground for the fancy. The lady, whoever she was, is described, in the first Sonnet, as a native of the Vale of the Reno, in the north of the Papal States, between Bologna and Ferrara. Now Milton visited this part of Italy in 1639, or towards the end of his tour, when, after having returned from Naples, and paid second visits, of two months each, to Rome and Florence, he passed through Bologna and Ferrara on his way to Venice and homewards. But the lady, though a Bolognese, may have been met in Venice, or perhaps even in Florence or Rome, before Milton had passed through Bologna. Nay, after all, may not the Italian Sonnets and Canzone have been written in England *before* the Italian journey, and even a good while before it? May not Milton, some time after he had left Cambridge, have met, in English society, the Bolognese beauty who charmed him? May not his attempts in Italian have been a tribute to her foreign loveliness, and to the sweetness of the language as heard from her lips? In the second of the Sonnets and in the Canzone there are expressions which might be construed in favour of this hypothesis. On the whole, however, it is not so likely as the former. Either way, it has to be added, Italian critics do not find the Italian idiom of the pieces quite perfect.

SONNET VIII.: "WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED,
TO THE CITY."

This Sonnet, the first of those which refer to English public affairs, was written in November 1642, and probably on Saturday the 12th of that month. The Civil War had then begun; and Milton, already known as a vehement Anti-Episcopal pamphleteer and Parliamentarian, was living, with two young nephews whom he was educating, in his house in Aldersgate Street, a suburban thoroughfare just beyond one of the city gates of London. After some of the first actions of the war, including the indecisive Battle of Edgehill (Oct. 23), the King's army, advancing out of the Midlands, with the King and Prince Rupert present in it, had come as near to London as Hounslow and Brentford, and was threatening a farther march to crush the Londoners and the Parliament at once. They were at their nearest on Saturday the 12th of November; and all that day and the next there was

immense excitement in London in expectation of an assault—chains put up across streets, houses barred, &c. It was not till the evening of the 13th that the citizens were reassured by the retreat of the King's army, which had been checked from a closer advance by a rapid march-out of the Trained Bands under Essex and Skippon. Milton, we are to fancy, had shared the common alarm. His was one of the houses which, if the Cavaliers had been let loose, it would have given them particular pleasure to sack. Knowing this, the only precaution he takes is, half in jest, and yet perhaps with some anxiety, to write a Sonnet addressed to the imaginary Royalist Captain, Colonel, or Knight, who may command the Aldersgate Street sacking-party. "*On his dore when ye city expected an assault*" is the original heading of the Sonnet in the copy of it, by an amanuensis, among the Cambridge MSS., as if the Sonnet had actually been pasted or nailed up on the outside of Milton's door. This title was afterwards deleted by Milton himself, and the other title substituted in his own hand; but the Sonnet appeared without any title at all in the editions of 1645 and 1673.

SONNET IX.: TO A LADY.

This Sonnet was left untitled by Milton: the title has been supplied by the editors. The date, almost certainly, was 1644; but who the lady was that is addressed is unknown.

SONNET X.: "TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY."

This Sonnet must have been written in 1644 or 1645; and the lady addressed was Lady Margaret Ley, one of the daughters of James Ley, first Earl of Marlborough, a nobleman of whom there still remained a respectful recollection in England. Born in 1552, he had been eminent as a lawyer before Queen Elizabeth's death; and, after a long career as Knight, Baronet, and Judge, he had been raised by James to the great office of Lord High Treasurer of England in 1624, and, at the same time, to a peerage as Baron Ley of Ley in Devonshire. The higher dignity of the Earldom of Marlborough was conferred on him by Charles in 1626-7, when he was seventy-four years of age. In 1628 he had been removed from the High Treasurership to the less laborious office of President of the Council, ostensibly on account of his old age,

but really, it was thought, because he was not sufficiently compliant with the policy of Charles and Buckingham. He died in March 1628-9, immediately after the dissolution of Charles's Third Parliament; and, as the Sonnet hints, his death was believed to have been hastened by political anxiety at that crisis. He left three sons; the eldest of whom, Henry, succeeded him in the Earldom, but, dying in 1638, transmitted it to *his* son, James Ley, third Earl of Marlborough, who attained to unusual distinction by his services to the King in the Civil War, and by his various abilities. Among the surviving aunts of this young nobleman, and herself probably somewhat past her youth, was the Lady Margaret of the Sonnet. She had married a Captain Hobson, from the Isle of Wight; and both she and her husband seem to have taken the Parliamentary side. They resided in London, and Milton had become acquainted with them. His nephew and biographer Phillips expressly says that, after his desertion by his first wife in 1643, Milton "made it his chief diversion now and then of an evening to visit the Lady "Margaret Ley," adding, "This lady, being a woman of great wit and ingenuity, had a particular honour for him, and took much delight in his company, as likewise Captain Hobson, her husband, a very accomplished gentleman." Milton's compliment to her in the Sonnet is that she was a true daughter of her liberal father. Her political and religious opinions probably agreed with Milton's. This is the latest of the Sonnets printed in the edition of 1645, and it is there printed without a heading. The heading is from the Cambridge draft.

SONNETS XI. AND XII.: "ON THE DETRACTION WHICH
FOLLOWED UPON MY WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES,"
AND "ON THE SAME."

The Treatises in question were Milton's four Treatises on the subject of Divorce, written between his desertion by his first wife in 1643 and her return to him and reconciliation with him in the autumn of 1645: viz. his *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*, which came first and passed through two editions, and his *Judgment of Martin Bucer*, his *Tetrachordon*, and his *Colasterion*, which followed, at intervals, in defence of the original publication. As the opinion broached by Milton in these pamphlets was a new and daring one, it

shocked people greatly, and especially the Presbyterians, who were then in the ascendant in Parliament, and all-powerful in the Westminster Assembly. Milton's strange doctrine of Divorce was the subject of talk in society; it was attacked through the press; it even brought him into danger with the public authorities. Milton's two Sonnets are his comments, one half jocose, the other contemptuous and indignant, on this execration with which he found himself surrounded. They were written late in 1645 or early in 1646, when the return of his wife and his reconciliation with her had abated his practical and personal interest in the success of his doctrine, and, though he still retained it, he had made up his mind not to argue it farther through the press. Either they were too late for insertion in the First Edition of his Poems (dated 1645, but published Jan. 2, 1645-6), or he judged it best to exclude them. They appeared, however, in the edition of 1673. There are allusions in the Sonnets, and especially in the first, which require explanation in the Notes.

“ON THE NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE UNDER THE
LONG PARLIAMENT.”

This is, in reality, a continuation or extension of the vein of the two Divorce Sonnets, and must have been written about the same time, or hardly later than 1647. Partly on account of the outcry against Milton's Divorce Pamphlets among the Presbyterians, partly on more general grounds, he had parted company with them, and had attached himself rather to the party, or combination of parties, of which Cromwell was becoming the recognised head, and who were called by the general name of The Independents. It was the leading principle of this party, or combination of parties, to oppose the too rigorous establishment of that system of Presbyterian Church Government and Discipline, after the Scottish model, which had been decreed in England by the Long Parliament, and in part carried into effect, after the abolition of Episcopacy. It was their effort, at all events, to secure that, if this system were permanently established by the majority as the national English system, there should be room under it for freedom of conscience and worship for the dissenting minority. Gradually the notion of a Toleration of Independents and other Sects within certain limits under the established Presbyterianism was gaining ground in Parliament, chiefly in

consequence of the power of the Parliamentary Army, which was composed largely of Independents, Baptists, and more extreme Sectaries; but the rigid Presbyterians, and especially the Presbyterian Divines of the Westminster Assembly, and most especially the small group of Scottish Divines who sat in that Assembly as assessors to their English brethren, were loud in their denunciations of the arch-heresy of Toleration, as they called it, and their calls for a suppression of all Sects and the enforcement of an absolute Presbyterian uniformity by the civil power. It is against these claims of strict Presbyterian supremacy that Milton speaks out in the present piece of verse. He intended it to be what may be called an Anti-Presbyterian and Pro-Toleration Sonnet; and the first fourteen lines, it may be observed, really do make a Sonnet. But, when he had reached the fourteenth line, Milton had not packed in all he meant to say; and so he adds six lines more of jagged verse, converting the piece into a kind of Sonnet with a scorpion's tail to it. There were precedents for such "Sonnets with tails" in Italian poetry. Although not published till 1673, the piece was probably in private circulation, and doing service for Independency and Liberty of Conscience, from 1646 onwards. The allusions in it, and especially the personalities, need explanation. It will be given in the Notes.

SONNET XIII.: "TO MR. H. LAWES, ON HIS AIRES."

One of the Cambridge drafts of this Sonnet fixes its date as Feb. 9, 1645-6. That draft is headed "To my Friend, Mr. Henry Lawes: Feb. 9, 1645," and signed "J. M.;" the other draft, though also in Milton's hand, bears this heading in another, "To Mr. Hen. Lawes, on the publishing of his Aires." Actually, the Sonnet first appeared in print, with Milton's name attached, as one of a few pieces of eulogistic verse prefixed to a volume published by Moseley in 1648 and entitled *Choice Psalmes, put into Musick for three Voices: composed by Henry and William Lawes, Brothers, and Servants to His Majesty.*

Milton's friendship from his boyhood with the musician Henry Lawes, and the main facts of that interesting person's life till his co-operation with Milton in the production of the *Arcades* at Harefield, and of *Comus* at Ludlow, have been recorded in the Introductions to those two poems (see *anti*,

pp. 164-5. and 169-171). We have now to add that, in the intervening years, the reputation of Lawes in his art had been steadily growing, till there was perhaps no musical composer of his time more generally known and liked. Still retaining, in association with his brother William, his position as one of the King's musicians and gentlemen of the Chapel Royal, and still connected by special professional engagements with the Bridgewater family, he had done much work in the way of setting to music songs by Carew, Herrick, Waller, Cartwright, and other popular poets. These songs of Lawes were favourites in English households, and the poets whose words were thus recommended by his airs could not thank him enough. There are verses by Herrick and others in which affectionate mention is made of "Harry" and his musical skill. And so the publisher Moseley, or perhaps Milton himself, in bringing out the first edition of Milton's Poems in 1645, did not forget that Lawes's name might be an advantage to the volume. "The Songs were set in Musick by Mr. Henry Lawes, Gentleman of the King's Chappel, and one of His Majesties private Musick," was the announcement on the title-page, referring to the songs in *Arcades* and *Comus*, and perhaps to others in the volume; and in the body of the volume was reprinted Lawes's Dedication of *Comus* to Lord Brackley. Clearly, therefore, Milton's intimacy with Lawes had not been interrupted even by the Civil War and the division of all Englishmen into Royalists and Parliamentarians. By his position, if not from his artistic temperament, Lawes was a Royalist; and indeed his brother William had been slain in the King's cause at the siege of Chester (1645), greatly to the King's grief, who is said to have put on private mourning for him. Not the less had Henry Lawes, who remained in London, his meetings with his old friend Milton, when they would lay politics aside and agree in music.

SONNET XIV.: "ON THE RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF MRS. CATHERINE THOMSON, MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND, DECEASED 16 DECEMB. 1646."

The Sonnet itself, with its heading, which does not occur in the printed volume, but is taken from the Cambridge MS., supplies all the information we have respecting the person addressed. Phillips, indeed, mentions that, some time in

1649, Milton "lodged at one Thomson's, next door to the Bull Head Tavern at Charing Cross, opening into the Spring Garden;" and it has been supposed that the Mrs. Catherine Thomson who died in 1646 may have been one of the Charing Cross family with whom Milton thus afterwards lodged. This is mere guess. Thomson, then as now, was a very common name in London.

SONNET XV.: "ON THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX AT
THE SIEGE OF COLCHESTER."

The siege of Colchester in Essex lasted from the 15th of June to the 28th of August, 1648, and was one of the most memorable incidents of what is called "the Second Civil War," *i.e.* of that spasmodic new rising of the English and Scottish Royalists on behalf of Charles I., then a prisoner in the Isle of Wight, which it required all the energy of Fairfax, the Parliamentary commander-in-chief, and of Cromwell, his lieutenant-general, to put down, and which led very speedily to the King's trial and doom. While Cromwell managed the Northern department of the war, meeting and beating the Duke of Hamilton and the Royalist Scots and English at Preston, Fairfax in person superintended the siege of Colchester; which town had been seized for the King, and was defended by the Earl of Norwich, Lord Capel, Sir Charles Lucas, Sir George Lisle, and other Royalist chiefs. As Fairfax offered quarter only to the soldiers, but required the leaders to surrender at discretion, the defence was desperate, and both the garrison and the townspeople were reduced to the last straits of starvation, having to eat grass and the flesh of horses, cats, and dogs. When the surrender did take place, Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle were tried by court-martial, and immediately shot, as released prisoners of war who had broken their *parole* to the Parliament in again taking arms for the King. The Earl of Norwich and Lord Capel were left to the mercy of Parliament; and Lord Capel was afterwards executed. The taking of Colchester was heard of with triumph by the Parliamentarians throughout England, and went as an addition to the renown of Fairfax acquired by his many actions since he had been made Parliamentary commander-in-chief in December 1644. Milton, in this Sonnet, expresses the general feeling of the hour, not only about the particular victory, but

also about the character of Fairfax, and England's farther hopes from him. Although Fairfax afterwards retired from his connexion with the Commonwealth, and even co-operated at last in the Restoration, this Sonnet to him savoured too much of pre-Restoration politics to be allowable in Milton's edition of his *Minor Poems* in 1673. It was first published by Phillips in 1694, at the end of his memoir of Milton.

SONNET XVI.: "TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL, MAY 1652: ON THE PROPOSALS OF CERTAIN MINISTERS AT THE COMMITTEE FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL."

Milton's admiration of Cromwell is attested by many proofs, and, amongst them, by a long and impassioned outburst of Latin eulogium in the *Defensio Secunda*. No two men, I believe, were more essentially like-minded, more one at heart in their thoughts about the great problems of the English nation at that time, than the two whom fate had drawn together in such different capacities—Cromwell, the supreme soldier and man of action, raised at length to be the ruler; Milton, the poet and idealist, brought beside this ruler as a scholarly official. The Sonnet under notice, however, is not, as the mere title "*To Cromwell*" sometimes given to it might lead one to imagine, Milton's estimate of Cromwell from the whole of his career, or even after Milton's Secretaryship to him singly had begun. It is an address by Milton to Cromwell at a particular moment of Cromwell's career and on a particular occasion. The date was May 1652. Cromwell was not yet Protector, though he was the first man in the Republic, and they were proposing to make him its head. Since the execution of the King, and the establishment of the Commonwealth under the government of the Parliament with a Council of State, he had been away in Ireland, as Lord-Lieutenant of that country, trampling down its long Rebellion and reducing it to order (1649-50); he had also been in Scotland, and had fought the Battle of Dunbar (Sept. 3, 1650) there, and taken other measures which, when followed up by the crowning victory of Worcester (Sept. 3, 1651), utterly ruined the cause of Charles II. in Scotland, as well as in England, and united both parts of the island in one Commonwealth. These were the acts of Cromwell freshest in men's minds, and he had been again in London through

the winter of 1651-2, when the Sonnet was written. The Sonnet breathes the feeling of many at that hour with respect to him. Now that he was at home again, would not things be better managed than they had been in his absence by the persistent Rump of the Long Parliament and the Council of State? Especially in matters of Religion was not fresh zeal necessary? Throughout England and Wales, or in many parts of them, Church matters were in chaos—Presbyterian ministers here and Independents there, mixed with the wrecks of the old parish clergy; no regular arrangement for the provision of ministers; disputes as to the method of such provision, whether by a common fund out of the tithes, or by voluntary contribution without tithes at all; many districts meanwhile in spiritual destitution for want of fit pastors and preachers. For the consideration of such questions and the remedying of such evils there had been appointed a Parliamentary "Committee for the Propagation of the Gospel;" and this Committee seems to have been in unusual activity after Cromwell's return. There was then some new form of the controversy respecting a State Church and endowments for the clergy, and the Presbyterian ministers more especially seemed to their enemies to be trying to get for themselves all the property that had belonged to the abolished Prelatic Church. It was expected that Cromwell, whose sympathies had been with the Independents and Sectaries, would have something to say to this; and Milton's Sonnet expresses that expectation. Cromwell's Protectorate (Dec. 1653—Sept. 1658), with Milton's closer connexion with him during that Protectorate, came later. Yet the Sonnet may well stand as Milton's tribute of respect to Cromwell on the whole; and little wonder that he did not dare to print it in the edition of his Poems in 1673.

SONNET XVII. : "TO SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER."

This Sonnet breathes the same spirit as the last, and may have been written at the same time, or perhaps somewhat earlier. If it was written in 1652, Vane was in his fortieth year when it was addressed to him, and was one of the Council of State; but, as his father was still alive, he was always known as the Younger Vane. It was recollected, moreover, how he had entered the Long Parliament at the

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age of twenty-seven, having already distinguished himself in America, and how all through the Parliament he had acted and been regarded as one of the subtlest and boldest theorists of the extreme Revolutionary party. In his style of mind he was what would now be called a *doctrinaire*, or abstract thinker, with perhaps a dash of the fanatic; and, as Milton hints, he had exercised himself very particularly on the question of the relations and mutual limits of the Church and State, having had practical occasion to consider that question as early as 1636, when he was Governor of Massachusetts. After the Restoration he was brought to the scaffold, June 14, 1662. Milton's Sonnet to him was necessarily omitted in the volume of 1673.

SONNET XVIII.: "ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN
PIEDMONT."

This, the most powerful of Milton's Sonnets, was written in 1655, and refers to the persecution instituted, in the early part of that year, by Charles Emmanuel II., Duke of Savoy and Prince of Piedmont, against his Protestant subjects of the valleys of the Cottian Alps. This Protestant community, half French and half Italian, and known as the Waldenses or Vaudois, were believed to have kept up the tradition of a primitive Christianity from the time of the Apostles. There had been various persecutions of them since the Reformation; but that of 1655 surpassed all. By an edict of the Duke they were required to part with their property and leave his dominions within twenty days, or else to become Roman Catholics. On their resistance, forces were sent into their valleys, and the most dreadful atrocities followed. Many were butchered, others were taken away in chains, and hundreds of families were driven for refuge to the mountains covered with snow, to live there miserably, or perish with cold and hunger. Among the Protestant nations of Europe, and especially in England, the indignation was immediate and violent. Cromwell, who was then Protector, took up the matter with his whole strength. He caused Latin letters, couched in the strongest terms, to be immediately sent, not only to the offending Duke of Savoy, but also to the chief Princes and Powers of Europe. These Letters were drawn up by Milton, and may be read among his Letters of State. An Ambassador was also sent to collect information; a Fast

Day was appointed; a subscription of 40,000*l.* was raised for the sufferers; and altogether Cromwell's remonstrances were such that, backed as they would have been, if necessary, by armed force, the cruel edict was withdrawn, and a convention made with the Vaudois, allowing them the exercise of their worship. Milton's Sonnet is his private and more tremendous expression in verse of the feeling he expressed publicly, in Cromwell's name, in his Latin State Letters.

SONNET XIX.: ON HIS BLINDNESS.

The last Sonnet, if not also the two preceding it, had been written by Milton after he had lost his sight. His blindness, which had been coming on slowly for ten years, and had been hastened by his labour in writing his *Defensio Prima pro Populo Anglicano* in answer to Salmasius (1651), was complete in 1653, when he was only forty-five years of age. We are to imagine therefore, that, after having been Secretary to the Council of State for a year or two with his sight failing, he continued to act as Secretary through Cromwell's Protectorate (1653-58) with his sight totally gone. The fact was pointed to with coarse exultation by his enemies, at home and abroad, as a divine judgment on him for his defences of the execution of Charles I., and for the part he had otherwise taken in the English Revolution. Again and again in Milton's later writings, in prose and in verse, there are passages of the most touching sorrow over his darkened and desolate condition, with yet a tone of the most pious resignation, and now and then an outbreak of a proud conviction that God, in blinding his bodily eyes, had meant to enlarge and clear his inner vision, and make him one of the world's truest seers and prophets. The present Sonnet is one of the first of these confidences of Milton on the subject of his blindness. It may have been written any time between 1652 and 1655; but it follows the Sonnet on the Piedmontese Massacre in Milton's own volume of 1673.

SONNET XX.: TO MR. LAWRENCE.

One naturally refers such a mood of cheerfulness as this Sonnet exhibits to the time of Milton's life which preceded

his blindness. Accordingly it has been argued by some that the Sonnet must have been written about 1646, and ought to be placed beside the Sonnet to Henry Lawes. In that case, however, the person addressed "Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son," cannot have been, as these words have always suggested, a son of the well-known Henry Lawrence of St. Ives, who, after having been member for Westmoreland in the Long Parliament, became a staunch Oliverian, and was made President of Cromwell's Council (1654) and one of his House of Lords (1657). For there is a letter of this Henry Lawrence extant which proves that in the year 1646 his eldest son was then exactly thirteen years of age (Wood's *Athenæ*, IV. 64 : Note by Bliss). Milton's invitation to a neat repast and wine cannot have been to a youngster like that. Hence, still on the supposition that the Sonnet must have been written about 1646, some commentators have concluded that the person addressed was no other than Henry Lawrence himself, the future President, but then no more than M.P. for Westmoreland. But that he was only "the virtuous father" of the Sonnet, and not its recipient, is settled by Phillips in his *Life of Milton*, where, among the "particular friends" of Milton, who visited him most frequently during the eight years when he lived in his house in Petty France, Westminster (1652—1660), he mentions "Young Lawrence (the son of him that was President of Oliver's Council), to whom there is a Sonnet among the rest in his printed Poems." He does not mention which of the sons of the President was the "Young Lawrence" so often at Milton's house; but it was probably the second son, Henry Lawrence, who became heir in 1657, succeeded to the property on his father's death in 1664, and lived till 1679, or five years beyond Milton. In 1656 this "young Lawrence" was about two-and-twenty years of age. The Sonnet, then, we should say, was written about that time, and when Milton was in his condition of total blindness. And, though this may not at first seem consistent with the cheerful vein of the Sonnet, the explanation is easy. Phillips's account of his uncle's life gives us a glimpse of the household in Petty France which is not altogether one of gloom. Especially after Milton's marriage with his second wife in Nov. 1656, the house was enlivened by the little hospitalities that had to be shown to the numerous visitors that came to see him. Some of these were foreigners of distinction; others were Londoners of rank; but most

assiduous of all were former pupils, and other enthusiastic young men, who accounted it a privilege to read to him, or act as his amanuenses, and to hear him talk. There was a group of such young admirers, and "young Lawrence" was one of them. Sometimes, as we are to fancy, he accompanied Milton in his walks, yielding him the tendance which a blind man required; and Milton's Sonnet is to be taken as a kindly message to the youth, in some season of bad weather, not to stop his visits on that account, but to let him have his company now and then within doors.

SONNET XXI. : TO CYRIACK SKINNER.

This Sonnet also, like the last, might appear, on a first reading, to belong to a time before Milton's blindness. For it also is in a hospitable vein, and invites to leisure and mirth. But all that we know of Cyriack Skinner and his connexion with Milton confirms the notion that the two Sonnets were written about the same time, *i.e.* about 1655, after Milton was blind and when he was living in his house in Petty France. Phillips, in his list of the friends of Milton who visited him there, mentions, "above all, Mr. Cyriack Skinner;" words which imply that Skinner was even a more frequent visitor than young Lawrence. There is even a probability that he had been one of Milton's pupils; for Wood describes him (*Ath. Oxon.* III. 1119) as "a merchant's son of London, an ingenious young gentleman and scholar to Jo : Milton," informing us farther that he became a leading member of Harrington's celebrated political debating club, called *The Rota*, which held its meetings in 1659 at "the Turk's Head in the New Palace Yard at Westminster." From the Sonnet itself we learn that, besides being thus interested in political speculations, or before being so interested, Skinner was an eager student of mathematical and physical science. Wood seems to have been wrong in calling him "a merchant's son of London;" for he is otherwise known as the third son of William Skinner, a Lincolnshire squire, who had married Bridget, second daughter of the famous lawyer and judge Sir Edward Coke. This explains the compliment of pedigree in the first line of the Sonnet. As this William Skinner died in 1627, Cyriack, his son, though described as "an ingenious young gentleman" in 1659, must have been considerably older than young Lawrence.

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There is extant a deed of conveyance, of the date May 7. 1660, by which Milton makes over to "Cyriack Skinner, of Lincoln's Inn, Gentleman," a Bond for 400*l.* given to Milton by the Commissioners of Excise. The transaction proves how intimate Milton was with Skinner; for it was on the eve of the Restoration, when property invested in Excise Bonds was not likely to be worth much to Milton or his representatives.

SONNET XXII.: SECOND SONNET TO CYRIACK SKINNER.

This touching Sonnet must have been written some little time after the last; perhaps in 1655, but certainly not later than 1656. It is a Sonnet on Milton's blindness, written, as it purports, on the third anniversary of the day from which he dated the completeness of that calamity. The tenor of the closing lines prevented its publication in 1673.

SONNET XXIII.: TO THE MEMORY OF HIS SECOND WIFE.

After some years of widowhood, Milton, still residing in Petty France, Westminster, had married, Nov. 12, 1656, at St. Mary Aldermanbury, London, his second wife, Catherine Woodcock, daughter of a Captain Woodcock, of Hackney. His wedded life with her, however, was doomed to be brief. She died in childbirth fifteen months after her marriage, and was buried at St. Margaret's, Westminster, Feb. 10, 1657-8. The infant daughter she had borne survived but about a month. Thus, in his fiftieth year, Milton was left in second widowhood, with his three young daughters by his first wife, the eldest not twelve years of age, partly depending on his charge, and partly deputed to take charge of him. There can be no sadder picture than that of the blind, stern man, in 1658, going about his vacant house, the poor children not understanding him, and half afraid of him; and whoever visits the house now may do so with that picture in his mind. For the house still stands, and may be visited—actually the "pretty garden-house in Petty France, Westminster, next door to the Lord Scudamore's, and opening into St. James's Park," which Milton occupied from 1652 to 1660; though now not "pretty," nor a "garden-house" any longer, but sorely disguised, degraded, and blocked in, as "No. 19,

York Street, Westminster." Going about in that house, or seated by himself in one of its rooms, as they may still be seen, Milton thinks much of his dead wife, far more really a partner of his heart than the first wife had been, but remembers also that first wife, the mother of his children, and wonders what may become of these children, left now with neither mother nor substitute. From his despondency, as we know, he roused himself to resume that poem of *Paradise Lost* which he had schemed eighteen years before. But the sense of his loss recurs, and intrudes itself into his dreams. One night his dream is strangely happy. He sees his lately dead wife, not dead, but alive, and returned to him clad all in white like one of the Saints, her face veiled, and stooping to embrace him. He wakes from his dream to find it but a dream, and his night brought back : but he commemorates the dream in a Sonnet. The reader ought to notice the full significance of the words of the Sonnet. It seems to be implied that Milton had never actually beheld his second wife with his bodily eyes, but had married her after he was blind, and with no acquaintance with her dating from before his blindness. Hence, though in his dream he *sees* her, it is as a radiant figure with a veiled face. He had not carried into sleep the recollection out of which the face could be formed, and could only know that love, sweetness, and goodness must have dwelt in one who had that saint-like figure.

TRANSLATIONS.

"THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE, *Lib. I*, ENGLISHED."

The particular Ode of Horace on the translation of which Milton bestowed so much pains is one on which many translators have since tried their hands ; but it may be doubted whether any of them has beaten Milton. On the whole, however, the thing is a trifle. It must have been written after 1645, as it does not appear in the edition of that year.

"NINE OF THE PSALMS DONE INTO METRE, WHEREIN ALL BUT WHAT IS IN A DIFFERENT CHARACTER ARE THE VERY WORDS OF THE TEXT, TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL."

The Psalms grouped together under this heading are Psalms LXXX.—LXXXVIII.; and the group is ushered in with the dating "*April 1648: J.M.*," showing at what time they were translated. There can be no doubt, I think, that Milton was moved to his experiment by the interest which was then felt, both in England and Scotland, and had been felt for some years, in the project of a complete new Version of the Psalms, which should supersede, for public worship, the old English Version of Sternhold and Hopkins and others, first published complete in 1562, and the Version, partly the same, that had been in use in Scotland since 1565, and was known as Lekprevik's, from the name of the printer who had published it that year in Edinburgh. In spite of competing Versions of the Psalms, or of some of them, these had remained substantially the authorized Psalters in the two countries till the meeting of the Long Parliament. But, after the meeting of that body, and especially after the Westminster Assembly had been convoked to aid it in religious matters (July 1643), a revision or renovation of the Psalter had been much discussed. It was one of those matters on which the Westminster Assembly were especially required to deliberate, and report to the Parliament. Hence a considerable activity in urging the claims of versions already made, either in print or in manuscript, by persons recently dead or still living. Not to speak of other Versions, acknowledged or anonymous, there was one by no less public a person in England than the pious Francis Rous, member of the Long Parliament for Truro, and himself a lay-member of the Westminster Assembly (1st edit. 1641, 2nd 1643). On the whole, Rous's Version had many friends; and a revised edition of it, carefully made, was recommended by the Westminster Assembly to the Parliament (Nov. 1645). With this Version, by one of themselves, the Commons were well satisfied; and it was again printed in its revised form in 1646. But, as the Lords, or some of them, had taken up a rival Version, "close and proper to the Hebrew," by a Mr. William Barton, M.A. of Oxford (published in 1644), they were slow to acquiesce in the preference for Rous; and, not-

withstanding much urging of the subject by the Commons, and also by the Assembly, it stood over unsettled, so far as England was concerned.—That Milton, in his experiment in April 1648, had some view to the controversy then going on as to the national Psalter, and the rivalry between Rous and Barton, is rendered the likelier by the form his experiment took. He adopted the ordinary Service metre of eights and sixes, only rhyming the first and third lines as well as the second and fourth; and he made it a punctilio to translate direct from the Hebrew, and to indicate every addition to the original by the use of Italic type. With all his pains, his Version of these nine Psalms is much inferior to what we should have expected from him. It is perhaps inferior to Rous's, and it is certainly inferior to the authorized Scottish Version of 1650 founded on Rous's.

PSALMS I.—VIII. : DONE INTO VERSE.

The former experiment of a close translation of Nine of the Psalms into ordinary Service metre had been made by Milton in April 1648, when he was living in High Holborn, not yet blind, and (Charles I. being still alive) not yet Latin Secretary to the Commonwealth, nor with any prospect of being such. More than five years had elapsed since then, and Milton was living in Petty France, quite blind, and occupied with the duties of his Secretaryship, when something led him to recur to Psalm-translation. On a few successive days of August 1653 he dictated metrical versions of the first Eight of the Psalms. These versions, however, were done on a new principle. They did not profess to be close to the original, nor were they in the ordinary Service metre. On the contrary, very various metres were employed, some of them quite uncommon; and no two of the Eight Psalms were rendered in the same metre. Perhaps the main intention was to try the effect of such a freedom of metre.

SCRAPS OF TRANSLATED VERSE FROM THE PROSE WRITINGS.

It was Milton's laudable habit, and one rather unusual in his day, not to trouble the readers of his English pamphlets and other writings with quotations in Latin and Greek, but,

where he did have occasion to quote a Latin or Greek author, either to give the English sense of the passage, or to annex the English sense to the quoted bit of Latin or Greek. So with Italian. Hence, when he wanted to quote a line or two from a Latin, Greek, or Italian poet, or a passage of Latin verse occurring in a prose author, he generally took the trouble to translate it offhand himself at the moment. In such cases blank verse came easiest, and all the scraps of the kind in his prose writings are in blank verse. He did not think it worth while to collect these for either the first or the second edition of his Poems ; but they have very properly been sought out and placed in later editions.

INTRODUCTIONS TO THE POEMS SEVERALLY.

PART II.

THE LATIN POEMS.

The Latin Poems were distinctly divided by Milton himself, in both editions, into two Books or sets—an “ELEGIARUM LIBER,” or “BOOK OF ELEGIES;” and a “SYLVARUM LIBER,” or “BOOK OF SYLVÆ.” The word *Sylva* (literally “a Wood”) was the name given by the Latin authorcraft of the Empire, as we learn from Quintilian, to any rough thing written off at a heat; and hence the Miscellanies of many poets are printed in their works under the title of *Sylva*. The distinction made by Milton between his ELEGIÆ or ELEGIES and his SYLVÆ or MISCELLANIES seems to have been one of metrical form merely, and not of matter. Among the ELEGIES he put all pieces, of whatever kind, and whether properly “elegiac” or not in the sense of “pensive” or “mournful,” that were written in the elegiac metre, of alternate Hexameters and Pentameters, so much used by Tibullus, Propertius, and his favourite Ovid. Among the SYLVÆ or MISCELLANIES, on the other hand, he put all pieces written in other kinds of verse, whether in Hexameters only, or in such more complex Horatian measures as Alcaics and varied Iambics. Later editors, indeed, have taken the liberty of cutting off a few of the smaller pieces from the end of the Book of Elegies, and combining them with two or three scraps of Latin verse from the prose-pamphlets, so as to constitute a third brief Book, called EPIGRAMMATUM LIBER, or BOOK OF EPIGRAMS.

But, though the few pieces thus thrown together are of the nature of Epigrams, and some of them like Martial's Epigrams, the liberty seems unwarrantable. Milton made the distinction into ELEGIES and SYLVÆ suffice, and we must do the same.

ELEGIARUM LIBER.

ELEGIA PRIMA :

Ad Carolum Diodatum.

The person addressed in this Elegy was Charles Diodati, the dearest and most intimate friend of Milton in his boyhood, and through his youth and early manhood, and for whose memory he entertained a singular affection in still later life, after he had lost him by death. He will be mentioned again in the course of these Introductions. At present we shall trace what is known of him as far as to the date of this Elegy, *i.e.* to the year 1626.

The family of Diodati (pronounce it Diodáti) was Italian, belonging originally to Lucca in the Tuscan States, but driven thence, apparently, on account of the Protestant opinions of its members. Of two brothers of the family, thus exiled from Italy by their Protestantism, one, named Giovanni Diodati, born in 1576, had become very eminent in Geneva, as a scholar and theologian, and was Professor of Hebrew and one of the ministers of that city. He was the author of various Calvinistic writings, much esteemed in their day by foreign Protestants and by the Puritans of England; he took a leading part in the famous Synod of Dort in 1618-19; and he would be yet remembered, if for nothing else, at all events for his Italian Version of the Scriptures, published in 1607, and known as "Diodati's Version." An elder brother of his, named Theodore Diodati, born in 1574, and educated for the medical profession, had made England his home, and, having married an English lady of some means, acquired a good practice and some celebrity as a physician, first at Brentford, and afterwards in London, where he resided in the parish of Little St. Bartholomew, not far from St. Paul's and Milton's native Bread Street. Of two sons of this naturalized London physician, by his English

wife, one was called Charles and the other Theodore. Milton knew both, but Charles was his especial friend. He was almost exactly of Milton's own age, or but a little older. He had been sent at a very early age to St. Paul's School, and it was there that Milton had become acquainted with him. He was probably somewhat in advance of Milton in the classes, for he left school for Trinity College, Oxford, in Feb. 1621-2, three years before Milton left the same school for Cambridge. The separation was no interruption of their friendship. The young Oxonian and the young Cantab corresponded with each other; and in the University vacations they were much together in London, or in excursions in its neighbourhood. Probably because Diodati was destined for his father's profession of medicine, and was preparing for it, we do not hear much of his career at Oxford; but he was well liked in his college there, and there is a copy of Latin Alcaics by him in a volume of Oxford Verses put forth in 1624 on the death of the great scholar Camden. He seems, however, to have been fond of writing his letters in Greek; and two Greek letters of his to Milton have been strangely preserved, and are now in the British Museum. In the second of these he writes from some place in the country, saying he is leading a most pleasant life on the whole, though he rather misses intellectual companionship, and he advises Milton not to "tie himself night and day to his books," but to take some relaxation. "I in all things else your inferior," he concludes, "am superior to you in this, that I know a measure in my labours."

It seems possible that in this Greek missive, now in the British Museum, we have that very letter of Diodati to which Milton's Latin Elegy is an avowed reply. It is, at all events, a reply to *some* letter of Diodati's sent from near Chester, and which reached Milton in London. The interest of Milton's Elegy in reply is, to a large extent, autobiographical; and there is one passage of particular moment to the commentators. It is that beginning line 9 and ending line 24. Milton is supposed to refer here (and the supposition seems inevitable) to a fact in his life of which there is other evidence—viz. a quarrel he had, in his undergraduateship, with the authorities of Christ's College, Cambridge, and his temporary retirement or rustication from the College in consequence. It is positively known that Milton, while he was an undergraduate at Christ's, had some disagreement with the tutor under whose charge he had been put at the time of his first

admission: viz. William Chappell, afterwards Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, and Bishop of Cloyne and Ross; and it is farther known that, in consequence of this disagreement—in the course of which Dr. Thomas Bainbrigg, the Master of the College, may have been called in, or may have interfered—Milton was transferred from the tutorship of Chappell to that of another of the Fellows of the College: viz. Nathaniel Tovey, afterwards parson of Lutterworth in Leicestershire. The probable date of this incident was the Lent or Easter term of Milton's second academic year, *i.e.* of the year 1625-6. The present Elegy was probably written during Milton's absence or rustication from College that summer; and in the passage indicated he speaks of this absence or rustication (*exilium* is the word he uses) as not such a bad thing after all. Nevertheless, as he says in the end of the Elegy, it is arranged that he shall return to Cambridge. Actually, as we know, he did return, to finish his undergraduate course, under Tovey's tutorship. His temporary absence, we also know, counted for nothing against him; for he did not lose a term, but took his B.A. degree at exactly the proper time.

ELEGIA SECUNDA.

Anno ætatis 17.

In obitum Præconis Academici Cantabrigiænsis.

Richard Ridding, M.A. of St. John's College, was Senior Esquire Bedel of the University when Milton went to Cambridge. Through two University sessions Milton had been familiar with his venerable figure; but about the beginning of Milton's third University session (1626-7) Ridding died. I have not ascertained the exact day, but the probate of his will is dated Nov. 8, 1626. The death of a University personage so conspicuous naturally gave occasion for versifying; and Milton's Elegy was one of the results. It ought to be noted that Milton's own dating of the Elegy "*Anno ætatis 17*" is either wrong by a year, or must be translated laxly as meaning "at seventeen years of age."

ELEGIA TERTIA.

Anno ætatis 17.

In obitum Præsulis Wintoniensis.

On the 21st of September 1626, just before the beginning of Milton's third academic year at Cambridge, there died, at Winchester House, Southwark, the learned and eloquent Dr. Lancelot Andrewes, Bishop of Winchester, at the age of seventy-one. Milton's ecclesiastical opinions in his later life led him to be rather critical in his estimate of this famous Bishop, and indeed of Bishops generally; but in his Cambridge undergraduateship his anti-prelatic feelings were less pronounced, and he willingly joined in the chorus of regret over the loss of one of the brightest intellects in the English Church. The reader ought to note the historical allusions which the Elegy contains. The year of Bishop Andrewes's death had been one of great mortality by the Plague in England and of the deaths of several men of note abroad.

ELEGIA QUARTA.

Anno ætatis 18.

Ad Thomam Junium, præceptorem suum, apud mercatores Anglicos Hamburgæ agentes Pastoris munere fungentem.

Thomas Young, Milton's first preceptor, was a Scotchman. He was born at Luncarty in Perthshire in or about 1588, was educated at the University of St. Andrews, and took his M.A. degree there. Perhaps because the accession of James to the English throne in 1603 had opened up for many Scots prospects of a better livelihood in England than their own country afforded, Young had migrated thither while still a young man; and there are indistinct traces of him in the capacity of curate or assistant to Puritan parish-ministers in London and its neighbourhood before 1618. He seems, however, to have employed himself chiefly in teaching; and, in the course of that employment, it was his good fortune to happen upon one pupil who was to be immortal. It is just possible that Milton had been boarded under Young's charge somewhere near

London before he went to St. Paul's School; but it is more likely that Young had only been his first domestic preceptor, and continued to be his private preceptor while he was at St. Paul's School, adding to the education which he was receiving publicly from Mr. Alexander Gill, the head-master of the School, and his son and assistant, Mr. Alexander Gill the younger. In that case, however, Young's tutorship of Milton did not extend over the whole period of his training under the two Gills. Milton, so far as is known, went to St. Paul's School in 1620, when he was eleven years of age, and he remained there till the winter or spring of 1624-5, when he left for Cambridge at the age of sixteen. But Young had left England for his chaplaincy to the English merchants at Hamburg at least as early as 1622. He was then a married man, with children, and matters had not been so prosperous with him in England but that a foreign chaplaincy was acceptable.

Milton, it appears, had cherished a warm recollection of Young in his exile, and occasional communications had passed between them. The first of Milton's Latin *Familiar Epistles* is addressed to Young (*Thomæ Junio, præceptori suo*). It is dated "London, March 26, 1625," and was written, therefore, after Milton had been admitted at Christ's College, Cambridge, but before his residence at Cambridge had fairly commenced. It is expressed in terms of the most ardent affection and gratitude, with apologies for having been remiss in his correspondence, and especially for having allowed three years to elapse since his last letter; and there is an acknowledgment also of the gift of a Hebrew Bible which Young had sent to him. Two years more had passed since that Epistle was written, and Milton had again been remiss. The present Elegy is his atonement. He has been moved to write it by ominous news from the Continent. The great Continental war, known afterwards as *The Thirty Years' War*, was then in its second stage, when Christian IV. of Denmark was the leader of the Protestant Alliance against the Imperialists under Tilly and Wallenstein. Saxony, to which Hamburg was attached, was inextricably involved; and actually, while Milton wrote, the rumour was that the Imperialist soldiery were all round Hamburg and threatening it with siege. What might befall poor Young and his family? On this cause of alarm Milton dilates, not without a touch of anger at the stupidity and cold-heartedness of Britain, which had driven

such a man as Young abroad for bare subsistence, to live poorly and obscurely amid strangers, when he might have been a noted minister of the Gospel at home. But he bids Young take courage. God will protect him through all the dangers of war; nay more (and with this prediction the *Elegy* closes), better times are in store for him, and he will not remain much longer in exile.

Milton's prediction was very speedily fulfilled. Not many months after Young had received the *Elegy*, he returned to England; and on the 27th of March 1628, being then about forty years of age, he was inducted into the united Vicarages of St. Peter and St. Mary in Stowmarket, Suffolk. He had not been four months in his Vicarage at the date of a second letter to him from Milton, preserved among the Latin *Familiar Epistles*. It is dated "Cambridge, July 21, 1628," and shows that Milton and he must again have come together since his return to England. Young had invited Milton to come and see him at Stowmarket, and Milton accepts the invitation and promises to come soon. Accordingly, the tradition at Stowmarket is that Milton was a frequent visitor to Young during his incumbency.

Young's incumbency at Stowmarket lasted all the rest of his life. But he was destined to a wider celebrity than attached merely to that incumbency. As he was of strict Puritan principles, it is difficult to imagine how he contrived to tide through the time of the Laudian supremacy in the Church and State (1628—1640), during which Laud and his subordinate diocesans were so zealous in calling to account parish ministers of too Calvinistic doctrine, or too Puritanical in their dislike of vestments and ceremonies. Luck or prudence did carry him through, however; so that, at the close of Laud's supremacy, and the beginning of a new era for England with the Long Parliament (Nov. 1640), he was still Vicar of Stowmarket. During the two preceding years he had been sympathising with his fellow-countrymen, the Scots, in their Covenant, and their struggles against Laud and Charles; and in 1639 he had published a treatise in Latin entitled *Dies Dominica*, and consisting of a defence of the Puritan idea of the Sabbath-day and its proper observance. After the meeting of the Long Parliament, he is found coming decidedly to the front among the advocates of a radical Church Reform. In conjunction with four other parish ministers of noted Puritan principles—viz. Stephen Marshal,

Edmund Calamy, Matthew Newcomen, and William Sparstow—he wrote the famous Smectymnuean Pamphlet, or Treatise by SMECTYMNUUS (a grotesque fancy-name composed of the initials of the five writers), in reply to Bishop Joseph Hall's defences of Episcopacy and of the English Liturgy. Of this Smectymnuean treatise, which was published in 1641, and was the first loud manifesto of Anti-Episcopal opinions within the Church itself, Young, it is now known, was the principal author. As Hall replied, and the Smectymnuans replied again, the controversy prolonged itself through a series of pamphlets, all now regarded as belonging to the Smectymnuean set, and two of which ("*Animadversions on the Remonstrant's Defence against Smectymnuus*," and "*An Apology against a Pamphlet called a Modest Confutation of the Animadversions*") were from Milton's own pen. He had been in Young's confidence from the beginning of the controversy, and thought it right at last to plunge in personally to the rescue of Young and his brother Smectymnuans.

It is doubtful whether the cordial intimacy between Milton and Young which this co-operation indicates lasted much beyond those years, 1641-42, when the Smectymnuean controversy raged. Milton's subsequent Divorce Speculations, and his rupture with the Presbyterians, may have interfered with their intimacy, though not with their mutual regard. For Young was one of the divines of the Westminster Assembly, and went wholly with the great majority of that body in their aims towards the establishment in England of a strict Presbyterian system like that of Scotland. By this time he was so conspicuous a person that the Scots remembered he was their countryman, and would fain have induced him to return to Scotland by the offer of some suitable post. But England could outbid Scotland for him, and retained him to the end. In 1644, when the University of Cambridge was visited by Parliamentary authority and refractory Heads of Houses and Fellows were turned out, and their places filled with new men, Young was appointed to the Mastership of Jesus College, in place of the ultra-Royalist and Laudian Dr. Richard Sterne. On the 12th of April in that year he was incorporated in the University *ad eundem*,—i.e. to the same degree of M.A. which he had taken at St. Andrews nearly forty years before. On the 28th of February 1644-5 he preached a Fast-day Sermon before the House of Commons, which

was published under the title of *Hope's Encouragement*. He lived for ten years longer, holding his Mastership of Jesus College in conjunction with his Vicarship of Stowmarket, and honoured as D.D. and otherwise. He died in 1655 at Stowmarket, at the age of about sixty-seven, and was there buried. A portrait of him, which was kept in the Vicarage, is still extant; and a print from it, after a photograph, is prefixed to "*Biographical Notices of Thomas Young, S.T.D., Vicar of Stowmarket, Suffolk*," privately printed in 1870 by Mr. David Laing, of Edinburgh. It exhibits, through the blur of age that had come over the original, a really powerful, calm, and well-featured face.

ELEGIA QUINTA.

Anno ætatis 20.

In Adventum Veris.

This Elegy may be referred to the early part of 1629, when Milton had just taken his B.A. degree at Cambridge. Bachelor-like, he exults in the arrival of Spring, hailing the glad season of Nature's renewal in a poem which may be described as a laborious Latin amplification of the sentiment of Tennyson's lines :—

"In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove ;
In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

ELEGIA SEXTA.

Ad Carolum Diodatum, ruri commorantem.

The life of Diodati, and the history of Milton's friendship with him, as far as to the year 1626, have been sketched in the Introduction to the *Elegia Prima*. Three years had elapsed since then, and the two friends had been pursuing their separate courses—Diodati with the medical profession in prospect, but retaining his connexion with Oxford, where he graduated M.A. in July 1628, and Milton persevering at Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in Jan. 1628–9. But their friendship was firm as ever, and they may have had meetings in the interval. One such meeting, of more than

ordinary interest to both, may have been at Cambridge in July 1629; for Diodati, though then an Oxford M.A. of but one year's standing, was incorporated *ad eundem* at Cambridge in the July Commencement of that year. So early an incorporation in the sister University was unusual, and I seem to see in the fact an arrangement between the two friends.

The heading of the Elegy tells the rest. The sprightly, quick-witted Italian had gone again into the country in 1629, either to the neighbourhood of Chester, as on the occasion of the First Elegy, or to some other part of England. There, in some pleasant country mansion, and among pleasant and hospitable friends, he is having a delightful winter holiday. It is but the 13th of December, but they are making Christmas of it already—good cheer, blazing fires, wine, music, dancing, games of forfeits, &c. So Diodati informs Milton, pleading these festivities in excuse for neglect of Poetry. The reply is very characteristic. After messages of affection, Milton playfully objects to Diodati's excuse, and maintains that festivity and poetry, Bacchus and Song, Venus and Song, are naturally kin and always have gone together. Suddenly, however, in this vein he checks himself. What he has said is true, he explains, only of certain kinds of poetry and certain orders of poets. For the greatest poetry there must be a different regimen. For those who would speak of high matters, the deeds of heroes and the counsels of the gods, for those whose poetry would rise to the prophetic strain, not wine and conviviality were fitted, but spare Pythagorean diet, the beechen bowl of pure water, a life even ascetic in its abstinence, and scrupulously pure. This is an eminently Miltonic idea, perhaps *pre-eminently* the Miltonic idea; and it occurs again and again in Milton's writings. Nowhere, however, is it more finely expressed than in the passage in this Elegy beginning "*At qui bella refert*" and ending "*ora Jovem*" (lines 55—78). These twenty-four lines are about Milton's noblest in Latin, and deserve to be learnt by heart with reference to himself, or to be written under his portrait. They give a value to the whole Elegy. The lines that follow them, however (79—90), have also a peculiar interest. They inform us that, at the very time when Milton was writing this Elegy to Diodati, he was engaged on his English Ode "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity." He had begun it, he says, on Christmas-

day, and he promises to show it to Diodati. As the Ode, in its place among the English Poems in Milton's First Edition, is dated "1629," this fixes the date of the Elegy.

ELEGIA SEPTIMA.

Anno ætatis undevigesimo.

This Elegy, which is the last of any length in the Book, and the last to which Milton attached a number, is out of its proper chronological place. "*Anno ætatis undevigesimo*" ("in his nineteenth year") is the dating; and, as Milton here uses the numeral adjective, and not, as in other cases, the Arabic figures for the number, it is perhaps to be understood exactly—*i.e.* as implying that the Elegy was written between Dec. 9, 1626, and Dec. 9, 1627. Possibly, however, even with the use of the numeral adjective, Milton gives himself the benefit of a year, and means "at nineteen years of age," or between Dec. 9, 1627, and Dec. 9, 1628. In either case the precise month is fixed by the Elegy itself as May. The date therefore is either May 1627 or May 1628.

The Elegy is more decidedly and thoroughly a love-poem than any of the others. In the First Elegy, *Ad Carolum Diodatum*, there is a gallant mention of the London beauties to be seen in the parks and public gardens; and in a part of the Fifth, *In Adventum Veris*, there is a poetical recognition of Cupid's activity as one of the phenomena of Spring. But the present Elegy is a love-confession throughout, and quite precise and personal. It was May time, we are told, and Cupid had sworn to be revenged on Milton for his contempt of love and his boasts of being heart-whole. Fifty lines are taken up in telling this and describing the little love-god and his threats. Then, at line 51, the real story begins. Forgetting all about the love-god, he takes his walks, as usual, now in those parts of London where the citizens promenade, and now in the neighbouring country, with its hamlets and villas. He observes, in the streets more especially, the crowd of beauties, perfect goddesses, that pass and repass. He indulges in the sight, as often before, pleased, but little thinking what was to come of it this time. For alas! one fair one, supereminent among all, caught his glance, and the wound was fatal. It was but the sight of a moment, for she was gone, never again to be seen on earth; but her face and her

form were to remain with him a vision for ever. No longer now is he heart-whole, for he goes about sweetly miserable. Cupid has had his revenge, and he acknowledges now that little god's power. Oh, if ever he and such a fair one should meet again, might one arrow transfix both their hearts!

A peculiar circumstance about this Elegy is that it is followed by a Postscript. For the ten lines, beginning "*Hæc ego*" and ending "*ipsa Venus*," which I have caused to be printed in italics in the present edition, are not, as might be supposed at first sight, and has been generally assumed, an epilogue to the whole series of Seven Elegies preceding them. If the Epilogue is carefully read, it will be seen that in no mood of sternness could it be applicable to all the seven numbered Elegies, or to most of them. There were some of them of which, juvenile though they were, Milton could still approve in his manhood. But, in 1645, when he looked over those pieces before giving them to the printer for Moseley's volume, that love-confession of the Seventh Elegy delayed him. He thought it maudlin: perhaps he remembered the exact incident and its circumstantialia with half a blush. Ought he to print the thing? His hesitation to do so accounts perhaps for its coming out of its proper chronological place; but at last he lets it go, only adding the Postscript of recantation. That Postscript, therefore, has to be dated 1645, or eighteen years after the Elegy to which it is attached.

EPIGRAMS.

"IN PROBITIONEM BOMBARDICAM and IN INVENTOREM BOMBARDÆ."—The anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot seems to have been a regular occasion for versifying in English Schools and Colleges in Milton's time. Among the *Sylvæ* there is a long poem in Hexameters by Milton on this subject, entitled *In Quintum Novembris*; and the four little pieces on the same subject among the Elegies may have been Milton's easier tributes to University custom on some one, or on several, of the Fifts of November of his Cambridge undergraduateship. They express rather wittily the popular Protestant horror of Guy Fawkes and his attempt. The fifth piece, not on the Gunpowder Treason, but on the Inventor of Gunpowder, is but a variation of the

general theme; and the five together may be called the Gunpowder Group.

"AD LEONORAM ROMÆ CANENTEM."—These three pieces of compliment must have been written at Rome in one or other of Milton's two terms of residence in that city during his memorable Italian tour. His first visit, in October and November 1638, is the more likely time. An incident of that visit, recorded by Milton himself in one of his Familiar Epistles (*Luca Holstenio, Romæ, in Vaticano*), was his presence at a magnificent musical entertainment given by Cardinal Francesco Barberini in his palace. All the *élite* of Rome were present at this concert; but the courteous cardinal, receiving the crowding guests at the doors, had singled out the English stranger, and welcomed him with special attention. To Milton, with his love of music, this concert may have been an unusual pleasure, especially if it was there that he heard the singer Leonora to whom the present pieces are addressed. There or elsewhere in Rome he did hear that paragon of voices. For, throughout the world, or at all events the musical and Italian world, there was no singer then so renowned as Leonora Baroni. There is an article on her in Bayle's Dictionary, the substance of which, apart from minuter information in the notes, runs thus: "BARONI, LEONORA, an Italian lady, one of the 'finest voices of the world, flourished in the seventeenth century. She was the daughter of the beautiful ADRIANA, 'a Mantuan, and was so admired that an infinity of *beaux esprits* made verses in her praise. There is a volume of 'excellent pieces, in Latin, Greek, French, Italian, and 'Spanish, printed at Rome under the title of '*Applausi Poetici alle glorie della Signora Leonora Baroni*.'" Leonora went about usually with her mother, the beautiful Adriana Baroni, and a sister called Katarina. Though Bayle makes the family Mantuan, it was originally Neapolitan, and had migrated from Naples to Mantua. From 1637 onwards, however, Rome was the head-quarters of the fascinating three.

"APOLOGUS DE RUSTICO ET HERO."—There is nothing to date this Apologue, except that its non-appearance in the edition of 1645 suggests that it was written after that year.

DE MORO.—So we may entitle the lampoon on Milton's antagonist *Morus*, or Alexander More, which appeared in

Milton's *Defensio Secunda pro Populo Anglicano* (1654), and was reproduced in his *Pro se Defensio contra Aleaxandrum Morum* (1655). More was a Frenchman, of Scottish parentage, born in 1616, who, after a varied career of celebrity as a Protestant preacher and Professor of Greek and of Theology in various parts of the Continent—at Geneva, in Holland, and again in France—died in Paris in 1670, four years before Milton. His collision with Milton dates from the year 1652, when he caused to be printed, at the Hague, a treatise against the English Commonwealth entitled "*Regis Sanguinis Clamor ad Cælum adversus Parricidas Anglicanos*," ("Cry of the King's Blood to Heaven against the English Parricides"). In this treatise Milton was attacked for his Defences of the Regicide; and, though it was anonymous, and was really not by More, but by Peter du Moulin the younger, Milton made More responsible. In his *Defensio Secunda* and in his *Pro se Defensio* he dragged More through a perfect ditch of invective, publishing all sorts of scandals against More's private character, which had come to him from correspondents in Geneva and elsewhere. The distich under notice is one of these unsavoury scandals embalmed in a Latin pun on More's name.

AD CHRISTINAM, SUECORUM REGINAM, NOMINE CROMWELLI.—The lines printed with this title in most modern editions of Milton's poems are supposed to have been written for Cromwell in 1654, the first year of his Protectorate, to accompany a portrait of himself which he then sent to the eccentric, and then famous Christina, Queen of Sweden. Being in elegiac verse, they have their proper place here in the *Elegiarum Liber*, if they are Milton's. But, almost certainly, they are Andrew Marvell's. They appeared as his, with only slight verbal variations, in his *Miscellaneous Poems*, published by his widow in 1681, three years after his death.

SYLVARUM LIBER.

IN OBITUM PROCANCELLARII MEDICI.

Anno ætatis 17.

In both Milton's editions this piece is dated "*Anno ætatis 16.*" This date is a blunder. For, even if we allow Milton his ordinary liberty of dating, according to which the phrase must

be translated "at the age of 16 years" and not "in the 16th year of his age" (see Introductions to Elegies Second and Third), the dating will not correspond with the incident of the Poem. That incident was the death of John Gostlin, M.D., Master of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, from 1618, and Vice-Chancellor of the University for the second time in the year 1625-6. His Vice-Chancellorship would have expired Nov. 3, 1626; but he died some days before that date, and still holding the office: viz. on the 21st of October, 1626. The Michaelmas Term of Milton's third academic year had just begun, and Milton was full seventeen years of age, and, in fact, verging on eighteen. This dating "*anno ætatis 16*" was, therefore, a slip of memory.—The Dr. Gostlin, whose death is lamented in the poem, in very pretty mythological language and in good Horatian verse, was a Norwich man by birth, educated at Caius College, admitted M.D. in 1602, and afterwards Regius Professor of Physic in the University. When his turn came round to be Vice-Chancellor, it was something of a rarity in the University to see an M.D. rather than the customary D.D. in that office. "Here comes our medical Vice-Chancellor," one may fancy the Cantabs of 1625-6 saying to each other when they saw Gostlin in the streets. His death, just at the close of his year of office, and when the Colleges had re-assembled for a new session, naturally occasioned versifying.

IN QUINTUM NOVEMBRIS.

Anno ætatis 17.

This is a Gunpowder Plot poem, written by Milton for Guy Fawkes's Day, or the Fifth of November, 1626. There are four Latin trifles on the same subject among the Elegies, but the present piece, in sustained Hexameters, is a much more elaborate performance. It is, indeed, one of the very best of Milton's things in Latin. The spirit, it is true, is that of the common popular Protestantism of England in Milton's time, which firmly believed in all the traditional details of the Plot of 1605, and regarded it as a wide-spread conspiracy of the Roman Catholics, characteristic of their principles and prompted by the Papacy itself. Naturally, such a poem (and there are minuter ferocities against the Papacy in the filling-

up) will be read in different humours by different persons. But the execution of the poem, the power of imagination and of language shown in it, cannot fail to strike even the reader who is least satisfied with its spirit. I would instance particularly the description of Satan flying through the air and beholding Britain (lines 7—47), that of the den of Murder and Treason (lines 139—156), and that of the Temple of Fame (lines 170—193). The ending of the poem is rather abrupt.

IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS ELIENSIS.

Anno ætatis 17.

On the 5th of October, 1626, or only a fortnight after the death of Dr. Lancelot Andrewes, Bishop of Winchester, there died another prelate, Dr. Nicholas Felton, Bishop of Ely. Like Andrewes, he was a Cambridge man, of Pembroke Hall, and he had, like Andrewes, been for some time Master of that Hall before he was made a bishop. Milton, who had just written his Elegy on Andrewes's death (*Elegia Tertia*), paid a similar honour to his brother-bishop, but employed Iambic verse of alternate Trimeters and Dimeters instead of Elegiacs. Hence this piece on Felton comes among the *Sylvæ*.

NATURAM NON PATI SENIUM.

From one of Milton's *Epistolæ Familiares*, dated "Cambridge, July 2, 1628," and addressed to his former master at St. Paul's School, Alexander Gill the younger, it appears that these Latin Hexameters were one of the pieces of verse printed copies of which were distributed, according to custom, by the University Bedels at the Cambridge Commencement ceremonial, or annual meeting for the conferring of degrees, held in St. Mary's Church on Tuesday, the 1st of July, 1628.

The ceremonial, though held at the end of the academic year, was called the "Commencement," because those who graduated in Divinity, Arts, Law, Physic, and Music were then said to "commence" in their respective faculties, and were designated *Inceptores*. Part of the business in the graduation in each faculty consisted of what was called an Act or Disputation in that faculty, carried on in Latin between one

appointed debater-in-chief called the Respondent (in the Divinity Act there were generally two Respondents) and other debaters who attacked him successively and were called Opponents. First, early in the morning, as soon as all had assembled in St. Mary's Church, the Vice-Chancellor presiding, there began the Divinity Act, or Debate, accompanied by a distribution of copies of verses, and ending in the ceremonious conferring of the degree of D.D. on all the candidates of the year for that degree. Next, and usually about mid-day, came on the Philosophical Act and Graduation in Arts. This was a richer and more diversified affair than the Divinity Graduation which had preceded it, not only because the candidates for the M.A. degree each year were a very numerous body, consisting of young men from all the Colleges, but also because custom tolerated a great deal of liberty and even of fun in the philosophical discussion. Here also, however, the backbone of the business was the Latin logomachy between the appointed representative of the Arts faculty, called the Respondent, and the Opponents who successively attacked him; and here also the logomachy began with the reading of the Respondent's thesis, and the distribution of his verses, while he was reading it, by the University Bedels. After the Act was over, there was a specimen only of the actual graduation in Arts within the church, in the persons of the ten or twelve Commencers from King's College; and the rest were marched off to receive their M.A. degree in the Public School. For by this time it was growing late, and the Law Act, the Physic Act, and the Music Act, with their accompanying graduations, had still to come.

Milton may have been present already at three Commencements; but that of 1628 had a peculiar interest for him. Bainbrigge, Master of his own College of Christ's, was Vice-Chancellor of the University for the year 1627-8, and there was a relish for the undergraduates of Christ's in this fact, and in the prospect of his presidency in the Comitia of July 1628. Nor was that all. One of the Senior Fellows of Christ's, it appears, had been selected for the important post of Respondent in the Philosophical Act for that year; and he had found the bit of verse expected from him quite out of his habits, or had broken down over it at the last moment, and had asked Milton to help him out. With some pains, from the shortness of the time, Milton had furbished up what he thought would

pass ; and so the Christ's College people might congratulate themselves triply on the representation of their College at the Commencement of 1628. Not only would their Master preside as Vice-Chancellor, and not only would a Fellow of their College be Respondent in the Philosophical Act, but the Latin verses which the University Bedels would distribute in connexion with that Act would be (but perhaps it was a secret) by an undergraduate of Christ's. Actually the verses were put into print and distributed by the Bedels ; and on the 2nd of July, or the day after the Commencement, Milton was able to send a copy, or some copies, of them to Gill in London.

One would like now to know which of the thirteen Fellows of Christ's it was that begged Milton's poetical help, and what was the subject of the thesis which the verses were to illustrate. We have light only on the last point from Milton's lines. "*That Nature is not subject to old age*" is the proposition they maintain. They are, in fact, a powerful, and very eloquent and poetical, protest against the notion of a gradual decadence or deterioration of the physical Universe or visible frame of things. The verses being in this strain, we are led to think that the Philosophical Thesis which they were written to illustrate must have been some form of the same proposition. It is certainly known, at all events, that a question much debated in the speculative world of England about 1628 was the question whether there were signs of decay in Nature, whether the Present were necessarily inferior to the Past, or whether endurance, or even general progressiveness and improvement, might not be the rule. Bacon's influence, opposed as it was to that abject reverence for antiquity which had prevailed since the Revival of Letters, had given an impulse to what was still perhaps the heterodox sentiment, namely faith in the present and in the future.

DE IDEÂ PLATONICÂ QUEMADMODUM ARISTOTELES
INTELLEXIT.

This is, clearly, also an academic exercise ; but in which year of Milton's residence at Cambridge it was written, and for what occasion, I cannot determine. It answers exactly to its title, "*On the Platonic Idea as understood by Aristotle.*" That is to say, with an evident admiration of Plato, and an

imaginative sympathy with his doctrine of an eternal Idea or Archetype, one and universal, according to which Man was formed, and which reproduces itself in men's minds and thoughts, it yet shows how, by a too physical or too coldly rational construction of this doctrine, it may be turned into burlesque.

AD PATREM.

These Hexameters are undated, but their date is hinted by their meaning. They are an affectionate address to the poet's father, apparently in reply to some mild remarks of the father on the subject of the son's dedication of himself to a life of mere Poetry and Literature, and not, as had been hoped, to one of the professions. They were written, therefore, after Milton had left Cambridge, and had begun his secluded life of study at his father's country-place at Horton in Buckinghamshire. In lines 73—76 the reference to Horton seems to be distinct.

Milton's father was himself an excellent and interesting man. He was from the neighbourhood of Oxford, where a Roman Catholic family of Miltons, the poet's ancestors, are found living, in the rank of yeomen, from about 1550 onwards. One of the family, Richard Milton, of Stanton St. John's, yeoman, was very resolute in his adherence to the old Religion, and is mentioned twice in the Recusant Rolls for Oxfordshire as among those who were heavily fined towards the end of Elizabeth's reign (1601) for obstinate non-attendance at their parish churches. He was the poet's grandfather, one of his sons, John Milton, being the poet's father. This John Milton, who became a Protestant, and is said to have been cast off by his father on that account, had settled in London, and was in business there as a scrivener, before the above-mentioned date of his father's fines for recusancy. The business of a scrivener in Old London was an important, and sometimes a lucrative, one. It consisted in the drawing up of wills, marriage settlements, and other deeds, the lending out of money for clients, and much else now done partly by attorneys and partly by law-stationers. The house of the new scrivener, John Milton, which was also his place of business, was the Spread Eagle in Bread Street, Cheapside, in the very heart of London.

There the scrivener married, probably in 1600, and there

his children were born. They were six in all ; of whom only three survived to maturity—the eldest, a daughter Anne, afterwards Mrs. Phillips, and again, by a second marriage, Mrs. Agar ; John Milton, the poet, born Dec. 9, 1608 : and Christopher Milton, afterwards Sir Christopher Milton and a judge, born Dec. 3, 1615. The household in Bread Street seems to have been a peculiarly peaceful and happy one, with a tone of pious Puritanism prevailing in it, but with the liberal cheerfulness belonging to prosperous circumstances and to ingenious and cultivated tastes. For one thing, music was perpetual in it. The scrivener was not only passionately fond of music, but even of such note as a composer that, apart altogether from the great fame of his son, some memory of him might have lingered among us to this day. Madrigals, songs, and psalm-tunes of his composition are to be seen yet in music-books published before his son was born, or while he was but in his boyhood, and not in mere inferior music-books, but in collections in which Morley, Wilbye, Bull, Dowland, Ellis Gibbons, Orlando Gibbons, and others of the best artists of the day, were his fellow-contributors. There must have been frequent musical evenings, with one or more musical acquaintances present, in the house in Bread Street ; books of music and musical instruments were parts of its furniture ; and the young poet was taught by his father both to sing and to play the organ. But the scrivener's designs for his children went beyond their mere training in his own art. It was his care to give them the best education possible, and to grudge nothing of his means towards that end. From the first there is proof that his heart was bound up in his son John, and that he had conceived the highest expectations of what that son would turn out to be. A portrait of the poet, as a sweet, serious, round-headed boy, at the age of ten, still exists, which his father caused to be done by the foreign painter then most in fashion, and which hung on the wall of one of the rooms in the house in Bread Street. Both father and mother doted on the boy and were proud of his promise. And so, after the most careful tuition of the boy at home, by his Scottish preceptor Young (see *anté*, p. 220), and his farther training by the two Gills at St. Paul's School, close to Bread Street (see *anté*, p. 221), he was sent to Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1625, whither his younger brother, Christopher, followed him in Feb. 1630-31. The expense of maintaining two sons at Cambridge was considerable, and

proves that the scrivener must have succeeded well in his business.

That the scrivener's business had been a flourishing one is farther proved by the fact that he was able to retire from it, in whole or in part, in or about 1632, to the country-house at Horton, which he either took then, or had already been in possession of for some time. Thither, in that year, his son, having completed his seven years at the University and taken his M.A. degree, went to reside with him. So far all his highest hopes of that son had been fulfilled. He was then twenty-three years of age; and what youth comparable to him had the University sent out—what youth of such fair grace of form, of such genius and accomplishments, of character so manly and noble? A second portrait of Milton, done in the time of his Cambridge studentship, when he was about twenty-one years of age, attests the continued pride in him of his father and mother. Only one thing a little troubled the elderly people, and particularly the father. This son of theirs, whom they had destined for the Church, had clearly and resolutely abjured that destination of himself as against his conscience; the profession of the Law, thought of for a moment, had also been set aside; and here he was back on their hands, with no clear line of life before him, such as other young men of his age had, but buried in books and lost in Poetry. Some remonstrances to this effect may have been expressed by the father; but, if so, they must have been in the mildest and most hesitating terms (for Milton, I fancy, had learnt to be master and more in his father's house). Or, without any such remonstrances, Milton may have divined what was passing in the minds of his parents and in their colloquies concerning him. And so, on some occasion when the subject had been broached, or it was strong in Milton's musings, he writes this grateful and affectionate poem *Ad Patrem*.

"Well, John, I have faith in you: take your own way, whatever it is; God has given me enough of means, my son, for all immediate needs; and, while I live, what I have is yours." As surely as if we had heard these words spoken, they were the response of Milton's father to the pleading of this Poem. They were his response not in words only, but in fact. Until Milton was thirty-two years of age, if even then, he did not earn a penny for himself.

GREEK VERSES.

Milton, though an assiduous and enthusiastic reader of the Greek classics, did not give much time to the practice of Greek composition. He has left but three pieces of Greek verse; and the verdict upon *them* by the critic of subsequent times who has published the minutest examination of them (Dr. Charles Burney, 1757—1817), is that they show imperfect Greek scholarship. He finds lax construction in them, questionable usages of words, and even false quantities.

PSALM CXIV.—This seems to have been a favourite Psalm with Milton, for it is one of the two which he had paraphrased in English when he was fifteen years of age (see *antè*, p. 147). The present version of it in Greek Hexameters was done in 1634, as appears by a Latin letter of Milton to Gill the younger, of date Dec. 4 in that year.

PHILOSOPHUS AD REGEM QUENDAM, ETC.—As these Hexameters appear in the Edition of 1645, and as their tenor suggests that they were done after the Civil War had begun, we may date them between 1642 and 1645.

IN EFFIGIEI EJUS SCULPTOREM.—These satirical Iambics were engraved by way of practical joke under Marshall's portrait of Milton in the 1645 Edition of his Poems (see *antè*, p. 140); in the Edition of 1673, which did not contain that portrait, they were put into the text.

AD SALSILLUM, POETAM ROMANUM, ÆGROFANTEM.—
SCAZONTES.

This was written at Rome, either in 1638 or in 1639, in one of Milton's two visits to that city. The person addressed is Joannes Salsillus, or Giovanni Salzilli, a Roman Poet, whose acquaintance Milton had made in these visits. He must have been of considerable note in Roman society in his day; for I find him a leading contributor to a volume published at Rome in 1637 and dedicated to Cardinal Cesarini under the title of "*Poesie de' Signori Accademici Fantastici*," i.e. Poems by members of the Academy of the Fantastics. Apparently he was a young man and habitually an invalid. He was in bad health, at all events, when Milton addressed to him these *Scazontes*, i.e. verses written in the "limping measure" employed by the Greek poet Hipponax, the peculiarity of

which is that the verse is regular Iambic trimeter until the last foot, where, by the substitution of a spondee or trochee for the expected Iambus, an effect is given as of coming to the last step of a stair with the wrong emphasis. To bring out this effect fully, the fifth or penultimate foot ought always to be an Iambus; but Milton has not attended strictly to this rule. In the verses Milton expresses his wishes for Salzilli's recovery, pays him a compliment on his poetry, and refers to the four lines of Latin elegiac verse in which Salzilli had, with Italian politeness, so hyperbolically praised Milton, on slight acquaintance, extolling him above Homer, Virgil, and Tasso. See the lines among the Testimonies to Milton by Italians, prefixed to the Latin Poems.

MANSUS.

This is a poem of remarkable interest, addressed to the most distinguished, in some respects, of all the Italians with whom Milton became personally acquainted during his Italian journey, viz. the Neapolitan, Giovanni Battista Manso, Marquis of Villa, and Lord of Bisaccio and Panca.

Manso was born in 1561, three years before Shakespeare; and his long life had been spent chiefly in such occupations as the political condition of Naples and Southern Italy, then subject to the Spaniards and governed by Viceroy from Madrid, permitted to a wealthy and high-minded native of those parts. The cultivation of philosophy, art, and poetry for himself, and the encouragement of these pursuits in others, and of a life of at least pleasant sociability where political independence was denied, had been his business and delight. His life had been identified with the history of Italian Literature for half a century. No Italian of note during that period but Manso had known; few but had known and been indebted to Manso. Above all, he had been the friend, the bosom friend, of the two greatest poets of Italy in his generation, Tasso and Marini.—Tasso, in the strange madness that came over him in his manhood, clouding his beautiful mind, but leaving it still capable of the noblest poetry, had been led, in his wanderings over Italy, to Manso's door at Naples (1588). Manso, then in his twenty-eighth year, while Tasso was in his forty-fifth, had received the illustrious unfortunate, had kept him in his

splendid villa at Naples and in his country-house at Bisaccio, had tended him in his fits of gloom, and soothed him in those moments when the frenzy was at its strongest, and the air around him was full of visions and voices, and he would call on Manso to look and listen. Thus had grown up a friendship which lasted with Tasso's life. Twice again he had been Manso's guest; it was in Manso's house, in one of these visits, that he completed his *Gerusalemme Conquistata*, in one of the books of which he introduces Manso's name; in his Dialogue on Friendship Manso is one of the speakers, and it is dedicated to Manso and entitled *Il Manso*; and there are other recognitions of their intimacy in sonnets of Tasso addressed to Manso. On Tasso's death-bed in Rome (1595) he spoke of Manso; a picture of Tasso which Manso had painted was bequeathed back to him; and it was Manso that, some years afterwards, caused the well-known inscription "*Torquati Tassi Ossa*" to be cut on Tasso's tomb. In 1619 there had been published at Naples a Life of Tasso, without Manso's name, but known to be his, and containing an affectionate collection of personal details respecting the poet. It was a popular book in Italy, and had been several times reprinted.—Hardly less intimate than Manso's friendship with his illustrious senior, Tasso, had been his friendship with his junior, Marini (born 1569), Tasso's most celebrated successor in Poetry, though a corruption of Italian taste in Poetry is traced now to his sweet and sensuous genius. Marini, a Neapolitan by birth, but, like Tasso, much of a wanderer, had also been a frequent guest at Manso's villa, had been protected by him, and served in many ways; and, when Marini died, in 1625, two years after the publication of his *Adone*, the charge of his burial and of erecting his monument was left to Manso. It was understood that Manso was preparing a biography of Marini similar to that he had written of Tasso.—And now, with all these recollections of the past circling round him, the Marquis Manso, verging on eighty years of age, was living on at Naples, the most venerable man in the city, and indeed the most conspicuous private patron of Art and Literature in all Italy. In the society of Naples he was supreme. He had founded there a club or academy, called the *Oziosi* ("The Idlers") of which he was president, and the meetings of which were held in his house; and there was another institution of his foundation, called the College *Dei Nobili*, the purpose of which was the

education of the young Neapolitan nobles in manly arts and exercises. In the meetings of these institutions the old nobleman would be gay as the youngest present, joining even in their frolics. A certain high moral chivalry, however, for which he had been known from his youth, regulated his behaviour, and gave a dignity even to his humours in company. Also he was punctiliously scrupulous in matters of religion, and a most pious and orthodox son of the Church.

Milton's introduction to Manso, as he tells us himself (*Defensio Secunda*), was through a certain Eremite Friar, who was his companion in his journey from Rome to Naples in November 1638. The Marquis appears to have taken a great liking to the young Englishman, and to have been particularly gracious to him. "As long as I staid at Naples," says Milton, "I found him truly most friendly to me, he himself acting as my guide through the different parts of the city and the palace of the Viceroy, and coming himself more than once to my inn to visit me; and at my going away he seriously excused himself to me in that, though he wished extremely to have shown me much greater attention, he had not been able to do so in that city, because I would not be more close in the matter of Religion." In the two Latin lines of compliment given by Manso to Milton, and included by Milton among the Testimonies prefixed to his Latin Poems, there is a hint at this Protestantism of Milton as the only fault he had in the old man's eyes. "Were but your creed like your mind, form, grace, face, and morals, then you would not be Anglic only, but, in faith, Angelic," says the old man, reviving in Milton's favour the play upon the words *Anglus* and *Angelus* attributed in the legend to Pope Gregory when he beheld the English youths in the Roman slave-market and grieved that such comely youths should be Pagans. But Milton carried away with him another token of Manso's regard. He describes distinctly in his *Epitaphium Damonis* (lines 181—197) two cups which Manso had given him as a keepsake, carved round or painted by Manso himself with two designs, the one of an oriental subject, the other of a subject from classic mythology.

In return for Manso's distich and his cups, or possibly before receiving them, and in mere acknowledgment of Manso's great courtesy generally, Milton, before leaving Naples (Jan. 1638-9), sent to Manso the hundred hexameter lines now

under notice. They are a very graceful acknowledgment indeed. There is one passage, of information and compliment finely blended, which may have told Manso more about the stranger than he already knew, and roused his curiosity. It is the passage beginning "*O mihi si mea sors*" at line 78, and containing the first published hint by Milton of his contemplated Arthurian Epic, or poem from British legendary History. The passage is worth reading, not only on this account, but also for its pathos and eloquence. Manso must have admired it, and may have thought of the young Englishman sometimes through the next few years, and wondered what he was doing in his native land. Much news of Milton, however, in Poetry at least, can hardly have reached Manso before his death. He died at Naples, at the age of eighty-four, in 1645, the very year when Milton's first edition of his Poems was published.

EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

In the Introductions to the *Elegia Prima* and the *Elegia Sexta*, the story of Milton's friendship with the half-Italian youth Charles Diodati has been brought down to the end of the year 1629. Since then there had been no interruption of the friendship, but rather a strengthening of it by new ties as the two friends grew older. Two Latin letters of Milton to Diodati, both written in September 1637, and now printed among Milton's *Epistole Familiares*, are the best information we have as to the mutual position of the two friends at that date, when Milton was in his thirtieth year and Diodati had just passed that age. Diodati, it appears from those letters, had finished his medical education, and was in practice somewhere in the north of England; near Chester, it has been supposed, but that is only a guess from the fact that he had been in that neighbourhood in 1626, the date of the *Elegia Prima*. Milton, on the other hand, was mainly at Horton, but sometimes in London; whence, indeed, his two letters are written. They are full of gossip and affection. "How is it "with you, pray?" asks Milton in the first, dated Sept. 2. "Are "you in good health? Are there in those parts any learned "folks or so with whom you can willingly associate and chat, "as we were wont together? When do you return? How "long do you intend to dwell among those hyperboreans?"

Again, in the second, dated Sept. 23, Diodati having replied in the meanwhile, and there having been the usual excuses on both sides for laziness in letter-writing: "Your probity writes with me in your stead and indites true letters on my inmost heart; your blamelessness of morals writes to me, and your love of the good; your genius also, by no means a common one, writes to me, and commends you to me more and more. . . . Know that it is impossible for me not to love men like you." There is added some talk about Milton's doings. He is thinking, he says, of taking chambers in London, in one of the Inns of Court, having begun to find Horton inconvenient. He has been engaged in a continuous course of historical reading, and has reached the mediæval period. Could Diodati lend him the History of Venice by Justiniani? And what is Diodati doing? Is he crowing over his medical dignity? Is he troubling himself too much with family matters? Unless this step-motherly war is very bad indeed, worse than Dacian or Sarmatian, may not one hope to see him soon in winter quarters? (*Nisi bellum hoc novercale vel Dacico vel Sarmatico infestius sit, debetis profecto maturare, ut ad nos saltem in hiberna concedas.*) I can only construe this passage as implying that Diodati had recently received a step-mother, and was not much pleased with the acquisition.

Seven months after Milton had written these letters to Diodati, he went abroad on his Italian journey (April 1638). It is very possible that he and Diodati may have met in the interval, and talked over the intended tour. Diodati, as half an Italian, and acquainted with the Italian traditions and connexions of his family, may have had hints to give to Milton for his use abroad, or even letters of introduction. At all events, we find Milton, while abroad, thinking much of Diodati. He mentions expressly in his *Defensio Secunda*, that, in the second two months he spent at Florence (March and April 1639), he found time for an excursion of "a few days" to Lucca, about forty miles distant; and I suspect that his main motive in the excursion was to see the town whence the Diodati family had derived their origin. Then, again, in one of the Five Italian Love Sonnets, written, as is generally believed, in the north of Italy, towards the end of Milton's Italian tour, we find Diodati directly addressed, and, as it were, taken, though absent, into his friend's confidence in the sudden love-incident that had befallen him (see Introd. to the

Italian Sonnets). I feel sure that Milton talked of Diodati, his half-Italian friend at home, to the various groups of Italian wits and literati in the midst of whom he found himself in the different Italian cities he visited, and especially to his acquaintances of the Florentine group, Gaddi, Dati, Frescobaldi, Coltellini, Chimentelli, Francini, and others. It is not a matter of fancy, but of actual information by Milton himself, that, as he parted from these groups of new friends, and took his way at length back from Italy homewards, through Switzerland and France, it was with a kind of impatience to meet Diodati again, after so long an absence, so as to pour into his ear, in long sittings within-doors, or in walks together through English fields and country lanes, the connected story of all he had done and seen in the wondrous southern land of olives and myrtles, blue skies and soft winds, art and antiquities, poetry and beauty.

All the more terrible was the shock that awaited Milton. His friend Diodati was no longer alive. He had died very soon after Milton had left England, or in the summer of 1638, though no news of the fact had reached Milton till the Italian part of his tour was completed, or all but completed, and he was on his way back. The news did reach him while he was still on the Continent, and most probably at Geneva, in June 1639; for he tells us that, while there, on his return, he was much in the company of the celebrated theologian, Jean Diodati, the uncle of Charles Diodati (see *Introd. to Elegia Prima*), and it is natural to suppose that the uncle had heard of his nephew's death. Not till Milton was in England, however, did he fully ascertain the particulars. Of these he might be informed by Diodati's father, old Dr. Theodore, at his house in Little St. Bartholomew's, London, or by the surviving brother, young Dr. Theodore. Whatever they were, they impressed Milton greatly. For some time he seems to have gone about, between London and Horton, thinking of little else than Charles Diodati's death. His return to England, his reminiscences of Italy and all the delights of his tour, were saddened and spoiled to him by this one irremediable loss. At length his musings over it take poetic form, and some time in the late autumn of 1639, or in the winter of 1639-40, he writes his *Epitaphium Damonis*.

The poem is, beyond all question, the finest, the deepest in feeling, of all that Milton has left us in Latin, and one of the most interesting of all his poems, whether Latin or Eng-

lish. It is purely the accident of its being in Latin that has prevented it from being as well known as *Lycidas*, and that has transferred to the subject of that English pastoral, Edward King of Christ's College, Cambridge, the honour of being remembered and spoken of as the preeminent friend of Milton's youth and early manhood. Not *Lycidas* but *Damon*, not the Irish-born Edward King, but the half-Italian Charles Diodati, was Milton's dearest, most intimate, most peculiar friend. The records prove this irresistibly, and a careful perusal of the two poems will add to the impression. Whoever will read the Latin *Epitaphium Damonis* will perceive in it a passionateness of personal grief, an evidence of bursts of tears and sobbings interrupting the act of writing, to which there is nothing equivalent in the English *Lycidas*, affectionate and exquisitely beautiful as that poem is. Yet the two poems are, in a sense, companions, and ought to be recollected in connexion. Both are pastorals; in both the form is that of a surviving shepherd bewailing the death of a dear fellow-shepherd. In the one case the dead shepherd is named *Lycidas*, while the surviving shepherd who mourns him is left unnamed, and only seen at the end as the "uncouth swain" who has been singing; in the other the dead shepherd is named *Damon*, and Milton, under the name of *Thyrsis*, is avowedly the shepherd who laments him. The reader may here refer to what has been said, in the Introduction to *Lycidas*, concerning the Pastoral form of Poetry and the objections that have been taken to it. What was said there in defence of the Pastoral form applies especially to the *Epitaphium Damonis*; for it is a pastoral of the most artificial variety. It is in Latin; and this, in itself, removes it into the realm of the artificial. But, in the Latin, the precedents of the Greek pastoralists, Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, as well as of the Latin Virgil, have been studied, and every device of classic pastoralism has been imitated. There are the sheep, the kids, the reeden flutes, the pastures, the shepherds and shepherdesses wondering at the mourner and coming round him to comfort him. The measure used is the Virgilian Hexameter, and the poem is broken into musical parts or bursts by a recurring phrase as in some of the Greek Idylls; the names used for the shepherds and shepherdesses are from the Greek Idyllists or from Virgil; the very title of the poem is an echo of that of the third Idyll of Moschus, *Epitaphium Bionis*. All the more strange, to those whose notion of the Pastoral has not gone

beyond Dr. Johnson's in his criticism of *Lycidas*, may seem the assertion that in this Latin pastoral, the *Epitaphium Damonis*, the pastoralism of which is more subtle and artificial in every point than that of the corresponding English poem, Milton will be found, undeniably, and with an earnestness which breaks through the assumed guise and thrills the nerves of the reader, speaking his own heart. For my own part, I risk the assertion and will leave the verification to the reader. To the reader also I will leave the pleasure of finding out what is interesting in this extraordinary poem. Only let him rest a little, for special reasons, over the memorable passage beginning "*Ipse etiam*" (line 155) and extending to "*Orcades undis*" (line 178). That passage is an important shred of Milton's autobiography. It tells, more minutely, and in a more emphatic manner, what he had already hinted in his Latin poem to Manso, viz.: that at this period of his life his thoughts were full of the project of an Epic poem founded on British legendary History, and especially on the subject of King Arthur. Combined with this glimpse of what was shaping itself in Milton's mind at that time (1639-40) is the farther information that he had then also resolved to give up Latin for the purposes of Poetry, and to confine himself to English.

AD JOANNEM ROUSIUM,

OXONIENSIS ACADEMIÆ BIBLIOTHECARIUM.

JANUARY 23, 1646-7.

John Rous, M.A. and Fellow of Oriel College, was elected Chief Librarian of the Bodleian May 9, 1620, and he remained in that post till his death in April 1652. Milton may have become acquainted with him in some visit to Oxford during the Cambridge period of his life, or, at all events, in 1635, when, as a Cambridge M.A. of three years' standing, he was incorporated, in the same degree, at Oxford. It is almost certain that "our common friend Mr. R." mentioned by Sir Henry Wotton in his letter to Milton of April 13, 1638, as having sent to Wotton a copy of Lawes's anonymous edition of *Comus* of the previous year, bound up with a volume of inferior poetry printed at Oxford, was this John Rous, the Oxford Librarian. In any case, Milton had come

to know Rous. Who in those days could avoid doing so that had dealings with books, and was drawn to the sight of such a collection of books as that in the great Bodleian? It may have been a recommendation of Rous in Milton's eyes that, Oxonian though he was, his sympathies were decidedly Parliamentary. Possibly he was a relative of Francis Rous, the Puritan member of the Long Parliament for Truro.

Milton, at Rous's request, had sent him, for the Bodleian, in 1646, a set of his published writings complete to that date: to wit, his eleven Prose-pamphlets of 1641-4 (the five on the Episcopacy question, the four on Divorce, the *Areopagitica*, and the tract on Education); and, separately bound, the edition of his Poems in English and Latin published by Moseley in the end of 1645. Of these, however, only the Prose-pamphlets had reached their destination; the Poems had been lost or stolen on their way to Oxford, or had otherwise gone astray. Rous, accordingly, both in his own behalf and in the interest of the Library, begs for another copy, to make the set of Milton's writings complete, as had been intended. Milton complies with the request, and sends a second copy of the Poems. But, amused by the incident of the loss of the first, he composes a Latin Ode on the subject; and a transcript of this Ode, carefully written out on a sheet of paper by himself, or some one else, in an Italian hand, he causes to be inserted in the second copy, between the English and the Latin contents of the volume. Accordingly, there are now in the Bodleian *two* volumes of Milton's writings, his own gift to the Library. One is the volume of the eleven collected Prose-pamphlets, with an inscription in Milton's undoubted autograph; the other is the supplementary volume of his Poems, sent to Rous, "*ut cum aliis nostris reponeret*" ("that he might replace it beside our other things"), and containing the Ode to Rous in an inserted sheet of MS., generally supposed to be also Milton's autograph, in an unusual form of laboured elegance, but probably, I think, a transcript by some calligraphist whom he employed.

The Ode is a curious one, in respect of both its form and its matter.—The *form*, as Milton takes care to explain in a note (appended in his edition, though now more conveniently prefixed), is peculiarly arbitrary. It is a kind of experiment in Latin, after few classical precedents in that language, of the mixed verse, or verse of various metres, common in the Greek choral odes. Even within that range Milton has taken

liberties at the bidding of his own ear, paying regard, as he says, rather to facility of reading than to ancient rule. Altogether, the experiment was very daring.—The *matter* of the ode is simple enough. It is addressed not directly to Rous, but to the little volume itself. The double contents of the volume, Latin and English, are spoken of in modest terms; the loss of the first copy, mysteriously abstracted from the bundle of its brothers, when they were on their way from London to Oxford, is playfully mentioned, with wonder what had become of it and into what rough hands it may have fallen; Rous's friendly interest, both in having repeatedly applied at first for the whole set of writings and in having applied again for the missing volume, is acknowledged; and there are the due applauses of Oxford and her great Library. In this last connexion there is an amplification of what had been hinted in the inscription in the volume of the *Prose-pamphlets*. The time would come, he had there hoped, when even his *Prose-pamphlets*, now procuring him nothing but ill-will and calumny, might be better appreciated. This hope he now repeats more strongly with reference to his *Poems*. The following is Cowper's translation of the *Epode* or closing strain:—

“Ye, then, my works, no longer vain
 And worthless deemed by me,
 Whate'er this sterile genius has produced,
 Expect at last, the rage of envy spent,
 An unmolested, happy home,
 Gift of kind *Hermes*, and my watchful friend,
 Where never flippant tongue profane
 Shall entrance find,
 And whence the coarse unlettered multitude
 Shall babble far remote.
 Perhaps some future distant age,
 Less tinged with prejudice, and better taught,
 Shall furnish minds of power
 To judge more equally.
 Then, malice silenced in the tomb,
 Cooler heads and sounder hearts,
 Thanks to Rous, if aught of praise
 I merit, shall with candour weigh the claim.”

EPIGRAMS ON SALMASIUS.

Salmasius is a great name in the Biography of Milton. The person called by it, according to the custom, then com-

mon in the scholarly world of Europe, of Latinizing the names of its important members, was Claude de Saumaise, a Frenchman, born in 1588, and therefore Milton's senior by about twenty years. From his earliest youth he had been a prodigious reader; and by a series of publications, partly in France and partly in Germany, some against the Papal power, but others more purely historical and antiquarian, he had acquired the fame of being perhaps the most learned European scholar of his generation. Princes and States contended for the honour of possessing and pensioning him; but, after various travels, he had taken up his residence chiefly at Leyden, in Holland. Thus brought into contact with Charles II. and the English Royalist exiles after the execution of Charles I., he had been employed or induced, in an evil hour for himself, to write a defence of the late King and an attack on the English Commonwealth. It appeared in Holland in 1649, under the title of *Defensio Regia pro Carolo I.* A book of the kind by a man of his fame was felt in England to be a serious matter; and Milton, then Latin Secretary to the Council of State, was requested to answer it. He did so in his famous *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano contra Claudii Salmasii Defensionem Regiam*, published in the end of 1650, or beginning of 1651. Soon all Europe rang from side to side with the power of this pamphlet; and the legend is that Salmasius, who had recently gone to reside at the Court of Sweden on the pressing invitation of the eccentric Queen Christina, was so chagrined at the applause with which the pamphlet was everywhere received, and especially by Christina's consequent coldness to himself, that he soon afterwards died. He did quit Sweden, and return to Holland, where he died Sept. 3, 1653, leaving an unfinished reply to Milton, and the task of continuing the controversy to other persons. Among these was the Gallo-Scot, Alexander More or Morus, already mentioned in the introduction to the brief epigram *De Moro* among the Latin Elegies. Milton's *Defensio Secunda pro Populo Anglicano*, published in 1654, was in reply to a treatise of the same year, which More was supposed to have written, but which he had only seen through the press, entitled *Regii Sanguinis Clamor adversus Parricidas Anglicanos*. In this "Second Defence," though More was the person directly attacked, Milton went back upon his dead opponent Salmasius. Hence, while the first of the two Epigrams against Salmasius now under notice is from the

original pamphlet against the living Salmasius (called now, generally, the *Defensio Prima*), the second is from the *Defensio Secunda*, in which More receives the direct attack and Salmasius is only recollected for posthumous chastisement.

IN SALMASII HUNDREDAM.—This Epigram occurs in the 8th chapter of the *Defensio Prima*, and is a rough jest against Salmasius for his parade of his knowledge of a few English law-terms, or terms of public custom, such as "County Court," and "Hundred" or "Hundreda," in the sense of a division of a shire or an aggregation of parishes. "Where did Salmasius, that magpie, get his scraps of bad English, and especially his *Hundreda*?" asks the Epigram. "Why, 'he got a hundred Jacobuses, the last in the pouch of the 'poor exiled King, for writing his pamphlet! The prospect of more cash would make him write up the very Pope, and 'sing the Song of the Cardinals, though he once demonstrated the Papacy to be Antichrist." Such is the substance of the Epigram; a poor thing after all, and a mere momentary parody of the last seven lines of the Prologue to the Satires of Persius.

IN SALMASIUM.—This is from the *Defensio Secunda*, where it is introduced in a passage in reply to an immense eulogy on Salmasius occurring in the *Sanguinis Clamor*. The writer of that book, assumed by Milton to be Alexander More, had anticipated the tremendous castigation that would be given to Milton in the forthcoming "impression" of the answer to the *Defensio Prima* that had been written by the divine Salmasius himself, that prodigy of erudition and of genius. Milton professes to be very easy under the expectation of this posthumous reply, which he knew Salmasius had been busy with at the time of his death. People know that he has his own opinion of the genius and erudition of the famous deceased! "You, therefore, it seems," he says, addressing More, "are like the little client-fish in advance of Whale Salmasius, who is threatening 'impressions' on these shores: we are sharpening our irons so as to be ready to 'squeeze out whatever may be in the 'impressions' and 'castigations,' whether of oil or pickle. Meanwhile we shall admire the more than Pythagorean goodness of the great man, who, in his pity for the animals, and especially for the fishes, which are not spared even in Lent, poor things, has provided so many volumes for decently wrapping them up in, and has bequeathed by will, I may say, to so

“many thousands of poor sprats and herrings paper coats in-
“dividually.” After this ponderous piece of Latin prose-fun
comes the Epigram. It simply prolongs the joke, in verse
which is a cross between Catullus and Martial, by calling on
all the herrings and other fishes to rejoice in their prospect of
abundant paper wrappages from the books of Salmasius.

POEMS :
ENGLISH AND LATIN,
WITH A FEW IN ITALIAN AND GREEK.
COMPOSED AT SEVERAL TIMES.

POEMS, ENGLISH AND LATIN, ETC.

The title-pages of the two original Editions, of 1645 and 1673, have been given in the General Introduction (p. 139 and p. 141). The Second Edition had no Preface; but the First had the following, by the publisher, Humphrey Moseley:—

“THE STATIONER TO THE READER.

“It is not any private respect of gain, Gentle Reader (for the slightest Pamphlet is nowadays more vendible than the works of learnedest men), but it is the love I have to our own Language, that hath made me diligent to collect and set forth such Pieces, both in Prose and Verse, as may renew the wonted honour and esteem of our English tongue; and it’s the worth of these both English and Latin Poems, not the flourish of any prefixed encomions, that can invite thee to buy them—though these are not without the highest commendations and applause of the learnedest Academicks, both domestic and foreign, and, amongst those of our own country, the unparalleled attestation of that renowned Provost of Eton, SIR HENRY WOOTTON. I know not thy palate, how it relishes such dainties, nor how harmonious thy soul is: perhaps more trivial Airs may please thee better. But, howsoever thy opinion is spent upon these, that encouragement I have already received from the most ingenious men, in their clear and courteous entertainment of MR. WALLER’s late choice Pieces, hath once more made me adventure into the world, presenting it with these ever-green and not to be blasted laurels. The Author’s more peculiar excellency in these studies was too well known to conceal his Papers, or to keep me from attempting to solicit them from him. Let the event guide itself which way it will, I shall deserve of the age by bringing into the light as true a birth as the Muses have brought forth since our famous SPENSER wrote; whose Poems in these English ones are as rarely imitated as sweetly excelled. Reader, if thou art eagle-eyed to censure their worth, I am not fearful to expose them to thy exactest perusal.

“Thine to command,

“HUMPH. MOSELEY.”

PART I.

THE ENGLISH POEMS.

ENGLISH POEMS.

A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV.

This and the following Psalm were done by the Author at fifteen years old.

WHEN the blest seed of Terah's faithful son
After long toil their liberty had won,
And passed from Pharian fields to Canaan-land,
Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,
Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,
His praise and glory was in Israel known.
That saw the troubled sea, and shivering fled,
And sought to hide his froth-becurlèd head
Low in the earth ; Jordan's clear streams recoil,
As a faint host that hath received the foil. 10
The high huge-bellied mountains skip like rams
Amongst their ewes, the little hills like lambs.
Why fled the ocean ? and why skipped the mountains ?
Why turned Jordan toward his crystal fountains ?
Shake, Earth, and at the presence be aghast
Of Him that ever was and aye shall last,
That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,
And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

PSALM CXXXVI.

LET us with a gladsome mind
 Praise the Lord for he is kind ;
 For his mercies aye endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze his name abroad,
 For of gods he is the God ;
 For his, &c.

O let us his praises tell,
 Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell ; 10
 For his, &c.

Who with his miracles doth make
 Amazed heaven and earth to shake ;
 For his, &c.

Who by his wisdom did create
 The painted heavens so full of state ; 19
 For his, &c.

Who did the solid earth ordain
 To rise above the watery plain ;
 For his, &c.

Who, by his all-commanding might,
 Did fill the new-made world with light ;
 For his, &c.

And caused the golden-tressèd sun
 All the day long his course to run ; 30
 For his, &c.

The hornèd moon to shine by night
 Amongst her spangled sisters bright ;
 For his, &c.

Psalm CXXXVI. Paraphrased. 257

He, with his thunder-clasping hand,
Smote the first-born of Egypt land ;
For his, &c. 39

And, in despite of Pharaoh fell,
He brought from thence his Israel ;
For his, &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain
Of the Erythræan main ;
For his, &c.

The floods stood still, like walls of glass,
While the Hebrew bands did pass ; 50
For his, &c.

But full soon they did devour
The tawny king with all his power ;
For his, &c.

His chosen people he did bless
In the wasteful wilderness ;
For his, &c. 59

In bloody battle he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown ;
For his, &c.

He foiled bold Seon and his host,
That ruled the Amorrean coast ;
For his, &c.

And large-limbed Og he did subdue,
With all his over-hardy crew ; 70
For his, &c.

And to his servant Israel
He gave their land, therein to dwell ;
For his, &c.

He hath, with a piteous eye,
Beheld us in our misery ;
For his, &c.

79

And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy ;
For his, &c.

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need ;
For his, &c.

Let us, therefore, warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth ;
For his, &c.

90

That his mansion hath on high,
Above the reach of mortal eye ;
For his mercies aye endure.
Ever faithful, ever sure.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT DYING OF A COUGH.

Anno ætatis 17.

I.

O FAIREST flower, no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,
Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst outlasted
Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry ;
For he, being amorous on that lovely dye
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,
But killed, alas ! and then bewailed his fatal bliss.

II.

For, since grim Aquilo, his charioteer,
By boisterous rape the Athenian damsel got,
He thought it touched his deity full near, 10
If likewise he some fair one wedded not,
Thereby to wipe away the infamous blot
Of long uncoupled bed and childless eld,
Which 'mongst the wanton gods a foul reproach was
held.

III.

So, mounting up in icy-pearlèd car,
Through middle empire of the freezing air
He wandered long, till thee he spied from far ;
There ended was his quest, there ceased his care :
Down he descended from his snow-soft chair,
But, all unwares. with his cold-kind embrace, 20
Unhoused thy virgin soul from her fair bidding-place.

IV.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate ;
For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,
Whilom did slay his dearly-lovèd mate,
Young Hyacinth, born on 'Eurotas' strand,
Young Hyacinth, the pride of Spartan land ;
But then transformed him to a purple flower :
Alack, that so to change thee Winter had no power !

V.

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,
Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb, 30
Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,
Hid from the world in a low-delvèd tomb ;
Could Heaven, for pity, thee so strictly doom ?
Oh no ! for something in thy face did shine
Above mortality, that showed thou wast divine.

VI.

Resolve me, then, O Soul most surely blest
(If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear) !
Tell me, bright Spirit, where'er thou hoverest,
Whether above that high first-moving sphere,
Or in the Elysian fields (if such there were), 40
Oh, say me true if thou wert mortal wight,
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight.

VII.

Wert thou some star, which from the ruined roof
Of shaken Olympus by mischance didst fall ;
Which careful Jove in nature's true behoof
Took up, and in fit place did reinstall ?
Or did of late Earth's sons besiege the wall
Of sheeny Heaven, and thou some goddess fled
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectared head ?

VIII.

Or wert thou that just Maid who once before 50
Forsook the hated earth, oh ! tell me sooth,
And camest again to visit us once more ?
Or wert thou [Mercy], that sweet smiling Youth ?
Or that crowned Matron, sage white-robed Truth ?
Or any other of that heavenly brood
Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some good ?

IX.

Or wert thou of the golden-wingèd host,
Who, having clad thyself in human weed,
To earth from thy prefixed seat didst post,
And after short abode fly back with speed, 60
As if to show what creatures Heaven doth breed ;
Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire
To scorn the sordid world, and unto Heaven aspire ?

X.

But oh ! why didst thou not stay here below
To bless us with thy heaven-loved innocence,
To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,
To turn swift-rushing black perdition hence,
Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,
To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart ?
But thou canst best perform that office where thou art.

XI.

Then thou, the mother of so sweet a child,
Her false-imagined loss cease to lament,
And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild ;
Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
And render him with patience what he lent :
This if thou do, he will an offspring give
That till the world's last end shall make thy name to live.

AT A VACATION EXERCISE IN THE
COLLEGE, PART LATIN, PART ENGLISH.

Anno ætatis 19

The Latin Speeches ended, the English thus began:—

HAIL, Native Language, that by sinews weak
Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,
And mad'st imperfect words with childish trips,
Half unpronounced, slide through my infant lips,
Driving dumb Silence from the portal door,
Where he had mutely sat two years before :
Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask
That now I use thee in my latter task !
Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee ;
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee.

Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first ;
Believe me, I have thither packed the worst :
And, if it happen as I did forecast,
The daintiest dishes shall be served up last.
I pray thee then deny me not thy aid,
For this same small neglect that I have made ;
But haste thee straight to do me once a pleasure,
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure ;
Not those new-fangled toys, and trimming slight
Which takes our late fantastics with delight ; 20
But cull those richest robes and gayest attire,
Which deepest spirits and choicest wits desire.
I have some naked thoughts that rove about,
And loudly knock to have their passage out,
And, weary of their place, do only stay
Till thou hast decked them in thy best array ;
That so they may, without suspect or fears,
Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears.
Yet I had rather, if I were to choose, 30
Thy service in some graver subject use,
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound :
Such where the deep transported mind may soar
Above the wheeling poles, and at Heaven's door
Look in, and see each blissful deity
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings
To the touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings
Immortal nectar to her kingly sire ;
Then, passing through the spheres of watchful fire, 40
And misty regions of wide air next under,
And hills of snow and lofts of piled thunder,
May tell at length how green-eyed Neptune raves,
In heaven's defiance mustering all his waves ;
Then sing of secret things that came to pass
When beldam Nature in her cradle was ;
And last of kings and queens and heroes old,
Such as the wise Demodocus once told
In solemn songs at king Alcinous' feast,

While sad Ulysses' soul and all the rest 50
 Are held, with his melodious harmony,
 In willing chains and sweet captivity.
 But fie, my wandering Muse, how thou dost stray !
 Expectance calls thee now another way.
 Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent
 To keep in compass of thy Predicament.
 Then quick about thy purposed business come,
 That to the next I may resign my room.

*Then ENS is represented as Father of the Predicaments;
 his ten Sons; whereof the eldest stood for SUBSTANCE
 with his Canons; which ENS, thus speaking, ex-
 plains :--*

Good luck befriend thee, Son ; for at thy birth
 The faery ladies danced upon the hearth. 60
 The drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spy
 Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,
 And, sweetly singing round about thy bed,
 Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping head.
 She heard them give thee this, that thou shouldst still
 From eyes of mortals walk invisible.
 Yet there is something that doth force my fear ;
 For once it was my dismal hap to hear
 A sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,
 That far events full wisely could presage, 70
 And, in Time's long and dark prospective glass,
 Foresaw what future days should bring to pass.
 "Your son," said she, "(nor can you it prevent)
 Shall subject be to many an *Accident*.
 O'er all his brethren he shall reign as king ;
 Yet every one shall make him underling,
 And those that cannot live from him asunder
 Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under.
 In worth and excellence he shall outgo them ;
 Yet, being above them, he shall be below them. 80
 From others he shall stand in need of nothing,
 Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing.
 To find a foe it shall not be his hap,

And peace shall lull him in her flowery lap ;
 Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door
 Devouring war shall never cease to roar ;
 Yea, it shall be his natural property
 To harbour those that are at enmity."
 What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not
 Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot ? 90

*The next, QUANTITY and QUALITY, spake in prose :
 then RELATION was called by his name.*

Rivers, arise : whether thou be the son
 Of utmost Tweed, or Ouse, or gulfy Dun,
 Or Trent, who, like some earth-born giant, spreads
 His thirty arms along the indented meads,
 Or sullen Mole, that runneth underneath,
 Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death,
 Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lea,
 Or coaly Tyne, or ancient hallowed Dee,
 Or Humber loud, that keeps the Scythian's name,
 Or Medway smooth, or royal-towered Thame. 100

The rest was prose.

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

Composed 1629.

I.

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
 Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
 Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
 Our great redemption from above did bring ;
 For so the holy sages once did sing,
 That he our deadly forfeit should release,
 And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith he wont at Heaven's high council-table 10
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside, and, here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

III.

Say, Heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the heaven, by the Sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light, 20
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons
bright?

IV.

See how from far upon the eastern road
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet!
Oh! run: prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the Angel Quire,
From out his secret altar touched with hallowed fire.

THE HYMN.

I.

It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature, in awe to him,
Had doffed her gaudy trim,

With her great Master so to sympathize :
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the Sun, her lusty paramour.

II.

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame, 40
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw ;
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

III.

But he, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace :
She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing ; 50
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

IV.

No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around ;
The idle spear and shield were high uphung ;
The hookèd chariot stood,
Unstained with hostile blood ;
The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng ;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by. 60

V.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.

The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the mild Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed
wave.

VI.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze, 70
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warned them thence ;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespoke, and bid them go.

VII.

And, though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The Sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame, 80
As his inferior flame
The new-enlightened world no more should need :
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright throne or burning axletree could
bear.

VIII.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;
Full little thought they than
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below : 90
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

IX.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet
As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took :
The air, such pleasure loth to lose, 99
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly
close.

X.

Nature, that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat the Airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling :
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heaven and Earth in happier union.

XI.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light, 110
That with long beams the shamefaced Night arrayed ;
The helmèd cherubim
And sworded seraphim
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born Heir.

XII.

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the Sons of Morning sung,

While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced World on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres !
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so ;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time ;
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow ; 130
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

XIV.

For, if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back and fetch the Age of Gold ;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die.
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould ;
And Hell itself will pass away, 139
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

XV.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orbed in a rainbow ; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering :
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace-hall.

XVI.

But wisest Fate says No,
This must not yet be so ; 150
The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss,
So both himself and us to glorify :
Yet first, to those ychained in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the
deep,

XVII.

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbrake :
The aged Earth, aghast 160
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake,
When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judg in middle air shall spread his throne.

XVIII.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins ; for from this happy day
The Old Dragon under ground,
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurpèd sway, 170
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

XIX.

The Oracles are dumb ;
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the archèd roof in words deceiving.

Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathèd spell, 179
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

XX.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;
From haunted spring, and dale
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent ;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets
mourn.

XXI.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth, 190
The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint ;
In urns, and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the flamens at their service quaint ;
And the chill marble seems to sweat.
While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted seat.

XXII.

Peor and Baälim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-battered god of Palestine ;
And moonèd Ashtaroth, 200
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine :
The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn ;
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz
mourn.

XXIII.

And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue ;
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue ; 216
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

XXIV.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest ;
Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud ;
In vain, with timbreled anthems dark,
The sable-stolèd sorcerers bear his worshiped ark. 220

XXV.

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded Infant's hand ;
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn ;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine :
Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands control the damnèd crew.

XXVI.

So, when the sun in bed,
Curtained with cloudy red, 230
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,

Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave,
And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved
maze.

XXVII.

But see ! the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest.
Time is our tedious song should here have ending :
Heaven's youngest-teemèd star 240
Hath fixed her polished car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending ;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnessed Angels sit in order serviceable.

UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

YE flaming Powers, and wingèd Warriors bright,
That erst with music, and triumphant song,
First heard by happy watchful shepherds' ear,
So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along,
Through the soft silence of the listening night,
Now mourn ; and, if sad share with us to bear
Your fiery essence can distil no tear,
Burn in your sighs, and borrow
Seas wept from our deep sorrow.
He who with all Heaven's heraldry whilere
Entered the world now bleeds to give us ease.

10

Alas ! Now soon our sin
Sore doth begin
His infancy to seize !

O more exceeding love, or law more just ?
Just law, indeed, but more exceeding love !
For we, by rightful doom remediless,
Were lost in death, till he, that dwelt above
High-throned in secret bliss, for us frail dust

Emptied his glory, even to nakedness ; 20
 And that great covenant which we still transgress
 Entirely satisfied,
 And the full wrath beside
 Of vengeful justice bore for our excess,
 And seals obedience first with wounding smart
 This day; but oh ! ere long,
 Huge pangs and strong
 Will pierce more near his heart.

THE PASSION.

I.

EREWHILE of music, and ethereal mirth,
 Wherewith the stage of Air and Earth did ring,
 And joyous news of heavenly Infant's birth,
 My muse with Angels did divide to sing ;
 But headlong joy is ever on the wing,
 In wintry solstice like the shortened light
 Soon swallowed up in dark and long outliving night.

II.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
 And set my harp to notes of saddest woe,
 Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long, 10
 Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than so,
 Which he for us did freely undergo :
 Most perfect Hero, tried in heaviest plight
 Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight!

III.

He, sovran Priest, stooping his regal head,
 That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
 Poor fleshly tabernacle enterèd,
 His starry front low-roofed beneath the skies :
 Oh, what a mask was there, what a disguise!

Yet more : the stroke of death he must abide ; 20
Then lies him meekly down fast by his brethren's side.

IV.

These latest scenes confine my roving verse ;
To this horizon is my Phœbus bound.
His godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,
And former sufferings, elsewhere are found ;
Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump doth sound :
 Me softer airs befit, and softer strings
Of lute, or viol still, more apt for mournful things.

V.

Befriend me, Night, best patroness of grief !
Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw, 30
And work my flattered fancy to belief
That heaven and earth are coloured with my woe ;
My sorrows are too dark for day to know :
 The leaves should all be black whereon I write,
And letters, where my tears have washed, a wannish
 white.

VI.

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels,
That whirled the prophet up at Chebar flood ;
My spirit some transporting cherub feels
To bear me where the towers of Salem stood,
Once glorious towers, now sunk in guiltless blood. 40
 There doth my soul in holy vision sit,
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

VII.

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock
That was the casket of Heaven's richest store,
And here, though grief my feeble hands up-lock,
Yet on the softened quarry would I score
My plaining verse as lively as before ;

For sure so well instructed are my tears
That they would fitly fall in ordered characters.

VIII.

Or, should I thence, hurried on viewless wing, 50
Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild ;
And I (for grief is easily beguiled)

Might think the infection of my sorrows loud
Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud.

This Subject the Author finding to be above the years he had when he wrote it, and nothing satisfied with what was begun, left it unfinished.

ON TIME.

FLY, envious Time, till thou run out thy race :
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping Hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace ;
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is false and vain,
And merely mortal dross ;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain !
For, when as each thing bad thou hast entombed,
And, last of all, thy greedy self consumed, 10
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss,
And Joy shall overtake us as a flood ;
When every thing that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine,
With Truth, and Peace, and Love, shall ever shine
About the supreme throne
Of Him, to whose happy-making sight alone
When once our heavenly-guided soul shall climb,
Then, all this earthy grossness quit, 20
Attired with stars we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee. O
Time !

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
Wed your divine sounds, and mixed power employ,
Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce ;
And to our high-raised phantasy present
That undisturbèd song of pure concent,
Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne
To Him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout and solemn jubilee ;
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row 10
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,
And the Cherubic host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly :
That we on Earth, with undiscording voice,
May rightly answer that melodious noise ;
As once we did, till disproportioned sin
Jarred against nature's chime, and with harsh din 20
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion swayed
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
O, may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long
To his celestial consort us unite,
To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light.

SONG ON MAY MORNING.

NOW the bright morning-star, Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

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Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire !
Woods and groves are of thy dressing ;
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long. 10

ON SHAKESPEARE. 1630.

WHAT needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones
The labour of an age in pilèd stones ?
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid ?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name ?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a livelong monument.
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart 10
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make *us* marble with too much conceiving,
And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER,

*Who sickened in the time of his Vacancy, being forbid to go to London
by reason of the Plague.*

HERE lies old Hobson. Death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas ! hath laid him in the dirt ;
Or else, the ways being foul, twenty to one
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
Twas such a shifter that, if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down ;

For he had any time this ten years full
Dodged with him betwixt Cambridge and *The Bull*.
And surely Death could never have prevailed,
Had not his weekly course of carriage failed; 10
But lately, finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
In the kind office of a chamberlin
Showed him his room where he must lodge that night
Pulled off his boots, and took away the light.
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
Hobson has supped, and's newly gone to bed."

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

HERE lieth one who did most truly prove
That he could never die while he could move;
So hung his destiny, never to rot
While he might still jog on and keep his trot;
Made of sphere-metal, never to decay
Until his revolution was at stay.
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
Gainst old truth) motion numbered out his time;
And, like an engine moved with wheel and weight,
His principles being ceased, he ended straight. 10
Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath;
Nor were it contradiction to affirm
Too long vacation hastened on his term.
Merely to drive the time away he sickened,
Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quickened.
"Nay," quoth he, on his swooning bed outstretched,
"If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetched,
But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,
For one carrier put down to make six bearers." 20
Ease was his chief disease; and, to judge right,
He died for heaviness that his cart went light

His leisure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load made his life burdensome,
That even to his last breath (there be that say't),
As he were pressed to death, he cried, "More weight!"
But, had his doings lasted as they were,
He had been an immortal carrier.
Obedient to the moon he spent his date
In course reciprocal, and had his fate
Linked to the mutual flowing of the seas ;
Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase.
His letters are delivered all and gone ;
Only remains this superscription.

AN EPITAPH ON THE MARCHIONESS OF
WINCHESTER.

THIS rich marble doth inter
The honoured wife of Winchester,
A Viscount's daughter, an Earl's heir,
Besides what her virtues fair
Added to her noble birth,
More than she could own from Earth.
Summers three times eight save one
She had told ; alas ! too soon,
After so short time of breath,
To house with darkness and with death ! 10
Yet, had the number of her days
Been as complete as was her praise,
Nature and Fate had had no strife
In giving limit to her life.
Her high birth and her graces sweet
Quickly found a lover meet ;
The virgin quire for her request
The god that sits at marriage-feast ;
He at their invoking came,
But with a scarce well-lighted flame ; 20
And in his garland, as he stood,
Ye might discern a cypress-bud.

Once had the early matrons run
To greet her of a lovely son,
And now with second hope she goes,
And calls Lucina to her throes ;
But, whether by mischance or blame,
Atropos for Lucina came,
And with remorseless cruelty
Spoiled at once both fruit and tree. 30
The hapless babe before his birth
Had burial, not yet laid in earth ;
And the languished mother's womb
Was not long a living tomb.
So have I seen some tender slip,
Saved with care from winter's nip,
The pride of her carnation train,
Plucked up by some unheedy swain,
Who only thought to crop the flower
New shot up from vernal shower ; 40
But the fair blossom hangs the head
Sideways, as on a dying bed,
And those pearls of dew she wears
Prove to be presaging tears
Which the sad morn had let fall
On her hastening funeral.
Gentle Lady, may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have !
After this thy travail sore,
Sweet rest seize thee evermore, 50
That, to give the world increase,
Shortened hast thy own life's lease !
Here, besides the sorrowing
That thy noble house doth bring,
Here be tears of perfect moan
Weept for thee in Helicon ;
And some flowers and some bays
For thy hearse, to strew the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of Came,
Devoted to thy virtuous name ; 60
Whilst thou, bright Saint, high sitt'st in glory,

Next her, much like to thee in story,
 That fair Syrian shepherdess,
 Who, after years of barrenness,
 The highly-favoured Joseph bore
 To him that served for her before,
 And at her next birth, much like thee,
 Through pangs fled to felicity,
 Far within the bosom bright
 Of blazing Majesty and Light :
 There with thee, new-welcome Saint,
 Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,
 With thee there clad in radiant sheen,
 No Marchioness, but now a Queen.

70

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
 Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born
 In Stygian cave forlorn
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy
 Find out some uncouth cell,
 Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
 And the night-raven sings ;
 There, under ebon shades and low-browed rocks,
 As ragged as thy locks,
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
 But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
 In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,
 And by men heart-easing Mirth ;
 Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
 With two sister Graces more,
 To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore :
 Or whether (as some sager sing)
 The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
 Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
 As he met her once a-Maying,
 There, on beds of violets blue,
 And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,

10

20

Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks and wreathèd Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek ; 30
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe ;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty ;
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unproved pleasures free ; 40
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine ;
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin ; 50
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before :
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill :
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great Sun begins his state, 60
Robed in flames and amber light,

The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;
 While the ploughman, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
 Whilst the landskip round it measures : 70
 Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;
 Mountains on whose barren breast
 The labouring clouds do often rest ;
 Meadows trim, with daisies pied ;
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide ;
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosomed high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The cynosure of neighbouring eyes. 80
 Hard by a cottage chimney smokes
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met
 Are at their savoury dinner set
 Of herbs and other country messes,
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses ;
 And then in haste her bower she leaves,
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves ;
 Or, if the earlier season lead,
 To the tanned haycock in the mead. 90
 Sometimes, with secure delight,
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And jocund rebecks sound
 To many a youth and many a maid
 Dancing in the chequered shade,
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sunshine holiday,
 Till the livelong daylight fail :
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale, 100

With stories told of many a feat,
How Faery Mab the junkets eat.
She was pinched and pulled, she said ;
And he, by Friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end ;
Then lies him down, the lubber fiend, 110
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold, 120
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry ;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream. 130
Then to the well-trod stage anon
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout

Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out 140
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony ;
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto to have quite set free
 His half-regained Eurydice. 150
 These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding Joys,
 The brood of Folly without father bred !
 How little you bested,
 Or fill the fixèd mind with all your toys !
 Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,
 Or likest hovering dreams,
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train. 10
 But, hail ! thou Goddess sage and holy !
 Hail, divinest Melancholy !
 Whose saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight,
 And therefore to our weaker view
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue ;
 Black, but such as in esteem
 Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
 Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove
 To set her beauty's praise above 20
 The Sea-Nymphs, and their powers offended.
 Yet thou art higher far descended :

Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore ;
His daughter she ; in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain.
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove. 30
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come ; but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes : 40
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing ;
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure ; 50
But, first and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation ;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustomed oak. 60
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,

Most musical, most melancholy !
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song ;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way, 70
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar ;
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removèd place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom, 80
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold 90
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook ;
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or underground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine 100

Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskined stage.
But, O sad Virgin ! that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower ;
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek ;
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold, 110
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass
On which the Tartar king did ride ;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys, and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear. 120
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not tricked and frounced, as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchieft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute-drops from off the eaves. 130
And, when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To archèd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heavèd stroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There, in close covert, by some brook,

Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep.
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings, in airy stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid ;
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embow'd roof,
With antique pillars massy-proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew,
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give ;
And I with thee will choose to live.

ARCADES.

Part of an Entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Derby at Harefield by some Noble Persons of her Family; who appear on the Scene in pastoral habit, moving toward the seat of state, with this song:

I. Song.

LOOK, Nymphs and Shepherds, look !
 What sudden blaze of majesty
 Is that which we from hence descry,
 Too divine to be mistook ?

 This, this is she
 To whom our vows and wishes bend :
 Here our solemn search hath end.

Fame, that her high worth to raise
 Seemed erst so lavish and profuse,
 We may justly now accuse 10
 Of detraction from her praise :
 Less than half we find expressed ;
 Envy bid conceal the rest.

Mark what radiant state she spreads,
 In circle round her shining throne
 Shooting her beams like silver threads :
 This, this is she alone,
 Sitting like a goddess bright
 In the centre of her light.

Might she the wise Latona be, 20
 Or the towered Cybele,
 Mother of a hundred gods ?
 Juno dares not give her odds :
 Who had thought this clime had held
 A deity so unparalleled ?

*As they come forward, THE GENIUS OF THE WOOD
appears, and, turning toward them, speaks.*

Gen. Stay, gentle Swains, for, though in this disguise,
I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes ;
Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung
Of that renownèd flood, so often sung,
Divine Alpheus, who, by secret sluice, 30
Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse ;
And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,
Fair silver-buskin'd Nymphs, as great and good.
I know this quest of yours and free intent
Was all in honour and devotion meant
To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
And with all helpful service will comply
To further this night's glad solemnity,
And lead ye where ye may more near behold 40
What shallow-searching Fame hath left untold ;
Which I full oft, amidst these shades alone,
Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon.
For know, by lot from Jove, I am the Power
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,
To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
With ringlets quaint and wanton windings wove ;
And all my plants I save from nightly ill
Of noisome winds and blasting vapours chill ;
And from the boughs brush off the evil dew, 50
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,
Or hurtful worm with cankered venom bites.
When evening grey doth rise, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallowed ground ;
And early, ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tasselled horn
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
With puissant words and murmurs made to bless. 60
But else, in deep of night, when drowsiness

Hath locked up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Sirens' harmony,
That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
And turn the adamantine spindle round
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
To lull the daughters of Necessity,
And keep unsteady Nature to her law, 70
And the low world in measured motion draw
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould with gross unpurgèd ear.
And yet such music worthiest were to blaze
The peerless height of her immortal praise
Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,
If my inferior hand or voice could hit
Inimitable sounds. Yet, as we go,
Whate'er the skill of lesser gods can show
I will assay, her worth to celebrate, 80
And so attend ye toward her glittering state ;
Where ye may all, that are of noble stem,
Approach, and kiss her sacred vesture's hem.

II. Song.

O'er the smooth enamelled green,
Where no print of step hath been,
Follow me, as I sing
And touch the warbled string :
Under the shady roof
Of branching elm star-proof
Follow me. 90
I will bring you where she sits,
Clad in splendour as befits
Her deity.
Such a rural Queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

III. *Song.*

Nymphs and Shepherds, dance no more
By sandy Ladon's lilied banks ;
On old Lycæus, or Cyllene hoar,
Trip no more in twilight ranks ;
Though Erymanth your loss deplore,
A better soil shall give ye thanks.
From the stony Mænalus
Bring your flocks, and live with us ;
Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the Lady of this place.
Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.
Such a rural Queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

COMUS.

"A MASQUE PRESENTED AT LUDLOW CASTLE, 1634, &c."

(For the title-pages of the Editions of 1637 and 1645 see Introduction at p. 180 and p. 182.)

DEDICATION OF THE ANONYMOUS EDITION OF 1637.

(Reprinted in the Edition of 1645, but omitted in that of 1673.)

"*To the Right Honourable John, Lord Brackley, son and heir-apparent to the Earl of Bridgewater, &c.*"

"My Lord,

"This Poem, which received its first occasion of birth from yourself and others of your noble family, and much honour from your own person in the performance, now returns again to make a final dedication of itself to you. Although not openly acknowledged by the Author, yet it is a legitimate offspring, so lovely and so much desired that the often copying of it hath tired my pen to give my several friends satisfaction, and brought me to a necessity of producing it to the public view, and now to offer it up, in all rightful devotion, to those fair hopes and rare endowments of your much-promising youth, which give a full assurance to all that know you of a future excellence. Live, sweet Lord, to be the honour of your name; and receive this as your own from the hands of him who hath by many favours been long obliged to your most honoured Parents, and, as in this representation your attendant *Thyrsis*, so now in all real expression

"Your faithful and most humble Servant,

"H. LAWES."

"*The Copy of a Letter written by Sir Henry Wotton to the Author upon the following Poem.*"

(In the Edition of 1645: omitted in that of 1673.)

"From the College, this 13 of April, 1638

"Sir,

"It was a special favour when you lately bestowed upon me here the first taste of your acquaintance, though no longer than to make me know that I wanted more time to value it and to enjoy it rightly; and, in truth, if I could then have imagined your farther stay in these parts, which I understood afterwards by Mr. H., I would have been bold, in our vulgar phrase, to mend my draught (for you left me with an extreme thirst), and to have begged your conversation again, jointly with your said learned friend, over a poor meal or two, that we might have banded together some good Authors of the ancient time; among which I observed you to have been familiar.

"Since your going, you have charged me with new obligations, both for a very kind letter from you dated the 6th of this month, and for a dainty piece of entertainment which came therewith. Wherein I should much commend the tragical part, if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Doric delicacy in your Songs and Odes, whereunto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our language: *Ipsa mollities*. But I must not omit to tell you that I now only owe you thanks for intimating unto me (how modestly soever) the true artificer. For the work itself I had viewed some good while before with singular delight; having received it from our common friend Mr. R., in the very close of the late R.'s Poems, printed at Oxford: whereunto it was added (as I now suppose) that the accessory might help out the principal, according to the art of Stationers, and to leave the reader *con la bocca dolce*.

"Now, Sir, concerning your travels; wherein I may challenge a little more privilege of discourse with you. I suppose you will not blanch Paris in your way: therefore I have been bold to trouble you with a few lines to Mr. M. B., whom you shall easily find attending the young Lord S. as his governor; and you may surely receive from him good directions for the shaping of your farther journey into Italy,

where he did reside, by my choice, some time for the King, after mine own recess from Venice.

"I should think that your best line will be through the whole length of France to Marseilles, and thence by sea to Genoa ; whence the passage into Tuscany is as diurnal as a Gravesend barge. I hasten, as you do, to Florence or Siena, the rather to tell you a short story, from the interest you have given me in your safety.

"At Siena I was tabled in the house of one Alberto Scipioni, an old Roman courtier in dangerous times ; having been steward to the Duca di Pagliano, who with all his family were strangled, save this only man that escaped by foresight of the tempest. With him I had often much chat of those affairs, into which he took pleasure to look back from his native harbour ; and, at my departure toward Rome (which had been the centre of his experience), I had won his confidence enough to beg his advice how I might carry myself there without offence of others or of mine own conscience. '*Signor Arrigo mio*,' says he, '*I pensieri stretti ed il viso sciolto* will go safely over the whole world.' Of which Delphian oracle (for so I have found it) your judgment doth need no commentary ; and therefore, Sir, I will commit you, with it, to the best of all securities, God's dear love, remaining

"Your friend, as much to command as
any of longer date,

"HENRY WOTTON."

Postscript.

"Sir : I have expressly sent this my footboy to prevent your departure without some acknowledgment from me of the receipt of your obliging letter ; having myself through some business, I know not how, neglected the ordinary conveyance. In any part where I shall understand you fixed, I shall be glad and diligent to entertain you with home-novelties, even for some fomentation of our friendship, too soon interrupted in the cradle."

THE PERSONS.

The ATTENDANT SPIRIT, afterwards in the habit of THYRSIS.
COMUS, with his Crew.

THE LADY.

FIRST BROTHER.

SECOND BROTHER.

SABRINA, the Nymph.

The Chief Persons which presented were :—

The Lord Brackley ;
Mr. Thomas Egerton, his Brother ;
The Lady Alice Egerton.

[This list of the Persons, &c., appeared in the Edition of 1645, but
was omitted in that of 1673.]

COMUS.

The first Scene discovers a wild wood.

The ATTENDANT SPIRIT descends or enters.

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court
 My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
 Of bright aerial spirits live insphered
 In regions mild of calm and serene air,
 Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
 Which men call Earth, and, with low-thoughted care,
 Confined and pestered in this pinfold here,
 Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
 Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives,
 After this mortal change, to her true servants 10
 Amongst the enthroned gods on sainted seats.
 Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
 To lay their just hands on that golden key
 That opes the palace of eternity.

To such my errand is; and, but for such,
 I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
 With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.

But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway
 Of every salt flood and each ebbing stream,
 Took in, by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove, 20
 Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles
 That, like to rich and various gems, inlay
 The unadornèd bosom of the deep;
 Which he, to grace his tributary gods,
 By course commits to several government,
 And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns
 And wield their little tridents. But this Isle,
 The greatest and the best of all the main,

He quarters to his blue-haired deities ;
 And all this tract that fronts the falling sun 30
 A noble Peer of mickle trust and power
 Has in his charge, with tempered awe to guide
 An old and haughty nation, proud in arms :
 Where his fair offspring, nursed in princely lore,
 Are coming to attend their father's state,
 And new-intrusted sceptre. But their way
 Lies through the perplexed paths of this drear wood,
 The nodding horror of whose shady brows
 Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger ;
 And here their tender age might suffer peril, 40
 But that, by quick command from sovran Jove,
 I was despatched for their defence and guard !
 And listen why ; for I will tell you now
 What never yet was heard in tale or song,
 From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
 Crushed the sweet poison of misused wine,
 After the Tuscan mariners transformed,
 Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,
 On Circe's island fell. (Who knows not Circe, 50
 The daughter of the Sun, whose charmed cup
 Whoever tasted lost his upright shape,
 And downward fell into a grovelling swine ?)
 This Nymph, that gazed upon his clustering locks,
 With ivy berries wreathed, and his blithe youth,
 Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
 Much like his father, but his mother more,
 Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus named :
 Who, ripe and frolic of his full-grown age,
 Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields, 60
 At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
 And, in thick shelter of black shades imbowered,
 Excels his mother at her mighty art ;
 Offering to every weary traveller
 His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
 To quench the drouth of Phœbus ; which as they
 taste

(For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst),
 Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance,
 The express resemblance of the gods, is changed
 Into some brutish form of wolf or bear, 70
 Or ounce or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
 All other parts remaining as they were.
 And they, so perfect is their misery,
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
 But boast themselves more comely than before,
 And all their friends and native home forget,
 To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.
 Therefore, when any favoured of high Jove
 Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,
 Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star 80
 I shoot from heaven, to give him safe convoy,
 As now I do. But first I must put off
 These my sky-robes, spun out of Iris' woof,
 And take the weeds and likeness of a swain
 That to the service of this house belongs,
 Who, with his soft pipe and smooth-dittied song,
 Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
 And hush the waving woods ; nor of less faith,
 And in this office of his mountain watch
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid 90
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
 Of hateful steps ; I must be viewless now.

Comus enters, with a charming-rod in one hand, his glass in the other; with him a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glistering. They come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.

Comus. The star that bids the shepherd fold
 Now the top of heaven doth hold ;
 And the gilded car of day
 His glowing axle doth allay
 In the steep Atlantic stream :
 And the slope sun his upward beam
 Shoots against the dusky pole,
 Pacing toward the other goal

Of his chamber in the east.
Meanwhile, welcome joy and feast,
Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity.
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.
Rigour now is gone to bed ;
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age, and sour Severity,
With their grave saws, in slumber lie. 110
We, that are of purer fire,
Imitate the starry quire,
Who, in their nightly watchful spheres,
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move ;
And on the tawny sands and shelves
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.
By dimpled brook and fountain-brim,
The wood-nymphs, decked with daisies trim, 120
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep :
What hath night to do with sleep ?
Night hath better sweets to prove ;
Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.
Come, let us our rites begin ;
'Tis only daylight that makes sin,
Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport,
Dark-veiled Cotytto, to whom the secret flame
Of midnight torches burns ! mysterious dame, 130
That ne'er art called but when the dragon womb
Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest gloom,
And makes one blot of all the air !
Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
Wherein thou ridest with Hecat', and befriend
Us thy vowed priests, till utmost end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out
Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
The nice Morn on the Indian steep,

Comus.

303

From her cabined loop-hole peep,
And to the tell-tale Sun descry
Our concealed solemnity.
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastic round.

140

The Measure.

Break off, break off ! I feel the different pace
Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
Run to your shrouds within these brakes and trees ;
Our number may affright. Some virgin sure
(For so I can distinguish by mine art)
Benighted in these woods ! Now to my charms, 150
And to my wily trains : I shall ere long
Be well stocked with as fair a herd as grazed
About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
My dazzling spells into the spongy air,
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
And give it false presentments, lest the place
And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
And put the damsel to suspicious flight ;
Which must not be, for that's against my course.
I, under fair pretence of friendly ends, 160
And well-placed words of glozing courtesy,
Baited with reasons not unplaussible,
Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
And hug him into snares. When once her eye
Hath met the virtue of this magic dust
I shall appear some harmless villager,
Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.
But here she comes ; I fairly step aside,
And hearken, if I may her business hear.

The Lady enters.

Lady. This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
My best guide now. Methought it was the sound 171
Of riot and ill-managed merriment,
Such as the jocund flute or gamesome pipe

Stirs up among the loose unlettered hinds,
When, for their teeming flocks and granges full,
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the gods amiss. I should be loth
To meet the rudeness and swilled insolence
Of such late wassailers ; yet, oh ! where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet 180
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
My brothers, when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favour of these pines,
Stepped, as they said, to the next thicket-side.
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable woods provide.
They left me then when the grey-hooded Even,
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phoebus' wain. 190
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts. 'Tis likeliest
They had engaged their wandering steps too far ;
And envious darkness, ere they could return,
Had stole them from me. Else, O thievish Night,
Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars
That Nature hung in heaven, and filled their lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misled and lonely traveller? 200
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear ;
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
What might this be ? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
And airy tongues that syllable men's names
On sands and shores and desert wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound 210
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion, Conscience.

O, welcome, pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,
 Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings,
 And thou unblemished form of Chastity!
 I see ye visibly, and now believe
 That He, the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
 Would send a glistening guardian, if need were,
 To keep my life and honour unassailed. . . . 220
 Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
 I did not err: there does a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
 And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.
 I cannot hallo to my brothers, but
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
 I'll venture; for my new-enlivened spirits
 Prompt me, and they perhaps are not far off.

Song.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen 230
 Within thy airy shell
 By slow Meander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroidered vale
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well:
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That liketh thy Narcissus are?
 O, if thou have
 Hid them in some flowery cave,
 Tell me but where, 240
 Sweet Queen of Parley, Daughter of the Sphere!
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies!

Comus. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 To testify his hidden residence.

How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night, 250
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled ! I have oft heard
My mother Circe with the Sirens three,
Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,
Who, as they sung, would take the prisoned soul,
And lap it in Elysium : Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause.
Yet they in pleasing slumber lulled the sense, 260
And in sweet madness robbed it of itself ;
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
And she shall be my queen.— Hail, foreign wonder !
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
Unless the goddess that in rural shrine
Dwell'st here with Pan or Sylvan, by blest song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood. 270

Lady. Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise
That is addressed to unattending ears.
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my severed company,
Compelled me to awake the courteous Echo
To give me answer from her mossy couch.

Comus. What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you
thus ?

Lady. Dim darkness and this leavy labyrinth.

Comus. Could that divide you from near-ushering
guides ?

Lady. They left me weary on a grassy turf. 280

Comus. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why ?

Lady. To seek i' the valley some cool friendly spring.

Comus. And left your fair side all unguarded Lady ?

Lady. They were but twain, and purposed quick
return.

Comus. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.

Lady. How easy my misfortune is to hit !

Comus. Imports their loss, beside the present need?

Lady. No less than if I should my brothers lose.

Comus. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

Lady. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazored lips.

Comus. Two such I saw, what time the laboured ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swinked hedger at his supper sat.
I saw them under a green mantling vine,
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots ;
Their port was more than human, as they stood.
I took it for a faery vision

Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live, 300
And play i' the plighted clouds. I was awe-strook,
And, as I passed, I worshiped. If those you seek,
It were a journey like the path to Heaven
To help you find them.

Lady. Gentle villager,
What readiest way would bring me to that place?

Comus. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

Lady. To find out that, good shepherd, I suppose,
In such a scant allowance of star-light,
Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,
Without the sure guess of well-practised feet. 310

Comus. I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell, of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood ;
And, if your stray attendance be yet lodged,
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark
From her thatched pallet rouse. If otherwise,
I can conduct you, Lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe 320
Till further quest.

Lady. Shepherd, I take thy word,

And trust thy honest-offered courtesy,
 Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds,
 With smoky rafters, than in tapestry halls
 And courts of princes, where it first was named,
 And yet is most pretended. In a place
 Less warranted than this, or less secure,
 I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
 Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
 To my proportioned strength ! Shepherd, lead on. . . .

The Two BROTHERS.

Eld. Bro. Unmuffle, ye faint stars ; and thou, fair
 moon, 331
 That won'tst to love the traveller's benison,
 Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
 And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
 In double night of darkness and of shades ;
 Or, if your influence be quite dammed up
 With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
 Though a rush-candle from the wicker hole
 Of some clay habitation, visit us
 With thy long levelled rule of streaming light, 340
 And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
 Or Tyrian Cynosure.

Sec. Bro. Or, if our eyes
 Be barred that happiness, might we but hear
 The folded flocks, penned in their wattled cotes,
 Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
 Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
 Count the night-watches to his feathery dames,
 'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering,
 In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs.
 But, Oh, that hapless virgin, our lost sister ! 350
 Where may she wander now, whither betake her
 From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles ?
 Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
 Leans her unpillowed head, fraught with sad fears,
 What if in wild amazement and affright,

Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
Of savage hunger, or of savage heat !

Eld. Bro. Peace, brother : be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils ; 360

For, grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid ?

Or, if they be but false alarms of fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion !

I do not think my sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not) 370
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into misbecoming plight.

Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and 'moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That, in the various bustle of resort,
Were all to-ruffled, and sometimes impaired. 380
He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun ;
Himself is his own dungeon.

Sec. Bro. 'Tis most true,
That musing meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senate-house :
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds, 390
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
Or do his grey hairs any violence ?
But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
Laden with blooming gold; had need the guard

Of dragon-watch with unenchanted eye
 To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit,
 From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.
 You may as well spread out the unsunned heaps
 Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
 Danger will wink on Opportunity,
 And let a single helpless maiden pass
 Uninjured in this wild surrounding waste.
 Of night or loneliness it recks me not ;
 I fear the dread events that dog them both,
 Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
 Of our unowned sister.

400

Eld. Bro. I do not, brother,
 Infer as if I thought my sister's state
 Secure without all doubt or controversy ;
 Yet, where an equal poise of hope and fear
 Does arbitrate the event, my nature is
 That I incline to hope rather than fear,
 And gladly banish squint suspicion.
 My sister is not so defenceless left
 As you imagine ; she has a hidden strength,
 Which you remember not.

410

Sec. Bro. What hidden strength,
 Unless the strength of Heaven, if you mean that ?

Eld. Bro. I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,
 Which, if Heaven gave it, may be termed her own.

420

'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity :
 She that has that is clad in complete steel,
 And, like a quivered nymph with arrows keen,
 May trace huge forests, and unharboured heaths,
 Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds ;
 Where, through the sacred rays of chastity,
 No savage fierce, bandite, or mountaineer,
 Will dare to soil her virgin purity.

Yea, there where very desolation dwells,
 By grotts and caverns shagged with horrid shades,
 She may pass on with unblenched majesty,
 Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.

430

Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
 In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
 Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaïd ghost,
 That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
 No goblin or swart faery of the mine,
 Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
 Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
 Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
 To testify the arms of chastity? 440
 Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
 Fair silver-shafted queen for ever chaste,
 Wherewith she tamed the brindled lioness
 And spotted mountain-pard, but set at nought
 The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
 Feared her stern frown, and she was queen o' the
 woods.

What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield
 That wise Minerva wore, unconquered virgin,
 Wherewith she freezed her foes to congealed stone,
 But rigid looks of chaste austerity, 450
 And noble grace that dashed brute violence
 With sudden adoration and blank awe?
 So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity
 That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
 A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
 And in clear dream and solemn vision
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear;
 Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
 Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape, 460
 The unpolled temple of the mind,
 And turns it by *dégrées* to the soul's essence,
 Till all be made immortal. But, when lust,
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
 But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,
 Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
 The divine property of her first being.

Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp 470
 Oft seen in charnel-vaults and sepulchres,
 Lingerin and sittin by a new-made grave,
 As loth to leave the body that it loved,
 And linked itself by carnal sensuality
 To a degenerate and degraded state.

Sec. Bro. How charming is divine Philosophy !
 Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
 But musical as is Apollo's lute,
 And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
 Where no crude surfeit reigns.

Eld. Bro. List ! list ! I hear 480
 Some far-off hallo break the silent air.

Sec. Bro. Methought so too ; what should it be ?

Eld. Bro. For certain,
 Either some one, like us, night-foundered here,
 Or else some neighbour woodman, or, at worst,
 Some rovin robber calling to his fellows.

Sec. Bro. Heaven keep my sister ! Again, again, and
 near !

Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

Eld. Bro. I'll hallo.
 If he be friendly, he comes well : if not,
 Defence is a good cause, and Heaven be for us !

The ATTENDANT SPIRIT, habited like a shepherd.

That hallo I should know. What are you ? speak. 490
 Come not too near ; you fall on iron stakes else.

Spir. What voice is that ? my young Lord ? speak
 again.

Sec. Bro. O brother, 'tis my father's Shepherd, sure.

Eld. Bro. Thyrsis ! whose artful strains have oft
 delayed

The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
 And sweetened every musk-rose of the dale.
 How camest thou here, good swain ? Hath any ram
 Slipped from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
 Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook ?
 How couldst thou find this dark sequestered nook ? 500

Spir. O my loved master's heir, and his next joy,
 I came not here on such a trivial toy
 As a strayed ewe, or to pursue the stealth
 Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth
 That doth enrich these downs is worth a thought
 To this my errand, and the care it brought.
 But, oh! my virgin Lady, where is she?
 How chance she is not in your company?

Eld. Bro. To tell thee sadly, Shepherd, without blame
 Or our neglect, we lost her as we came. 510

Spir. Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.

Eld. Bro. What fears, good Thyriss? Prithee briefly
 shew.

Spir. I'll tell ye. 'Tis not vain or fabulous
 (Though so esteemed by shallow ignorance)
 What the sage poets, taught by the heavenly Muse,
 Storied of old in high immortal verse
 Of dire Chimeras and enchanted isles,
 And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to Hell;
 For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navel of this hideous wood, 520
 Immured in cypress shades, a sorcerer dwells,
 Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
 Deep skilled in all his mother's witcheries,
 And here to every thirsty wanderer
 By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
 With many murmurs mixed, whose pleasing poison
 The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
 And the inglorious likeness of a beast
 Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
 Charactered in the face. This have I learnt 530
 Tending my flocks hard by i' the hilly crofts
 That brow this bottom glade; whence night by night
 He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
 Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,
 Doing abhorred rites to Hecate
 In their obscurèd haunts of inmost bowers.
 Yet have they many baits and guileful spells
 To inveigle and invite the unwary sense

Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
This evening late, by then the chewing flocks 540
Had ta'en their supper on the savoury herb
Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
I sat me down to watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting honeysuckle, and began,
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
Till fancy had her fill. But ere a close
The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,
And filled the air with barbarous dissonance ; 550
At which I ceased, and listened them a while,
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
Gave respite to the drowsy-flighted steeds
That draw the litter of close-curtained Sleep.
At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound
Rose like a steam of rich distilled perfumes,
And stole upon the air, that even Silence
Was took ere she was ware, and wished she might
Deny her nature, and be never more,
Still to be so displaced. I was all ear, 560
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of Death. But, oh ! ere long
Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my most honoured Lady, your dear sister.
Amazed I stood, harrowed with grief and fear ;
And ' O poor hapless nightingale,' thought I,
' How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare !'
Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
Till, guided by mine ear, I found the place 570
Where that damned wizzard, hid in sly disguise
(For so by certain signs I knew), had met
Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
The aidless innocent lady, his wished prey ;
Who gently asked if he had seen such two,
Supposing him some neighbour villager.
Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guessed

Ye were the two she meant ; with that I sprung
 Into swift flight, till I had found you here ;
 But further know I not.

Sec. Bro. O night and shades, 580

How are ye joined with hell in triple knot
 Against the unarmed weakness of one virgin,
 Alone and helpless ! Is this the confidence
 You gave me, brother ?

Eld. Bro. Yes, and keep it still ;

Lean on it safely ; not a period
 Shall be unsaid for me. Against the threats
 Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
 Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm :
 Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt,
 Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled ; 590
 Yea, even that which Mischief meant most harm
 Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.
 But evil on itself shall back recoil,
 And mix no more with goodness, when at last,
 Gathered like scum, and settled to itself,
 It shall be in eternal restless change
 Self-fed and self-consumed. If this fail,
 The pillared firmament is rottenness,
 And earth's base built on stubble. But come, let's on !
 Against the opposing will and arm of Heaven 600
 May never this just sword be lifted up ;
 But, for that damned magician, let him be girt
 With all the griesly legions that troop
 Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
 Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms
 'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,
 And force him to return his purchase back,
 Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
 Cursed as his life.

Spir. Alas ! good venturous youth,

I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise ; 610
 But here thy sword can do thee little stead.
 Far other arms and other weapons must
 Be those that quell the might of hellish charms.

He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,
And crumble all thy sinews.

Eld. Bro. Why, prithee, Shepherd,
How durst thou then thyself approach so near
As to make this relation ?

Spir. Care and utmost shifts
How to secure the Lady from surprisal
Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,
Of small regard to see to, yet well skilled 620
In every virtuous plant and healing herb
That spreads her verdant leaf to the morning ray.
He loved me well, and oft would beg me sing ;
Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would sit, and hearken even to ecstasy,
And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
And show me simples of a thousand names,
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties.
Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he culled me out. 630
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil :
Unknown, and like esteemed, and the dull swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon ;
And yet more med'cinal is it than that Moly
That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave.
He called it Hæmony, and gave it me,
And bade me keep it as of sovran use
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew blast, or damp, 640
Or ghastly Furies' apparition.
I pursed it up, but little reckoning made,
Till now that this extremity compelled.
But now I find it true ; for by this means
I knew the foul enchanter, though disguised,
Entered the very lime-twigs of his spells,
And yet came off. If you have this about you
(As I will give you when we go) you may
Boldly assault the necromancer's hall ;
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood 650

And brandished blade rush on him : break his glass,
 And shed the luscious liquor on the ground ;
 But seize his wand. Though he and his curst crew
 Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,
 Or, like the sons of Vulcan, vomit smoke,
 Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

Eld. Bro. Thyrsis, lead on apace ; I'll follow thee ;
 And some good angel bear a shield before us !

The Scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness : soft music, tables spread with all dainties. COMUS appears with his rabble, and THE LADY set in an enchanted chair : to whom he offers his glass ; which she puts by, and goes about to rise.

Comus. Nay, Lady, sit. If I but wave this wand,
 Your nerves are all chained up in alabaster, 660
 And you a statue, or as Daphne was,
 Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

Lady. Fool, do not boast.
 Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
 With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
 Thou hast immanacled while Heaven sees good.

Comus. Why are you vexed, Lady ? why do you
 frown ?

Here dwell no frowns, nor anger ; from these gates
 Sorrow flies far. See, here be all the pleasures
 That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
 When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns 670
 Brisk as the April buds in primrose season.

And first behold this cordial julep here,
 That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,
 With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mixed.

Not that Nepenthes which the wife of Thone
 In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena
 Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
 To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
 Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
 And to those dainty limbs, which Nature lent 680
 For gentle usage and soft delicacy ?

But you invert the covenants of her trust,
 And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,

With that which you received on other terms,
 Scorning the unexempt condition
 By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
 Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
 That have been tired all day without repast,
 And timely rest have wanted. But, fair virgin,
 This will restore all soon.

Lady.

'Twill not, false traitor! 690

'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
 That thou hast banished from thy tongue with lies.
 Was this the cottage and the safe abode
 Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,
 These oughly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me!
 Hence with thy brewed enchantments, foul deceiver!
 Hast thou betrayed my credulous innocence
 With vizored falsehood and base forgery?
 And would'st thou seek again to trap me here
 With liquorish baits, fit to ensnare a brute? 700
 Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,
 I would not taste thy treasonous offer. None
 But such as are good men can give good things;
 And that which is not good is not delicious
 To a well-governed and wise appetite.

Comus. O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
 To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
 And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
 Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence!
 Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth 710
 With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
 Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
 Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
 But all to please and sate the curious taste?
 And set to work millions of spinning worms,
 That in their green shops weave the smooth-haired silk,
 To deck her sons: and, that no corner might
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
 She hatched the all-worshiped ore and precious gems,
 To store her children with. If all the world 720
 Should, in a pet of temperance, feed on pulse,

Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
The All-giver would be unthanked, would be unpraised.
Not half his riches known, and yet despised :
And we should serve him as a grudging master,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
Who would be quite surcharged with her own weight,
And strangled with her waste fertility :

The earth cumbered, and the winged air darked with
plumes, 730

The herds would over-multitude their lords ;
The sea o'erfraught would swell, and the unsought
diamonds

Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep,
And so bestud with stars, that they below
Would grow inured to light, and come at last
To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.
List, Lady ; be not coy, and be not cozened
With that same vaunted name, Virginity.
Beauty is Nature's coin ; must not be hoarded,
But must be current ; and the good thereof

740

Consists in mutual and partaken bliss.

Unsavoury in the enjoyment of itself. ➤
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languished head.

Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
Where most may wonder at the workmanship.
It is for homely features to keep home ;

They had their name thence : coarse complexions

And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply
The sampler, and to tease the huswife's wool.

750

What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn ?

There was another meaning in these gifts ;

Think what, and be advised ; you are but young yet.

Lady. I had not thought to have unlocked my lips
In this unhallowed air, but that this juggler
Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,

Obtruding false rules pranked in reason's garb.
I hate when vice can bolt her arguments 760
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
Impostor ! do not charge most innocent Nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance. She, good cateress,
Means her provision only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare Temperance.
If every just man that now pines with want
Had but a moderate and beëeming share
Of that which lewdly-pampered Luxury 770
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well-dispensed
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no whit encumbered with her store ;
And then the Giver would be better thanked,
His praise due paid : for swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his Feeder. Shall I go on ?
Or have I said enow ? To him that dares 780
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Against the sun-clad power of chastity
Fain would I something say ;—yet to what end ?
Thou hast nor ear, nor soul, to apprehend
The sublime notion and high mystery
That must be uttered to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of Virginity ;
And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
More happiness than this thy present lot.
Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric, 790
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence ;
Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced.
Yet, should I try, the uncontrollèd worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
To such a flame of sacred vehemence
That dumb things would be moved to sympathize,
And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and shake,

Till all thy magic structures, reared so high,
Were shattered into heaps o'er thy false head.

Comus. She fables not. I feel that I do fear 800
Her words set off by some superior power;
And, though not mortal, yet a cold shuddering dew
Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
Speaks thunder and the chains of Erebus
To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,
And try her yet more strongly.—Come, no more !
This is mere moral babble, and direct
Against the canon laws of our foundation.
I must not suffer this ; yet 'tis but the lees
And settlings of a melancholy blood. 810
But this will cure all straight ; one sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste . . .

The BROTHERS rush in with swords drawn, wrest his glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground : his rout make sign of resistance, but are all driven in. The ATTENDANT SPIRIT comes in.

Spir. What ! have you let the false enchanter scape ?
O ye mistook ; ye should have snatched his wand,
And bound him fast. Without his rod reversed,
And backward mutters of dissevering power,
We cannot free the Lady that sits here
In stony fetters fixed and motionless.
Yet stay : be not disturbed ; now I bethink me, 820
Some other means I have which may be used,
Which once of Melibceus old I learnt,
The soothest shepherd that e'er piped on plains.

There is a gentle Nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream :
Sabrina is her name : a virgin pure ;
Whilom she was the daughter of Locline,
That had the sceptre from his father Brute.
She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdame, Guendolen, 830
Commended her fair innocence to the flood
That stayed her flight with his cross-flowing course.

The water-nymphs, that in the bottom played,
 Held up their pearled wrists, and took her in,
 Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall :
 Who, piteous of her woes, reared her lank head,
 And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
 In nectared lavers strewed with asphodil,
 And through the porch and inlet of each sense
 Dropt in ambrosial oils, till she revived, 840
 And underwent a quick immortal change,
 Made Goddess of the river. Still she retains
 Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
 Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
 Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs
 That the shrewd meddling elf delights to make,
 Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals :
 For which the shepherds, at their festivals,
 Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
 And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream 850
 Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.
 And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
 The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
 If she be right invoked in warbled song ;
 For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
 To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
 In hard-besetting need. This will I try,
 And add the power of some adjuring verse.

Song.

Sabrina fair,
 Listen where thou art sitting 860
 Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
 In twisted braids of lilies knitting
 The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair :
 Listen for dear honour's sake,
 Goddess of the silver lake,
 Listen and save !

Listen, and appear to us,
 In name of great Oceanus,

By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
 And Tethys' grave majestic pace ; 870
 By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
 And the Carpathian wizard's hook;
 By scaly Triton's winding shell,
 And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell;
 By Leucothea's lovely hands,
 And her son that rules the strands ;
 By Thetis' tinsel-slippered feet,
 And the songs of Sirens sweet;
 By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
 And fair Ligea's golden comb, 880
 Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks ;
 By all the nymphs that nightly dance
 Upon thy streams with wily glance;
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
 From thy coral-paven bed,
 And bridle in thy headlong wave,
 Till thou our summons answered have.
 Listen and save !

SABRINA rises, attended by Water-nymphs, and sings.

By the rushy-fringed bank, 890
 Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
 My sliding chariot stays,
 Thick set with agate, and the azurn sheen
 Of turkis blue, and emerald green,
 That in the channel strays :
 Whilst from off the waters fleet
 Thus I set my printless feet
 O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
 That bends not as I tread.
 Gentle swain, at thy request 900
 I am here !

Spir. Goddess dear,
 We implore thy powerful hand
 To undo the charmed band

Of true virgin here distressed
Through the force and through the wile
Of unblessed enchanter vile.

Sabr. Shepherd, 'tis my office best
To help ensnared chastity.

Brightest Lady, look on me. 910

Thus I sprinkle on thy breast

Drops that from my fountain pure

I have kept of precious cure;

Thrice upon thy finger's tip,

Thrice upon thy rubied lip :

Next this marble venom'd seat,

Smeared with gums of glutinous heat,

I touch with chaste palms moist and cold.

Now the spell hath lost his hold;

And I must haste ere morning hour 920

To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

SABRINA descends, and THE LADY rises out of her seat.

Spir. Virgin, daughter of Locrine,

Sprung of old Anchises' line,

May thy brimmed waves for this

Their full tribute never miss

From a thousand petty rills,

That tumble down the snowy hills :

Summer drouth or sing'd air

Never scorch thy tresses fair,

Nor wet October's torrent flood 930

Thy molten crystal fill with mud;

May thy billows roll ashore

The beryl and the golden ore ;

May thy lofty head be crowned

With many a tower and terrace round,

And here and there thy banks upon

With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.

Come, Lady ; while Heaven lends us grace.

Let us fly this curs'd place,

Lest the sorcerer us entice 940

With some other new device.
 Not a waste or needless sound
 Till we come to holier ground.
 I shall be your faithful guide
 Through this gloomy covert wide ;
 And not many furlongs thence
 Is your Father's residence,
 Where this night are met in state
 Many a friend to gratulate
 His wished presence, and beside
 All the swains that there abide
 With jigs and rural dance resort.
 We shall catch them at their sport,
 And our sudden coming there
 Will double all their mirth and cheer.
 Come, let us haste; the stars grow high,
 But Night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

950

The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow Town, and the President's Castle. then come in Country Dancers; after them the ATTENDANT SPIRIT, with the two BROTHERS and THE LADY.

Song.

Spir. Back, shepherds, back ! Enough your play
 Till next sun-shine holiday.
 Here be, without duck or nod,
 Other trippings to be trod
 Of lighter toes, and such court guise
 As Mercury did first devise
 With the mincing Dryades
 On the lawns and on the leas.

960

This second Song presents them to their Father and Mother.

Noble Lord and Lady bright,
 I have brought ye new delight.
 Here behold so goodly grown
 Three fair branches of your own.
 Heaven hath timely tried their youth,
 Their faith, their patience, and their truth,

970

And sent them here through hard assays
With a crown of deathless praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O'er sensual folly and intemperance.

The dances ended, the SPIRIT epiloguizes.

Spir. To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky.
There I suck the liquid air,
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree.
Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring;
The Graces and the rosy-bosomed Hours
Thither all their bounties bring.
There eternal Summer dwells,
And west winds with musky wing
About the cedarn alleys fling
Nard and cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purpled scarf can shew,
And drenches with Elysian dew
(List, mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound,
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits the Assyrian queen.
But far above, in spangled sheen,
Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced
Holds his dear Psyche, sweet entranced
After her wandering labours long,
Till free consent the gods among

Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy ; so Jove hath sworn.

1010

But now my task is smoothly done :
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bowed welkin slow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.
Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue ; she alone is free.
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime ;
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

1020

LYCIDAS.

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637; and, by occasion, foretells the ruin of our corrupted Clergy, then in their height.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
 And with forced fingers rude
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
 Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
 Compels me to disturb your season due ;
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
 Who would not sing for Lycidas ? he knew
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
 He must not float upon his watery bier
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.

10

Begin, then, Sisters of the sacred well
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
 Hence with denial vain and coy excuse :
 So may some gentle Muse
 With lucky words favour *my* destined urn,
 And as he passes turn,
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud !

20

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
 Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill ;
 Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
 Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,
 We drove a-field, and both together heard
 What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn,

Battening our flocks with the fresh dew's of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright 30
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westerling
wheel.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute ;
Tempered to the oaten flute,
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long ;
And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.

But, oh ! the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone and never must return !
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown, 40
And all their echoes, mourn.

The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.

As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear
When first the white-thorn blows ;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear. ✓

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless 50
deep

Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas ?
For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.
Ay me ! I fondly dream

" Had ye been there," . . . for what could that have
done ?

What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament, 60
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore ?

Alas ! what boots it with uncessant care

To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Nææra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise 70
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears:
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistening foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies, 80
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."
O fountain Arethuse, and thou honoured flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood.
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the Herald of the Sea,
That came in Neptune's plea. 90
He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?
And questioned every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked promontory.
They knew not of his story;
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed:
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark, 100
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
Next, Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,

His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.
“Ah! who hath reft,” quoth he, “my dearest pledge?”
Last came, and last did go,
The Pilot of the Galilean Lake;
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain 110
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:—
“How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as, for their bellies’ sake,
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers’ feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to
hold

A sheep-hook, or have learnt aught else the least 120
That to the faithful herdman’s art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are
sped;

And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said.
But that two-handed engine at the door 130
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.”

Return, Alpheus; the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers, 140

And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears ;
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears, 150
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
For so, to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ay me ! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled ;
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old, 160
Where the great Vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold.
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth :
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.
Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore 170
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walked the
waves,
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,

In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move, 180
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more ;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals grey :
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay :
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills, 190
And now was dropt into the western bay.
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue :
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

SONNETS.

I.

[TO THE NIGHTINGALE.]

O NIGHTINGALE that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love. O, if Jove's will
Have linked that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom, in some grove nigh;
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why.
Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

II.

[ON HIS HAVING ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF
TWENTY-THREE.]

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year !
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth
That I to manhood am arrived so near ;
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits endu'th.

Yet, be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure even,
 To that same lot, however mean or high,
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven.
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great Task-Master's eye.

III.

DONNA leggiadra, il cui bel nome onora
 L'erbosa val di Reno e il nobil varco,
 Bene è colui d'ogni valore scarco
 Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora,
 Che dolcemente mostrasi di fuora
 De' sui atti soavi giammai parco,
 E i don', che son d'amor saette ed arco,
 Là onde l'alta tua virtù s'infiora.
 Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti,
 Che mover possa duro alpestre legno,
 Guardi ciascun agli occhi ed agli orecchi
 L'entrata chi di te si truova indegno;
 Grazia sola di sù gli vaglia, innanti
 Che'l disio amoroso al cuor s'invocchi.

IV.

QUAL in colle aspro, all'imbrunir di sera,
 L'avezza giovinetta pastorella
 Va bagnando l'erbetta strana e bella
 Che mal si spande a disusata spera
 Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,
 Così Amor meco insù la lingua snella
 Desta il fior novo di strania favella,
 Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,
 Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso,
 E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bell'Arno.
 Amor lo volse, ed io all'altrui peso
 Seppi ch'Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
 Deh! foss' il mio cuor lento e 'l duro seno
 A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

CANZONE.

RIDONSI donne e giovani amorosi
 M' accostandosi attorno, e ' Perchè scrivi,
 Perchè tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana
 Verseggiando d' amor, e come t' osi ?
 Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,
 E de' pensieri lo miglior t' arrivi !'
 Così mi van burlando: 'altri rivi,
 Altri lidi t' aspettan, ed altre onde,
 Nelle cui verdi sponde
 Spuntati ad or ad or alla tua chioma
 L' immortal guiderdon d' eterne frondi.
 Perchè alle spalle tue soverchia soma ?'
 Canzon, dirotti, e tu per me rispondi :
 ' Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir è il mio cuore,
 " Questa è lingua di cui si vanta Amore."'

V.

DIODATI (e te 'l dirò con maraviglia),
 Quel ritroso io, ch' amor spreggiar solea
 È de' suoi lacci spesso mi ridea,
 Già caddi, ov' uom dabben talor s'impiglia.
 Nè treccie d' oro, nè guancia vermiglia
 M' abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea
 Pellegrina bellezza che 'l cuor bea,
 Portamenti alti onesti, e nelle ciglia
 Quel sereno fulgor d' amabil nero,
 Parole adorne di lingua più d'una,
 E 'l cantar che di mezzo l' emispero
 Traviar ben può la faticosa Luna;
 E degli occhi suoi avventa sì gran fuoco
 Che l' incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

VI.

PER certo i bei vostr' occhi, Donna mia,
 Esser non può che non sian lo mio sole;
 Sì mi percuoton forte, come ei suole

Per l' arene di Libia chi s' invia,
 Mentre un caldo vapor (nè senti pria;
 Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,
 Che forse amanti nelle lor parole
 Chiaman sospir; io non so che si sia.
 Parte rinchiusa e turbida si cela
 Scossomi il petto, e poi n' uscendo poco
 Quivi d' attorno o s'agghiaccia o s' ingiela:
 Ma quanto agli occhi giunge a trovar loco
 Tutte le notti a me suol far piovose,
 Finchè mia alba rivien colma di rose.

VII.

GIOVANE, piano, e semplicetto amante,
 Poichè fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,
 Madonna, a voi del mio cuor l' umil dono
 Farò divoto. Io certo a prove tante
 L' ebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,
 Di pensieri leggiadrò, accorto, e buono.
 Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,
 S' arma di se, e d' intero diamante,
 Tanto del forse e d' invidia sicuro,
 Di timori e speranze al popol use,
 Quanto d' ingegno e d' alto valor vago.
 E di cetra sonora, e delle Muse.
 Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
 Ove Amor mise l' insanabil ago.

VIII.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY.

CAPTAIN or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,
 Whose chance on these defenceless doors may
 seize,
 If deed of honour did thee ever please,
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms.

He can requite thee; for he knows the charms
 That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
 And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
 Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower :
 The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
 Went to the ground ; and the repeated air
 Of sad Electra's poet had the power
 To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

IX.

[TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.]

LADY, that in the prime of earliest youth
 Wisely hast shunned the broad way and the green,
 And with those few art eminently seen
 That labour up the hill of heavenly Truth,
 The better part with Mary and with Ruth
 Chosen thou hast ; and they that overween,
 And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
 No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.
 Thy care is fixed, and zealously attends
 To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,
 And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
 Thou, when the Bridegroom with his feastful friends
 Passes to bliss at the mid-hour of night,
 Hast gained thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.

X.

TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.

DAUGHTER to that good Earl, once President
 Of England's Council and her Treasury,
 Who lived in both unstained with gold or fee,
 And left them both, more in himself content,

Till the sad breaking of that Parliament
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory
 At Chæroneæ, fatal to liberty,
 Killed with report that old man eloquent,
 Though later born than to have known the days
 Wherein your father flourished, yet by you,
 Madam, methinks I see him living yet ;
 So well your words his noble virtues praise
 That all both judge you to relate them true
 And to possess them, honoured Margaret.

XI.

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON MY
 WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES.

A BOOK was writ of late called *Tetrachordon*,
 And woven close, both matter, form, and style ;
 The subject new : it walked the town a while,
 Numbering good intellects ; now seldom pored on.
 Cries the stall-reader, " Bless us ! what a word on
 A title-page is this ! " ; and some in file
 Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-
 End Green. Why is it harder, sirs, than *Gordon*,
Colkitto, or *Macdonnell*, or *Galasp* ?
 Those rugged names to our like mouths grow
 sleek
 That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.
 Thy age, like ours, O soul of Sir John Cheek,
 Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,
 When thou taught'st Cambridge and King Edward
 Greek.

XII.

ON THE SAME.

I DID but prompt the age to quit their clogs
 By the known rules of ancient liberty,

When straight a barbarous noise environs me
 Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs;
 As when those hinds that were transformed to frogs
 Railed at Latona's twin-born progeny,
 Which after held the Sun and Moon in fee.
 But this is got by casting pearl to hogs,
 That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
 And still revolt when Truth would set them free.
 Licence they mean when they cry Liberty;
 For who loves that must first be wise and good;
 But from that mark how far they rove we see,
 For all this waste of wealth and loss of blood.

ON THE NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE UNDER THE
 LONG PARLIAMENT.

BECAUSE you have thrown off your Prelate Lord,
 And with stiff vows renounced his Liturgy,
 To seize the widowed whore Plurality
 From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorred,
 Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword
 To force our consciences that Christ set free,
 And ride us with a Classic Hierarchy,
 Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rutherford?
 Men whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent
 Would have been held in high esteem with Paul
 Must now be named and printed heretics
 By shallow Edwards and Scotch What-d'ye-call!
 But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
 Your plots and packing, worse than those of Trent,
 That so the Parliament
 May with their wholesome and preventive shears
 Clip your phylacteries, though baulk your ears,
 And succour our just fears,
 When they shall read this clearly in your charge:
 New *Presbyter* is but old *Priest* writ large.

XIII.

TO MR. H. LAWES ON HIS AIRS.

HARRY, whose tuneful and well-measured song
First taught our English music how to span
Words with just note and accent, not to scan
With Midas' ears, committing short and long,
Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
With praise enough for Envy to look wan;
To after age thou shalt be writ the man
That with smooth air couldst humour best our
tongue.
Thou honour'st Verse, and Verse must send her wing
To honour thee, the priest of Phœbus' quire.
That tunest their happiest lines in hymn or story.
Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher
Than his Casella, whom he wooed to sing,
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

XIV.

ON THE RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF MRS. CATHERINE
THOMSON, MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND,
DECEASED DEC. 16, 1646.

WHEN Faith and Love, which parted from thee never,
Had ripened thy just soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
Of death, called life, which us from life doth sever.
Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavour,
Stayed not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
But, as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
Followed thee up to joy and bliss for ever.
Love led them on; and Faith, who knew them best
Thy handmaids, clad them o'er with purple beams
And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
And speak the truth of thee on glorious themes
Before the Judge; who thenceforth bid thee rest,
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

XV.

ON THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX, AT THE SIEGE OF
COLCHESTER.

FAIRFAX, whose name in arms through Europe rings,
Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
And all her jealous monarchs with amaze,
And rumours loud that daunt remotest kings,
Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings
Victory home, though new rebellions raise
Their Hydra heads, and the false North displays
Her broken league to imp their serpent wings.
O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand
(For what can war but endless war still breed?)
Till truth and right from violence be freed,
And public faith cleared from the shameful brand
Of public fraud. In vain doth Valour bleed,
While Avarice and Rapine share the land.

XVI.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL, MAY 1652,
ON THE PROPOSALS OF CERTAIN MINISTERS AT THE COM-
MITTEE FOR PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued,
While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field, resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath : yet much remains
To conquer still; Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than War: new foes arise,
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose Gospel is their maw.

XVII.

TO SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER.

VANE, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
Than whom a better senator ne'er held
The helm of Rome, when gowns, not arms, repelled
The fierce Epirot and the African bold,
Whether to settle peace, or to unfold
The drift of hollow states hard to be spelled;
Then to advise how war may best, upheld,
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
In all her equipage; besides, to know
Both spiritual power and civil, what each means,
What severs each, thou hast learned, which few
have done.
The bounds of either sword to thee we owe :
Therefore on thy firm hand Religion leans
In peace, and ~~reckons~~ thee her eldest son.

XVIII.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshiped stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant: that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who, having learnt thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

[ON HIS BLINDNESS.]

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more
 bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest He, returning, chide;
 "Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
 I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
 Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
 Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

XX.

[TO MR. LAWRENCE.]

LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,
 Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
 Help waste a sullen day, what may be won
 From the hard season gaining? Time will run
 On smoother, till Favonius reinspire
 The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
 The lily and rose, that neither sowed nor spun.
 What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
 Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
 To hear the lute well touched, or artful voice
 Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
 He who of those delights can judge, and spare
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

XXI.

[TO CYRIACK SKINNER.]

CYRIACK, whose grandsire on the royal bench
Of British Themis, with no mean applause,
Pronounced, and in his volumes taught, our laws,
Which others at their bar so often wrench,
To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
In mirth that after no repenting draws;
Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,
And what the Swede intend, and what the French.
To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;
For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

XXII.

[TO THE SAME.]

CYRIACK, this three years' day these eyes, though clear,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience. friend, to have lost them overplied
In Liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's
vain mask
Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

XXIII.

[ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.]

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued from Death by force, though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom washed from spot of child-bed taint
Purification in the Old Law did save,
And such as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind.
Her face was veiled; yet to my fancied sight
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
So clear as in no face with more delight.
But, oh! as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

[TRANSLATIONS.]

THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE, LIB. I.,

Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ,

Rendered almost word for word, without rhyme, according to the Latin measure, as near as the language will permit.

WHAT slender youth, bedewed with liquid odours,
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
 Pyrrha? For whom bind'st thou
 In wreaths thy golden hair,
Plain in thy neatness? Oh, how oft shall he
On faith and changed gods complain, and seas
 Rough with black winds and storms
 Unwonted shall admire,
Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold;
Who always vacant, always amiable,
 Hopes thee, of flattering gales
 Unmindful! Hapless they
To whom thou untried seem'st fair! Me, in my vowed
Picture, the sacred wall declares to have hung
 My dank and dropping weeds
 To the stern God of Sea.

[As Milton inserts the original with his translation, as if to challenge comparison, it is right that we should do so too.]

AD PYRRHAM. ODE V.

Horatius ex Pyrrha illecebris tanquam e naufragio enatauerat, cujus amore irretitos affirmat esse miseros.

QUIS multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ
 Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
 Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
 Cui flavam religas comam
 Simplex munditię? Heu, quoties fidem
 Mutatosque Deos flebit, et aspera
 Nigris æquora ventis
 Emirabitur insolens,
 Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurę;
 Qui semper vacuum, semper amabilem,
 Sperat, nescius aurę
 Fallacis! Miseri quibus
 Intentata nites. Me tabulâ sacer
 Votivâ paries indicat uvida
 Suspendisse potenti
 Vestimenta maris Deo.

April, 1648.—J. M.

Nine of the Psalms done into metre; wherein all, but what is in a different character, are the very words of the Text, translated from the original.

PSALM LXXX.

1 THOU Shepherd that dost Israel keep,
 Give ear *in time of need*,
 Who ledest like a flock of sheep
 Thy loved Joseph's seed,
 That sitt'st between the Cherubs bright,
 Between their wings outspread;

Shine forth, *and from thy cloud give light.*

And on our foes thy dread.

- 2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,

And in Manasseh's sight,

Awake¹ thy strength, come, and be seen 10

To save us by thy might. 1 Chron. 13.

- 3 Turn us again ; *thy grace divine*

To us, O God, vouchsafe ;

Cause thou thy face on us to shine,

And then we shall be safe.

- 4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou.

How long wilt thou declare

Thy² smoking wrath, *and angry brow,* 2 Chron. 33.

Against thy people's prayer ? 20

- 5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears ;

Their bread with tears they eat ;

And mak'st them largely³ drink the tears 3 Jer. 17.

Wherewith their cheeks are wet.

- 6 A strife thou mak'st us *and a prey*

To every neighbour foe ;

Among themselves they⁴ laugh, they⁴ play.

And⁴ flouts at us they throw. 4 Jer. 18.

- 7 Return us, *and thy grace divine,*

O God of Hosts, *vouchsafe :*

Cause thou thy face on us to shine,

And then we shall be safe. 30

- 8 A Vine from Egypt thou hast brought.

Thy free love made it thine,

And drov'st out nations *proud and haughty.*

To plant this *lovely* Vine.

- 9 Thou didst prepare for it a place,

And root it deep and fast,

That it *began to grow apace,*

And filled the land at last. 40

- 10 With her *green* shade that covered all

The hills were *overspread ;*

Her boughs as *high as* cedars tall

Advanced their lofty head.

- 11 Her branches *on the western side*

- Down to the sea she sent,
And *upward* to that river *wide*
Her other branches *went*.
- 12 Why hast thou laid her hedges low,
And broken down her fence,
That all may pluck her, as they go,
With rudest violence?
- 13 The *tusked* boar out of the wood
Upturns it by the roots;
Wild beasts there browse, and make their
Her grapes and tender shoots.
- 14 Return now, God of Hosts; look down
From Heaven, thy seat divine;
Behold *us, but without a frown*,
And visit this *thy* Vine.
- 15 Visit this Vine, which thy right hand
Hath set, and planted *long*,
And the young branch, that for thyself
Thou hast made firm and strong.
- 16 But now it is consumed with fire,
And cut *with axes* down;
They perish at thy dreadful ire,
At thy rebuke and frown.
- 17 Upon the Man of thy right hand
Let thy *good* hand be *laid*;
Upon the Son of Man, whom thou
Strong for thyself hast made.
- 18 So shall we not go back from thee
To ways of sin and shame:
Quicken us thou; then *gladly* we
Shall call upon thy Name.
- 19 Return us, *and thy grace divine*,
Lord God of Hosts, *vouchsafe*;
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.

PSALM LXXXI.

- 1 To God our strength sing loud *and clear* ;
 Sing loud to God *our King* ;
 To Jacob's God, *that all may hear*,
 Loud acclamations ring.
- 2 Prepare a hymn, prepare a song ;
 The timbrel hither bring ;
 The *cheerful* psaltery bring along,
 And harp *with pleasant string*.
- 3 Blow, *as is wont*, in the new moon,
 With trumpets' *lofty sound*,
 The appointed time, the day whereon
 Our solemn feast *comes round*. 10
- 4 This was a statute *given of old*
 For Israel *to observe*,
 A law of Jacob's God *to hold*,
 From whence they might not swerve.
- 5 This he a testimony ordained
 In Joseph, *not to change*,
 When as he passed through Egypt-land ;
 The tongue I heard was strange. 20
- 6 From burden, *and from slavish toil*,
 I set his shoulder free ;
 His hands from pots, *and miry soil*,
 Delivered were *by me*.
- 7 When trouble did thee sore assail,
 On me then didst thou call,
 And I to free thee *aid not fail*,
 And led thee out of thrall.
 I answered thee in ¹thunder deep, ² *Be Sether*
 With clouds encompassed round ; *ragnam.*
- I tried thee at the water *steep* 31
 Of Meriba *renowned*.
- 8 Hear, O my people, *hearken well* :
 I testify to thee,
 Thou *ancient stock of Israel*,
 If thou wilt list to me :
- 9 Throughout the land of thy abode

- No alien God shall be,
 Nor shalt thou to a foreign god
 In honour bend thy knee. 40
 10 I am the Lord thy God, which brought
 Thee out of Egypt-land;
 Ask large enough, and I, *besought*,
 Will grant thy full demand.
 11 And yet my people would not *hear*,
 Nor hearken to my voice;
 And Israel, *whom I loved so dear*,
 Misliked me for his choice.
 12 Then did I leave them to their will,
 And to their wandering mind; 50
 Their own conceits they followed still,
 Their own devices blind.
 13 Oh that my people would *be wise*,
 To serve me *all their days*!
 And oh that Israel would *advise*
 To walk my *righteous ways*!
 14 Then would I soon bring down their foes,
 That now so *proudly rise*,
 And turn my hand against *all those*
 That are their enemies. 60
 15 Who hate the Lord should *then be fain*
 To bow to him and bend;
 But *they, his people, should remain*;
 Their time should have no end.
 16 And he would feed them *from the shock*
 With flour of finest wheat,
 And satisfy them from the rock
 With honey *for their meat*.

PSALM LXXXII.

- ¹ *Bagna-* 1 GOD in the ¹ great ¹ assembly stands
dath-el. *Of kings and lordly states;*
² *Bekerev.* ² Among the gods ² on both his hands
 He judges and debates.

- 2 How long will ye³ pervert the right
 With³ judgment false and wrong,
 Favouring the wicked *by your might,*
Who thence grow bold and strong?
- 3 ⁴ Regard the ⁴ weak and fatherless ;
⁴ Despatch the ⁴ poor man's cause ;
 And ⁵ raise the man in deep distress
 By ⁶ just and equal laws.
- 4 Defend the poor and desolate,
 And rescue from the hands
 Of wicked men the low estate
 Of him *that he: p. c. mands.*
- 5 They know not, nor will understand ;
 In darkness they walk on ;
 The earth's foundations all are ⁶ moved,
 And ⁶ out of order gone.
- 6 I said that ye were gods, yea all
 The sons of God Most High ;
- 7 But ye shall die like men, and fall
 As other princes *die.*
- 8 Rise, God ; ⁷ judge thou the earth in might ;
 This *wicked* earth ⁷ redress ;
 For thou art he who shalt by right
 The nations all possess.

³ Tishphetu
gnavel.

⁴ Shiphin-
dal.

II

⁵ Hatzdiku

⁶ Yimzotu
20

⁷ Shipheta.

PSALM LXXXIII.

- 1 BE not thou silent *now at length* ;
 O God, hold not thy peace :
 Sit thou not still, O God *of strength* ;
We cry and do not cease.
- 2 For lo ! thy *furious* foes *now* ¹ swell,
 And ¹ storm outrageously ;
 And they that hate thee, *proud and fell*,
 Exalt their heads full high.
- 3 Against thy people they ² contrive
³ Their plots and counsels deep ;
⁴ Them to ensnare they chiefly strive
- VOL. II. A A

¹ Yehemajun.

² Yagnari-
mu.

³ Sad.

⁴ Yithjag-
natsu gnal.

⁵ *Tsephu-
neca.*

- ⁵ Whom thou dost hide and keep.
4 "Come, let us cut them off," say they,
"Till they no nation be ;
That Israel's name for ever may
Be lost in memory."

⁶ *Lev jach-
dau.*

- 5 For they consult ⁶ with all their might,
And all as one in mind
Themselves against thee they unite,
And in firm union bind. 20

- 6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
Of *scornful* Ishmael,
Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,
That in the desert dwell,

- 7 Gebal and Ammon *there conspire,*
And *hateful* Amalec,
The Philistines, and they of Tyre,
Whose bounds the sea doth check.

- 8 With them *great* Ashur also bands,
And doth confirm the knot ; 30
All these have lent their armed hands
To aid the sons of Lot.

- 9 Do to them as to Midian *bold,*
That wasted all the coast ;
To Sisera, and as *is told*
Thou didst to Jabin's host,
When at the brook of Kishon old
They were repulsed and slain,

- 10 At Endor quite cut off, and rolled 40
As dung upon the plain.

- 11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,
So let their princes speed ;
As Zeba and Zalmunna *bled,*
So let their princes *bleed.*

- 12 *For they amidst their pride* have said,
"By right now shall we seize
God's houses, and *will now invade*

⁷ *Neoth Elo-
him bears
both.*

- ⁷ Their stately palaces."
13 My God, oh make them as a wheel ;
No quiet let them find ; 50

- Giddy and *restless* let *them reel*,
 Like stubble from the wind.
- 14 As, *when* an *aged* wood takes fire
Which on a sudden strays,
 The *greedy* flame runs higher and higher,
 Till all the mountains blaze ;
- 15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,
 And with thy tempest chase ;
- 16 ^s And till they ^s yield thee honour due, 58
 Lord, fill with shame their face. & They seek
thy name ;
- 17 Ashamed and troubled let them be, Heb.
 Troubled and shamed for ever,
 Ever confounded, and so die
 With shame, *and scape it never.*
- 18 Then shall they know that thou, whose name
 Jehovah is, alone
 Art the Most High, *and thou the same*
 O'er all the earth *art One.*

PSALM LXXXIV.

- 1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair !
 O Lord of Hosts, how dear
 The *pleasant* tabernacles are
Where thou dost dwell so near !
- 2 My soul doth long and almost die
 Thy courts, O Lord, to see ;
 My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
 O living God, for thee.
- 3 There even the sparrow, *freed from wrong*,
 Hath found a house of *rest* ; 10
 The swallow there, to lay her young,
 Hath built her *brooding* nest ;
 Even *by* thy altars, Lord of Hosts,
They find their safe abode ;
And home they fly from round the coasts
Toward thee, my King, my God.

- 4 Happy who in thy house reside,
Where thee they ever praise !
- 5 Happy whose strength in thee doth bide,
And in their hearts thy ways ! 20
- 6 They pass through Baca's *thirsty* vale,
That dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful watery dale
Where springs and showers abound.
- 7 They journey on from strength to strength
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before our God at length
In Sion do appear.
- 8 Lord God of Hosts, hear *now* my prayer,
O Jacob's God, give ear : 30
- 9 Thou, God, our shield, look on the face
Of thy anointed *dear*.
- 10 For one day in thy courts *to be*
Is better and more blest
Than in the joys of vanity
A thousand days *at best*.
I in the temple of my God
Had rather keep a door
Than dwell in tents *and rich abode*
With sin for evermore. 40
- 11 For God, the Lord, both sun and shield,
Gives grace and glory *bright*;
No good from them shall be withheld
Whose ways are just and right.
- 12 Lord *God* of Hosts *that reignst on high,*
That man is *truly* blest
Who *only* on thee doth rely,
And in thee only rest.

PSALM LXXXV.

- 1 THY land to favour graciously
Thou hast not, Lord, been slack ;

- Thou hast from *hard* captivity
Returned Jacob back.
- 2 The iniquity thou didst forgive
That wrought thy people woe,
And all their sin *that did thee grieve*
Hast hid *where none shall know*.
- 3 Thine anger all thou hadst removed,
And *calmly* didst return
From thy ¹ fierce wrath, which we had
proved
Far worse than fire to burn.
- 4 God of our saving health and peace,
Turn us, and us restore;
Thine indignation cause to cease
Toward us, *and chide no more*.
- 5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
For ever angry thus?
Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
From age to age on us?
- 6 Wilt thou not ² turn and *hear our voice*, ²⁰
And thus again ² revive, ² Heb.: Turn
That so thy people may rejoice, to quicken us.
By thee preserved alive?
- 7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord;
To us thy mercy shew;
Thy saving health to us afford,
And life in us renew.
- 8 *And now* what God the Lord will speak
I will *go straight* and hear, ³⁰
For to his people he speaks peace,
And to his saints *full dear*;
To his dear saints he will speak peace;
But let them never more
Return to folly, *but surcease*
To trespass as before.
- 9 Surely to such as do him fear
Salvation is at hand,
And glory shall *ere long appear*
To dwell within our land. ⁴⁰

- 10 Mercy and Truth, *that long were missed,*
 Now *joyfully* are met;
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have
 kissed,
And hand in hand are set.
- 11 Truth from the earth *like to a flower*
 Shall bud and blossom *then*;
 And Justice from her heavenly bower
 Look down *on mortal men.*
- 12 The Lord will also then bestow
 Whatever thing is good ; 50
 Our land shall forth in plenty throw
 Her fruits *to be our food.*
- 13 Before him Righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger :
 Then³ will he come, and not be slow ;
 His footsteps cannot err.

³ *Heb.* : He
 will set his steps
 to the way.

PSALM LXXXVI.

- 1 THY *gracious* ear, O Lord, incline ;
 O hear me, *I thee pray* ;
 For I am poor, and almost pine
 With need *and sad decay.*
- 2 Preserve my soul ; for¹ I have trod
 Thy ways, and love the just ;
 Save thou thy servant, O my God,
 Who *still* in thee doth trust.
- 3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
 I call ; 4 Oh make rejoice 10
 Thy servant's soul ! for, Lord, to thee
 I lift my soul *and voice.*
- 5 For thou art good ; thou, Lord, art
 prone
 To pardon ; thou to all
 Art full of mercy, thou *alone*,
 To them that on thee call.
- 6 Unto my supplication, Lord,

¹ *Heb.* : I am
 good, loving, a
 doer of good &
 holy things.

- Give ear, and to the cry
Of my *incessant* prayers afford
Thy hearing graciously. 20
- 7 I in the day of my distress
Will call on thee *for aid* ;
For thou wilt *grant me free access*,
And answer what I prayed.
- 8 Like thee among the gods is none,
O Lord ; nor any works
Of all that other gods have done
Like to thy *glorious* works.
- 9 The nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, *and all shall frame* 30
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.
- 10 For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done ;
Thou *in thy everlasting seat*
Remainest God alone.
- 11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way *most right* ;
I in thy truth will bide ;
To fear thy name my heart unite ;
So shall it never slide. 40
- 12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
Thee honour and adore
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
Thy name for evermore.
- 13 For great thy mercy is toward me,
And thou hast freed my soul,
Ev'n from the lowest hell set free,
From deepest darkness foul.
- 14 O God, the proud against me rise,
And violent men are met 50
To seek my life, and in their eyes
No fear of thee have set.
- 15 But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,
Radiest thy grace to shew,
Slow to be angry, and *art styled*
Most merciful, most true.

- 16 Oh turn to me *thy face at length*,
 And me have mercy on ;
 Unto thy servant give thy strength,
 And save thy handmaid's son.
 17 Some sign of good to me afford,
 And let my foes *then* see,
 And be ashamed, because thou, Lord,
 Dost help and comfort me.

60

PSALM LXXXVII.

- 1 AMONG the holy mountains *high*
 Is his foundation fast;
There seated in his sanctuary,
His temple there is placed.
 2 Sion's *fair* gates the Lord loves more
 Than all the dwellings *fair*
 Of Jacob's *land*, though there be store,
 And all within his care.
 3 City of God, most glorious things
 Of thee *abroad* are spoke.
 I mention Egypt, *where proud kings*
Did our forefathers yoke ;
 4 I mention Babel to my friends,
 Philistia *full of scorn*,
 And Tyre, with Ethiop's *utmost ends* :
 Lo ! this man there was born.
 5 But *twice that praise shall in our ear*
 Be said of Sion *last* :
 This and this man was born in her ;
 High God shall fix her fast.
 6 The Lord shall write it in a scroll,
 That ne'er shall be out-worn,
 When he the nations doth enroll,
 That this man there was born.
 7 Both they who sing and they who dance
With sacred songs are there ;
 In thee *fresh brooks and soft streams glance*,
 And all my fountains *clear*.

10

20

PSALM LXXXVIII.

- 1 LORD GOD, that dost me save and
 keep,
 All day to thee I cry,
 And all night long before thee *weep*,
 Before thee *prostrate lie*.
- 2 Into thy presence let my prayer,
With sighs devout, ascend;
 And to my cries, that *ceaseless are*,
 Thine ear with favour bend.
- 3 For, cloyed with woes and trouble store,
 Surcharged my soul doth lie; 10
 My life, *at death's uncheerful door*,
 Unto the grave draws nigh.
- 4 Reckoned I am with them that pass
 Down to the *dismal pit*;
 I am a ¹ man but weak, alas!
 And for that name unfit,
- 5 From life discharged and parted quite
 Among the dead *to sleep*,
 And like the slain *in bloody fight*
 That in the grave lie *deep*; 20
 Whom thou rememberest no more,
 Dost never more regard:
 Them, from thy hand delivered o'er,
Death's hideous house hath barred.
- 6 Thou, in the lowest pit *profound*,
 Hast set me *all forlorn*,
 Where thickest darkness *hovers round*,
 In horrid deeps *to mourn*.
- 7 Thy wrath, *from which no shelter saves*,
 Full sore doth press on me; 30
² Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,
² And all thy waves break me.
- 8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,
 And mak'st me odious,

¹ Heb.: A
 man without
 manly
 strength.

² The He-
 brew bears
 both.

- Me to them odious, *for they change,*
 And I here pent up thus.
- 9 Through sorrow and affliction great
 Mine eye grows dim and dead ;
 Lord, all the day I thee entreat,
 My hands to thee I spread. 40
- 10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead ?
 Shall the deceased arise
 And praise thee *from their loathsome bed*
With pale and hollow eyes ?
- 11 Shall they thy loving-kindness tell
 On whom the grave *hath hold ?*
 Or they *who* in perdition dwell
 Thy faithfulness *unfold ?*
- 12 In darkness can thy mighty hand
 Or wondrous acts be known ? 50
 Thy justice in the *gloomy* land
 Of *dark* oblivion ?
- 13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry
Ere yet my life be spent ;
 And *up to thee* my prayer doth hie
 Each morn, and thee prevent.
- 14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul forsake
 And hide thy face from me,
- 15 That am already bruised, and ³ shake 3 Heb. : *Præ*
 With terror sent from thee ; *concussione.*
 Bruised and afflicted, and *so low*
 As ready to expire, 62
 While I thy terrors undergo,
 Astonished with thine ire ?
- 16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow ;
 Thy threatenings cut me through :
- 17 All day they round about me go ;
 Like waves they me pursue.
- 18 Lover and friend thou hast removed,
 And severed from me far ; 70
 They *fly me now* whom I have loved,
 And as in darkness are.

PSALM I.

Done into verse 1653.

BLEST is the man who hath not walked astray
In counsel of the wicked, and i' the way
Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat
Of scorers hath not sat ; but in the great
Jehovah's Law is ever his delight,
And in his law he studies day and night.
He shall be as a tree which planted grows
By watery streams, and in his season knows
To yield his fruit ; and his leaf shall not fall ;
And what he takes in hand shall prosper all. 10
Not so the wicked ; but, as chaff which fanned
The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand
In judgment, or abide their trial then,
Nor sinners in the assembly of just men.
For the Lord knows the upright way of the just,
And the way of bad men to ruin must.

PSALM II.

Done August 8, 1653.—Terzetti.

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations
Muse a vain thing, the kings of the earth upstand
With power, and princes in their congregations
Lay deep their plots together through each land
Against the Lord and his Messiah dear ?
“ Let us break off,” say they, “ by strength of hand,
Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
Their twisted cords.” He who in Heaven doth dwell
Shall laugh ; the Lord shall scoff them, then severe
Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell 10
And fierce ire trouble them. “ But I,” saith he,

"Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)
 On Sion my holy hill." A firm decree
 I will declare : the Lord to me hath said,
 "Thou art my Son ; I have begotten thee
 This day ; ask of me, and the grant is made :
 As thy possession I on thee bestow
 The Heathen, and, as thy conquest to be swayed,
 Earth's utmost bounds : them shalt thou bring full low
 With iron sceptre bruised, and them disperse 20
 Like to a potter's vessel shivered so."
 And now be wise at length, ye kings averse ;
 Be taught, ye judges of the earth ; with fear
 Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse
 With trembling ; kiss the Son, lest he appear
 In anger, and ye perish in the way,
 If once his wrath take fire, like fuel sere.
 Happy all those who have in him their stay.

PSALM III.

August 9, 1653.

When he fled from Absalom.

LORD, how many are my foes !
 How many those
 That in arms against me rise !
 Many are they
 That of my life distrustfully thus say,
 "No help for him in God there lies."
 But thou, Lord, art my shield, my glory ;
 Thee, through my story,
 The exalter of my head I count :
 Aloud I cried 10
 Unto Jehovah ; he full soon replied,
 And heard me from his holy mount.
 I lay and slept ; I waked again :
 For my sustain
 Was the Lord. Of many millions

The populous rout
 I fear not, though, encamping round about,
 They pitch against me their pavilions.
 Rise, Lord ; save me, my God ! for thou
 Hast smote ere now 20
 On the cheek-bone all my foes,
 Of men abhorred
 Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord ;
 Thy blessing on thy people flows.

PSALM IV.

August 10, 1653.

ANSWER me when I call,
 God of my righteousness ;
 In straits and in distress
 Thou didst me disenthral
 And set at large : now spare,
 Now pity me, and hear my earnest prayer.
 Great ones, how long will ye
 My glory have in scorn ?
 How long be thus forborne
 Still to love vanity ? 10
 To love, to seek, to prize
 Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies ?
 Yet know the Lord hath chose,
 Chose to himself apart,
 The good and meek of heart
 (For whom to choose he knows) ;
 Jehovah from on high
 Will hear my voice what time to him I cry.
 Be awed, and do not sin ;
 Speak to your hearts alone 20
 Upon your beds, each one,
 And be at peace within.
 Offer the offerings just
 Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.

Many there be that say
 "Who yet will show us good?"
 Talking like this world's brood;
 But, Lord, thus let me pray:
 On us lift up the light,
 Lift up the favour, of thy count'nance bright. 30
 Into my heart more joy
 And gladness thou hast put
 Than when a year of glut
 Their stores doth over-cloy,
 And from their plenteous grounds
 With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.
 In peace at once will I
 Both lay me down and sleep;
 For thou alone dost keep
 Me safe where'er I lie: 40
 As in a rocky cell
 Thou, Lord, alone in safety mak'st me dwell.

PSALM V.

August 12, 1653.

JEHOVAH, to my words give ear,
 My meditation weigh;
 The voice of my complaining hear,
 My King and God, for unto thee I pray.
 Jehovah, thou my early voice
 Shalt in the morning hear;
 I' the morning I to thee with choice
 Will rank my prayers, and watch till thou appear.
 For thou art not a God that takes 10
 In wickedness delight;
 Evil with thee no biding makes;
 Fools or mad men stand not within thy sight.
 All workers of iniquity
 Thou hat'st; and them unblest
 Thou wilt destroy that speak a lie;

The bloody and guileful man God doth detest.
 But I will in thy mercies dear,
 Thy numerous mercies, go
 Into thy house ; I, in thy fear,
 Will towards thy holy temple worship low. 20
 Lord, lead me in thy righteousness,
 Lead me, because of those
 That do observe if I transgress ;
 Set thy ways right before where my step goes.
 For in his faltering mouth unstable
 No word is firm or sooth ;
 Their inside, troubles miserable ;
 An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth.
 God, find them guilty ; let them fall
 By their own counsels quelled ; 30
 Push them in their rebellions all
 Still on ; for against thee they have rebelled.
 Then all who trust in thee shall bring
 Their joy, while thou from blame
 Defend'st them : they shall ever sing,
 And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.
 For thou, Jehovah, wilt be found
 To bless the just man still :
 As with a shield thou wilt surround
 Him with thy lasting favour and good will. 40

PSALM VI.

August 13, 1653.

LORD, in thy anger do not reprehend me,
 Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct ;
 Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,
 And very weak and faint ; heal and amend me :
 For all my bones, that even with anguish ache,
 Are troubled ; yea, my soul is troubled sore ;
 And thou, O Lord, how long ? Turn, Lord ; restore
 My soul ; oh, save me, for thy goodness' sake !

For in death no remembrance is of thee ;
Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise? 10
Wearied I am with sighing out my days ;
Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea ;
My bed I water with my tears ; mine eye
Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark
I' the midst of all mine enemies that mark.
Depart, all ye that work iniquity,
Depart from me ; for the voice of my weeping
The Lord hath heard ; the Lord hath heard my
prayer ;
My supplication with acceptance fair
The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping. 20
Mine enemies shall all be blank, and dashed
With much confusion ; then, grown red with shame,
They shall return in haste the way they came,
And in a moment shall be quite abashed.

PSALM VII.

*August 14, 1653.**Upon the words of Chush the Benjamite against him.*

LORD, my God, to thee I fly ;
Save me, and secure me under
Thy protection while I cry ;
Lest, as a lion (and no wonder),
He haste to tear my soul asunder,
Tearing and no rescue nigh.

Lord, my God, if I have thought
Or done this ; if wickedness
Be in my hands ; if I have wrought
Ill to him that meant me peace ; 10
Or to him have rendered less,
And not freed my foe for naught :

Let the enemy pursue my soul,
And overtake it ; let him tread
My life down to the earth, and roll
In the dust my glory dead,
In the dust, and there outspread
Lodge it with dishonour foul.

Rise, Jehovah, in thine ire ;
Rouse thyself amidst the rage 20
Of my foes that urge like fire ;
And wake for me, their fury assuage ;
Judgment here thou didst engage
And command, which I desire.

So the assemblies of each nation
Will surround thee, seeking right :
Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high, and in their sight.
Jehovah judgeth most upright
All people from the world's foundation. 30

Judge me, Lord ; be judge in this
According to my righteousness,
And the innocence which is
Upon me : cause at length to cease
Of evil men the wickedness,
And their power that do amiss.

But the just establish fast,
Since thou art the just God that tries
Hearts and reins. On God is cast
My defence, and in him lies ; 40
In him who, both just and wise,
Saves the upright of heart at last.

God is a just judge and severe,
And God is every day offended ;
If the unjust will not forbear,
His sword he whets ; his bow hath bended

Already, and for him intended
The toils of death that waits him near.

(His arrows purposely made he
For them that persecute.) Behold 50
He travails big with vanity ;
Trouble he hath conceived of old
As in a womb, and from that mould
Hath at length brought forth a lie.

He digg'd a pit, and delved it deep,
And fell into the pit he made :
His mischief, that due course doth keep,
Turns on his head : and his ill trade
Of violence will undelayed
Fall on his crown with ruin steep. 60

Then will I Jehovah's praise
According to his justice raise,
And sing the Name and Deity
Of Jehovah the Most High.

PSALM VIII.

August 14, 1653.

O JEHOVAH our Lord, how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth,
So as above the heavens thy praise to set !
Out of the tender mouths of latest bearth,
Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou
Hast founded strength, because of all thy foes,
To stint the enemy, and slack the avenger's brow,
That bends his rage thy providence to oppose.

When I behold thy heavens, thy fingers' art,
The moon and stars, which thou so bright hast set 10
In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,

Oh, what is man that thou rememberest yet
And think'st upon him, or of man begot
That him thou visit'st, and of him art found?
Scarce to be less than gods thou mad'st his lot :
With honour and with state thou hast him crowned.

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him lord :
Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,
All flocks and herds, by thy commanding word,
All beasts that in the field or forest meet, 20
Fowl of the heavens, and fish that through the wet
Sea-paths in shoals do slide, and know no dearth.
O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth !

SCRAPS FROM THE PROSE WRITINGS.

FROM "OF REFORMATION TOUCHING CHURCH
DISCIPLINE IN ENGLAND," 1641.

[DANTE, *Inferno*, xix. 115.]

AH, Constantine, of how much ill was cause,
Not thy conversion, but those rich domains
That the first wealthy Pope received of thee !

[PETRARCH, *Sonnet* 107.]

FOUNDED in chaste and humble poverty,
'Gainst them that raised thee dost thou lift thy horn,
Impudent whore ? Where hast thou placed thy hope ?
In thy adulterers, or thy ill-got wealth ?
Another Constantine comes not in haste.

[ARIOSTO, *Orl. Fur.* xxxiv. Stanz. 80.]

THEN passed he to a flowery mountain green,
Which once smelt sweet, now stinks as odiously :
This was that gift (if you the truth will have)
That Constantine to good Sylvestro gave.

FROM THE APOLOGY FOR SMECTYMNUS,
1642.

[HORACE, *Sat.* i. 1, 24.]

LAUGHING to teach the truth
What hinders ? as some teachers give to boys
Junkets and knacks, that they may learn apace.

[HORACE, *Sat.* i. 10, 14.]

JOKING decides great things
Stronglier and better oft than earnest can.

[SOPHOCLES, *Electra*, 624.]

'TIS you that say it, not I. You do the deeds,
And your ungodly deeds find me the words.

FROM AREOPAGITICA, 1644.

[EURIPIDES, *Supplices*, 438.]

THIS is true Liberty, when freeborn men,
Having to advise the public, may speak free :
Which he who can and will deserves high praise :
Who neither can nor will may hold his peace.
What can be juster in a state than this ?

FROM TETRACHORDON, 1645.

[HORACE, *Epist.* i. 16, 40.]

WHOM do we count a good man ? Whom but he
Who keeps the laws and statutes of the senate,
Who judges in great suits and controversies,
Whose witness and opinion wins the cause ?
But his own house, and the whole neighbourhood,
Sees his foul inside through his whited skin.

FROM "THE TENURE OF KINGS AND MAGIS-
TRATES," 1649.

[SENECA, *Her. Fur.* 922.]

THERE can be slain
No sacrifice to God more acceptable
Than an unjust and wicked king.

FROM THE HISTORY OF BRITAIN, 1670.

[In Geoffrey of Monmouth the story is that Brutus the Trojan, wandering through the Mediterranean, and uncertain whither to go, arrived at a dispeopled island called Leogecia, where he found, in a ruined city, a temple and oracle of Diana. He consulted the oracle in certain Greek verses, of which Geoffrey gives a version in Latin elegiacs; and Milton translates these.]

GODDESS of Shades, and Huntress, who at will
Walk'st on the rolling sphere, and through the deep,
On thy third reign, the Earth, look now, and tell
What land, what seat of rest thou bidd'st me seek,
What certain seat, where I may worship thee
For aye, with temples vowed, and virgin quires.

[Sleeping before the altar of the Goddess, Brutus received from her, in vision, an answer to the above in Greek. Geoffrey quotes the traditional version of the same in Latin elegiacs, which Milton thus translates.]

BRUTUS, far to the west, in the ocean wide,
Beyond the realm of Gaul, a land there lies,
Sea-girt it lies, where giants dwelt of old;
Now void, it fits thy people. Thither bend
Thy course; there shalt thou find a lasting seat;
There to thy sons another Troy shall rise,
And kings be born of thee, whose dreaded might
Shall awe the world, and conquer nations bold.

PART II.

THE LATIN POEMS.

Separate Title-page in Edition of 1645 :—"Joannis Miltoni Londinensis Poemata. Quorum pleraque intra annum ætatis vigesimum conscripsit. Nunc primum edita. Londini, Typis R. R. Prostant ad Insignia Principis, in Cœmeterio D. Pauli, apud Humphredum Moseley. 1645."

Separate Title-page in Edition of 1673 :—Same as above, word for word, as far as to "Londini," inclusively ; after which the rest runs thus : "Excudebat W. R. anno 1673."

LATIN POEMS.

[DE AUCTORE TESTIMONIA.]

Hæc quæ sequuntur de Authore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quam supra se esse dicta, eo quod præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici, ita fere solent laudare ut omnia suis potius virtutibus quam veritati congruentia nimis cupide affingant, noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam, cum alii præsertim ut id faceret magnopere suaderent. Dum enim nimis laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibi quod plus æquo est non attributum esse mavult, judicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat negare non potest.

JOANNES PAPIISTA MANSUS, MARCHIO VILLENSIS
NEAPOLITANUS, AD JOANNEM MILTONIUM AN-
GLUM.

Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,
Non Anglus, verùm herclè Angelus ipse, fores.

AD JOANNEM MILTONEM ANGLUM, TRIPLICI POE-
SEOS LAUREÂ CORONANDUM, GRÆCÂ NIMIRUM,
LATINÂ, ATQUE HETRUSCÂ, EPIGRAMMA JOANNIS
SALSILLI ROMANI.

Cede, Meles ; cedat depressâ Mincius urnâ ;
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui ;
At Thæmæsis victor cunctis ferat altior undas ;
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

AD JOANNEM MILTONUM.

Græcia Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem ;
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.
SELVAGGI.

AL SIGNOR GIO. MILTONI, NOBILE INGLESE.

ODE.

Ergimi all' Etra o Clio,
Perchè di stelle intreccierò corona !
Non più del biondo Dio
La fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicon :
Diensi a merto maggior maggiori i fregi,
A celeste virtù celesti pregi.

Non può del Tempo edace
Rimaner preda eterno alto valore ;
Non può l' obbligo rapace
Furar dalle memorie eccelso onore. 10
Sull' arco di mia cetra un dardo forte
Virtù m' adatti, e ferirò la Morte.

Dell' Ocean profondo
Cinta dagli ampi gorghi Anglia risiede
Separata dal mondo,
Però che il suo valor l' umano eccede
Questa feconda sa produrre Eroi,
Ch' hanno a ragion del sovruman tra noi.

Alla virtù sbandita
Danno nei petti lor fido ricetta, 20
Quella gli è sol gradita,
Perchè in lei san trovar gioia e diletto ;
Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e mostra in tanto,
Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.

Lungi dal patrio lido
Spinse Zeusi l' industrie ardente brama ;
Ch' udio d' Elena il grido
Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
E per poterla effigiare al paro
Dalle più belle Idee trasse il più raro.

Così l' ape ingegnosa
Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato
Dal giglio e dalla rosa,
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato ;
Formano un dolce suon diverse corde,
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amante
Milton, dal Ciel natio, per varie parti
Le peregrine piante
Volgesti a ricercar scienze ed arti ;
Dell Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi più degni.

Fabro quasi divino,
Sol virtù rintracciando, il tuo pensiero
Vide in ogni confino
Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero ;
L' ottimo dal miglior dopo scegliea
Per fabbricar d' ogni virtù l' Idea.

Quanti nacquero in Flora,
O in lei del parlar Tosco appreser l' arte,
La cui memoria onora
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,
Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,
E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.

Nell' altera Babelle
Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,
Che per varie favelle
Di se stessa trofeo cadde sul piano :

Ch' ode, oltr' all' Anglia, il suo più degno idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia, e Roma. 60

I più profondi arcani
Ch' occulta la Natura, e in cielo e in terra,
Ch' a Ingegni sovrumani
Tropo avara talor gli chiude, e serra,
Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine
Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non batta il Tempo l' ale,
Fermisi immoto, e in un ferminsi gli anni,
Che di virtù immortale
Scorron di troppo ingiuriosi ai danni ; 70
Che s' opre degne di poema e storia
Furon già, l' hai presenti alla memoria.

Dammi tua dolce Cetra,
Se vuoi ch' io dica del tuo dolce canto,
Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra
Di farti uomo celeste ottiene il vanto ;
Il Tamigi il dirà, chè gli è concesso
Per te, suo cigno, pareggiar Permesso.

Io, che in riva dell' Arno
Tento spiegar tuo merto alto e preclaro, 80
So che fatico indarno,
E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo ;
Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core,
Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.

Del Sig. ANTONIO FRANCINI,
Gentiluomo Fiorentino.

JOANNI MILTONI, LONDINENSI,

Juveni patriâ, virtutibus, eximio :

Viro qui multa peregrinatione, studio cuncta, orbis terrarum loca perspexit, ut, novus Ulysses, omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet :

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ sic reviviscunt ut idiomata omnia sint in ejus laudibus infacunda ; et jure ea percallet ut admirationes et plausus populorum ab propriâ sapientiâ excitatos intelligat :

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque sensus ad admirationem commovent, et per ipsam motum cuique auferunt ; cujus opera ad plausus hortantur, sed venustate vocem laudatoribus adimunt :

Cui in Memoriâ totus orbis ; in Intellectu sapientia ; in Voluntate ardor gloriæ ; in Ore eloquentia ; harmonicos cælestium sphærarum sonitus Astronomiâ duce audienti ; characteres mirabilium Naturæ per quos Dei magnitudo describitur magistrâ Philosophiâ legenti ; antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages, comite assiduâ Autorum lectione, 'exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti'

(At cur nitor in arduum ?) :

Illi in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Famæ non sufficiant, nec hominûm stupor in laudandis satis est, Reverentiæ et Amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert

CAROLUS DATUS, Patricius Florentinus,
Tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator.

ELEGIARUM LIBER.

ELEGIA PRIMA.

AD CAROLUM DIODATUM.

TANDEM, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,
Pertulit et voces nuncia charta tuas ;
Pertulit occiduâ Devæ Cestrensis ab orâ
Vergivium pronò quâ petit amne salum.
Multum, crede, juvat terras aluisse remotas
Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput,
Quòdque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem
Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussa velit
Me tenet urbs refluâ quam Thamesis alluit undâ,
Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet. 10
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revisere Camum,
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.
Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles ;
Quàm male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus !
Nec duri libet usque minas perferre Magistri,
Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.
Si sit hoc exilium, patrios adiisse penates,
Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,
Non ego vel profugi nomen sortemve recuso,
Lætus et exilii conditione fruor. 20
O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset
Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro ;
Non tunc Ionio quicquam cessisset Homero,
Neve foret victo laus tibi prima, Maro.
Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera Musis,
Et totum rapiunt me, mea vita, libri.
Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,
Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.
Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus hæres,
Seu procus, aut positâ casside miles adest, 30

Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus
 Detonat inculto barbara verba foro ;
 Sæpe vafer gnato succurrit servus amanti,
 Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique patris ;
 Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores
 Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit amat :
 Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragœdia sceptrum
 Quassat, et effusis crinibus ora rotat ;
 Et dolet, et specto, juvat et spectasse dolendo ;
 Interdum et lacrymis dulcis amaror inest : 40
 Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
 Gaudia, et abrupto fiendus amore cadit ;
 Seu ferus e tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor,
 Conscia funereo pectora torre movens ;
 Seu mœret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ili,
 Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.
 Sed neque sub tecto semper nec in urbe latemus,
 Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.
 Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ consitus ulmo,
 Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci. 50
 Sæpius hic, blandas spirantia sidera flammæ,
 Virgineos videas præteriisse choros.
 Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ
 Quæ possit senium vel reparare Jovis !
 Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,
 Atque faces quotquot volvit uterque polus ;
 Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,
 Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via,
 Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos, 60
 Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor ;
 Pellacesque genas, ad quas hyacinthina sordet
 Purpura, et ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor !
 Cedite laudatæ toties Herôides olim,
 Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem ;
 Cedite Achæmenia turritâ fronte puellæ,
 Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon ;
 Vos etiam Danaæ fascēs submittite Nymphæ,
 Et vos Iliacæ, Romulæque nurus ;
 Nêc Pompeianas Tarpêia Musa columnas

Jactet, et Ausoniis plena theatra stolis.
 Gloria virginibus debetur prima Britannis ;
 Extera sat tibi sit fœmina posse sequi.
 Tuque urbs Dardaniis, Londinum, structa colonis,
 Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,
 Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis
 Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.
 Non tibi tot cælo scintillant astra sereno,
 Endymioneæ turba ministra deæ,
 Quot tibi conspicuæ formæque auroque puellæ
 Per medias radiant turba videnda vias. 80
 Creditur huc geminis venisse invecta columbis
 Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,
 Huic Cnidon, et riguas Simoentis flumine valles,
 Huic Paphon, et roseam posthabitura Cypron.
 Ast ego, dum pueri sinit indulgentia cæci,
 Mœnia quàm subitò linquere fausta paro ;
 Et vitare procul malefidæ infamia Circes
 Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.
 Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,
 Atque iterum raucæ murmur adire Scholæ. 90
 Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
 Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

ELEGIA SECUNDA.

Anno ætatis 17.

IN OBITUM PRÆCONIS ACADEMICI CANTABRIGIENSIS.

TE, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas
 Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,
 Ultima præconum præconem te quoque sæva
 Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo.
 Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis
 Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem,
 O dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere succo,
 Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies,

Dignus quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis
 Arte Coronides, sæpe rogante deâ. 10
 Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,
 Et celer a Phœbo nuntius ire tuo,
 Talis in Iliacâ stabat Cyllenius aulâ
 Alipes, æthereâ missus ab arce Patris ;
 Talis et Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei
 Rettulit Atridæ jussa severa ducis.
 Magna sepulchrorum regina, satelles Averni,
 Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,
 Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ?
 Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis. 20
 Vestibus hunc igitur pullis, Academia, luge,
 Et madeant lacrymis nigra feretra tuis.
 Fundat et ipsa modos querebunda Elegiâ tristes,
 Personet et totis nænia mœsta scholis.

ELEGIA TERTIA.

Anno ætatis 17.

IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS WINTONIENSIS.

MÆSTUS eram, et tacitus, nullo comitante, sedebam,
 Hærebantque animo tristia plura meo :
 Protinus en subiit funestæ cladis imago
 Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo ;
 Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore
 turres
 Dira sepulchrali Mors metuenda face,
 Pulsavitque auro gravidos et jaspide muros,
 Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges.
 Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi,
 Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis ; 10
 Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad æthera raptos,
 Flevit et amissos Belgia tota duces.
 At te præcipuè luxi, dignissime Præsul,

Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ ;
 Delicui fletu, et tristi sic ore querebar ;
 “ Mors fera, Tartareo diva secunda Jovi,
 Nonne satis quod sylva tuas persentiat iras,
 Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros,
 Quodque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo.
 Et crocus, et pulchræ Cypridi sacra rosa ? 20
 Nec sinis ut semper fluvio contermina quercus
 Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ ;
 Et tibi succumbit liquido quæ plurima cælo
 Evehitur pennis, quamlibet augur, avis,
 Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis,
 Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.
 Invida, tanta tibi cum sit concessa potestas,
 Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus ?
 Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,
 Semideamque animam sede fugâsse suâ ? ” 30
 Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,
 Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,
 Et Tartessiaco submerserat æquore currum
 Phœbus, ab Eöo littore mensus iter.
 Nec mora ; membra cavo posui refovenda cubili ;
 Condiderant oculos noxque soporque meos,
 Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro ;
 Heu ! nequit ingenium visa referre meum.
 Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,
 Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent ; 40
 Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles
 Vestitu nituit multicolore solum ;
 Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
 Alcinoi Zephyro Chloris amata levi.
 Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos ;
 Ditiôr Hesperio flavet arena Tago ;
 Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
 Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis :
 Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris
 Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus. 50
 Ipse racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbras
 Et pelluentes miror ubique locos,
 VOL II. C C

Ecce mihi subitò Præsul Wintonius astat !
 Sidercum nitido fulsit in ore jubar ;
 Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos ;
 Infula divinum cinxerat alba caput.
 Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,
 Intremuit læto florea terra sono ;
 Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cælestia pennis ;
 Pura triumphali personat æthra tubâ. 60
 Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat,
 Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos :
 " Nate, veni, et patrii felix cape gaudia regni ;
 Semper abhinc duro, nate, labore vaca."
 Dixit, et aligeræ tetigerunt nabilia turmæ ;
 At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies ;
 Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice somnos.
 Talia contingant somnia sæpe mihi !

ELEGIA QUARTA.

Anno ætatis 18.

AD THOMAM JUNIUM, PRÆCEPTOREM SUUM, APUD
 MERCATORES ANGLICOS HAMBURGÆ AGENTES PAS-
 TORIS MUNERE FUNGENTEM.

CURRE per immensum subitò, mea littera, pontum ;
 I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros ;
 Segnes rumpe moras, et nil, precor, obstat eunti,
 Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.
 Ipse ego Sicanio frænantem carcere ventos
 Æolon, et virides sollicitabo Deos,
 Cæruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,
 Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.
 At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales,
 Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri ; 10
 Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras,
 Gratus Eleusinâ missus ab urbe puer.

Atque, ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas,
 Ditis ad Hamburgæ moenia flecte gradum,
 Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ,
 Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.
 Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore
 Præsul, Christicolas pascere doctus oves ;
 Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ ;
 Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego. 20
 Hei mihi, quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti,
 Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei !
 Charior ille mihi quàm tu, doctissime Graiûm,
 Cliniasi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat ;
 Quàmque Stagiritès generoso magnus alumno,
 Quem peperit Lybico Chaonis alma Jovi.
 Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyræius Heros
 Myrmidonum regi, talis et ille mihi.
 Primus ego Aonios illo præeunte recessus
 Lustrabam, et bifidi sacra vireta jugi, 30
 Pieriosque hausi latices, Clioque favente
 Castalio sparsi læta ter ora mero.
 Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthon
 Induxitque auro lanea terga novo,
 Bisque novo terram sparsisti, Chlorig, senilem
 Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes ;
 Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,
 Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse sonos.
 Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum præverte sonorum ;
 Quàm sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides. 40
 Invenies dulci cum conjugè fortè sedentem,
 Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo ;
 Forsitan aut veterum prælarga volumina Patrum
 Versantem, aut verè Biblia sacra Dei,
 Cælestive animas saturantem rore tenellas,
 Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.
 Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salutem,
 Dicere quam decuit, si modo adesset, herum.
 Hæc quoque, paulùm oculos in humum defixa modestos,
 Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui : 50
 “ Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Musis,

Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.
Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit sera, salutem ;
Fiat et hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.
Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit
Icaris a lento Penelopeia viro.
Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,
Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit ?
Arguitur tardus meritò, noxamque fatetur,
Et pudet officium deseruisse suum. 60
Tu modò da veniam fasso, veniamque roganti ;
Crimina diminui quæ patuere solent.
Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes,
Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.
Sæpe sarissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis
Supplicis ad mœstas deliquere preces ;
Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
Placat et iratos hostia parva Deos.
Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,
Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor ; 70
Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera maiorum !
In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,
Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,
Et jam Saxonicos arma parâsse duces.
Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,
Et sata carne virûm jam cruor arva rigat.
Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem ;
Illuc Odrysios Mars pater egit equos ;
Perpetuòque comans jam deflorescit oliva ;
Fugit et ærisonam Diva perosa tubam, 80
Fugit, io ! terris, et jam non ultima Virgo
Creditur ad superas justa volâsse domos.
Te tamen interea belli circumsonat horror,
Vivis et ignoto solus inopsque solo ;
Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates,
Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.
Patria, dura parens, et saxis sævior albis
Spumea quæ pulsat littoris unda tui,
Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fœtus,
Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum, 90

Et sinis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis
 Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,
 Et qui læta ferunt de cælo nuntia, quique
 Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra docent ?
 Digna quidem Stygiis quæ vivas clausa tenebris,
 Æternâque animæ digna perire fame !
 Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim
 Pressit inassueto devia tesqua pede,
 Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi
 Effugit, atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus. 100
 Talis et, horrisono laceratus membra flagello,
 Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix ;
 Piscosæque ipsum Gergessæ civis Iësum
 Finibus ingratus jussit abire suis.
 At tu sume animos, nec spes cadat anxia curis,
 Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.
 Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,
 Intententque tibi millia tela necem,
 At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,
 Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet. 110
 Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus ;
 Ille tibi custos, et pugil ille tibi ;
 Ille Sionææ qui tot sub mœnibus arcis
 Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros ;
 Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras
 Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris ;
 Terruit et densas pavido cum rege cohortes,
 Aëre dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,
 Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,
 Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum, 120
 Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentûm,
 Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virûm.
 Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,
 Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala ;
 Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,
 Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares."

ELEGIA QUINTA.

Anno ætatis 20.

IN ADVENTUM VERIS.

IN se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro
 Jam revocat Zephyros, vere tepente, novos ;
 Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,
 Jamque soluta gelu dulcè virescit humus.
 Fallor ? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
 Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest ?
 Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo
 (Quis putet ?) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.
 Castalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,
 Et mihi Pirenen somnia nocte ferunt ; 10
 Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
 Et furor, et sonitus me sacer intus agit.
 Delius ipse venit (video Penëide lauro
 Implicitos crines), Delius ipse venit.
 Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cæli,
 Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo ;
 Perque umbras, perque antra feror, penetralia vatum ;
 Et mihi fana patent interiora Deum ;
 Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,
 Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos. 20
 Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore ?
 Quid parit hæc rabies, quid sacer iste furor ?
 Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo ;
 Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.
 Jam, Philomela, tuos, foliis adoperta novellis,
 Instituis modulos, dum silet omne nemus :
 Urbe ego, tu sylvâ, simul incipiamus utrique,
 Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.
 Veris, io ! rediere vices ; celebremus honores
 Veris, et hoc subeat Musa perennis opus. 30

Jam sol, Æthiopus fugiens Tithoniaque arva,
 Flectit ad Arctos aurea lora plagas.
 Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacæ,
 Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.
 Jamque Lycaonius plaustrum cæleste Bootes
 Non longâ sequitur fessus ut ante viâ ;
 Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto
 Excubias agitant sidera rara polo.
 Nam dolus, et cædes, et vis cum nocte recessit,
 Neve Giganteum Dii timuere scelus. 40
 Fortè aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,
 Roscida cum primo sole rubescit humus,
 "Hac," ait, "hac certè caruisti nocte puellâ,
 Phœbe, tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos."
 Læta suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque resumit
 Cynthia, luciferas ut videt alta rotas,
 Et, tennes ponens radios, gaudere videtur
 Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.
 "Desere," Phœbus ait, "thalamos, Aurora, seniles ;
 Quid juvat effæto procubuisse toro ? 50
 Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herbâ ;
 Surge ; tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet."
 Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,
 Et matutinos ociùs urget equos.
 Exuit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam,
 Et cupit amplexus, Phœbe, subire tuos.
 Et cupit, et digna est ; quid enim formosius illâ,
 Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,
 Atque Arabum spirat messes, et ab ore venusto
 Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosis ? 60
 Ecce, coronatur sacro frons ardua luco,
 Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim ;
 Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,
 Floribus et visa est posse placere suis.
 Floribus effusos ut erat redimita capillos,
 Tænario placuit diva Sicana Deo.
 Aspice, Phœbe ; tibi faciles hortantur amores,
 Mellitasque movent flamina verna preces ;
 Cinnameâ Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ ;

Blanditiasque tibi ferre videntur aves. 70
Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores
Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros ;
Alma saluterum medicos tibi gramen in usus
Præbet, et hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos.
Quòd si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt
Munera (muneribus sæpe coemptus amor),
Illa tibi ostentat quascunque sub æquore vasto,
Et superinjectis montibus, abdit opes.
Ah ! quoties, cum tu clivoso fessus Olympo
In vespertinas præcipitaris aquas, 80
“ Cur te,” inquit, “ cursu languentem, Phœbe, diurno
Hesperitiis recipit cærule mater aquis ?
Quid tibi cum Tethy ? quid cum Tartesside lymphâ ?
Dia quid immundo perluis ora salo ?
Frigora, Phœbe, meâ melius captabis in umbrâ ;
Huc ades ; ardentes imbue rore comas.
Mollior egelidâ veniet tibi somnus in herbâ ;
Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.
Quàque jaces circum mulcebit lenè susurrans
Aura per humentes corpora fusa rosas. 90
Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelëia fata,
Nec Phaëtonteo fumidus axis equo ;
Cum tu, Phœbe, tuo sapientiùs uteris igni,
Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.”
Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores ;
Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.
Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
Languentesque fovet solis ab igne faces.
Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,
Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo. 100
Jamque vel invictam tentat superâsse Dianam,
Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.
Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,
Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.
Marmoreas juvenes clamant *Hymenæe* per urbes ;
Littus *io Hymen* et cava saxa sonant.
Cultior ille venit, tunicâque decentior aptâ ;
Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum.

Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris
Virgineos auro cincta puella sinus. 110
Votum est cuique suum ; votum est tamen omnibus
unum,
Ut sibi quem cupiat det Cytherea virum.
Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arundine pastor,
Et sua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.
Navita nocturno placat sua sidera cantu,
Delphinasque leves ad vada summa vocat.
Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,
Convocat et famulos ad sua festa Deos.
Nunc etiam Satyri, cum sera crepuscula surgunt,
Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro, 120
Sylvanusque suâ cyparissi fronde revinctus,
Semicaperque Deus, semideusque caper.
Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis
Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.
Per sata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius Pan ;
Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres ;
Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,
Consulit in trepidos dum sibi nympa pedes,
Jamque latet, latitansque cupit malè tectâ videri, 130
Et fugit, et fugiens pervelit ipsa capi.
Dii quoque non dubitant cælo præponere sylvas,
Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet.
Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,
Nec vos arboreâ, dii, precor, ite domo.
Te referant, miseris te, Jupiter, aurea terris
Sæcla ! quid ad nimbos, aspera tela, redis ?
Tu saltem lentè rapidos age, Phœbe, jugales
Quà potes, et sensim tempora veris eant :
Brumaque productas tardè ferat hispida noctes,
Ingruat et nostro serior umbra polo ! 140

ELEGIA SEXTA.

AD CAROLUM DIODATUM, RURI COMMORANTEM ;

Qui, cum Idibus Decemb. scripsisset, et sua carmina excusari postulasset si solito minus essent bona, quod inter lautitias quibus erat ab amicis exceptus haud satis felicem operam Aluis dare se posse affirmabat, hoc habuit responsum.

MITTO tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,
 Quâ tu distento fortè carere potes.
 At tua quid nostram prolectat Musa camœnam,
 Nec sinit optatas posse sequi tenebras ?
 Carmine scire vclis quàm te redamemque colamque ;
 Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas.
 Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur arctis,
 Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.
 Quàm bene solennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrim,
 Festaque cœlifugam quæ colucre Deum, 10
 Deliciasque refers, hiberni gaudia ruris,
 Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta focos !
 Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque poesin ?
 Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat.
 Nec puduit Phœbum virides gestâsse corymbos,
 Atque hederam lauro præposuisse suæ.
 Sæpius Aoniis clamavit collibus *Enæ*
 Mista Thyoneo turba novena choro.
 Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris ;
 Non illic epulæ, non sata vitis erat. 20
 Quid nisi vina, rosasque, racemiferumque Lyæum,
 Cantavit brevibus Tēia Musa modis ?
 Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius Euan,
 Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum ;
 Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus,
 Et volat Eleo pulvere fuscus eques.
 Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho
 Dulcè canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.
 Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu
 Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet. 30

Massica foecundam despumant pocula venam,
 Fundis et ex ipso condita metra cado.
 Addimus his artes, fusumque per intima Phœbum;
 Corda ; favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.
 Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te,
 Numine composito, tres peperisse Deos.
 Nunc quoque Thressa tibi cælato barbitos auro
 Insonat argutâ molliter icta manu ;
 Auditurque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,
 Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes. 40
 Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,
 Et revocent quantum crapula pellit iners.
 Crede mihi, dum psallit ebur, comitataque plectrum
 Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,
 Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phœbum,
 Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor ;
 Perque puellares oculos digitumque sonantem
 Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus.
 Namque Elegia levis multorum cura deorum est,
 Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos ; 50
 Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque,
 Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.
 Talibus inde licent convivia larga poetis,
 Sæpiùs et veteri commaduisse mero.
 At qui bella refert, et adulto sub Jove cælum,
 Heroasque pios, semideosque duces,
 Et nunc sancta canit superûm consulta deorum,
 Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
 Ille quidem parcè, Samii pro more magistri,
 Vivat, et innocuos præbeat herba cibos ; 60
 Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympa catillo,
 Sobriaque e puro pocula fonte bibat.
 Additur huic scelerisque vacans et casta juvenus,
 Et rigidi mores, et sine labe manus ;
 Qualis veste nitens sacrâ, et lustralibus undis,
 Surgis ad infensos augur iture Deos.
 Hos ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem
 Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,
 Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque

Orpheon edomitis sola per antra feris ; 70
 Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus
 Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,
 Et per monstificam Perseiae Phœbados aulam,
 Et vada fœmineis insidiosa sonis,
 Perque tuas, rex ime, domos, ubi sanguine nigro
 Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges :
 Diis ctenim sacer est vates, divûmque sacerdos,
 Spirat et occultum pectus et ora Jovem.
 At tu si quid agam scitabere (si modò saltem
 Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam). 80
 Paciferum canimus cœlesti semine regem,
 Faustaue sacratis sæcula pacta libris ;
 Vagitumque Dei, et stabulantem paupere tecto
 Qui suprema suo cum patre regna colit ;
 Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque æthere turmas,
 Et subito elisos ad sua fana Deos.
 Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa ;
 Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
 Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata cicutis ;
 Tu mihi, cui recitem, iudicis instar eris. 90

ELEGIA SEPTIMA.

Anno ætatis undevigesimo.

NONDUM blanda tuas leges, Amathusia, nôram,
 Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.
 Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,
 Atque tuum sprevi maxime numen, Amor.
 "Tu puer imbelles" dixi "transfige columbas ;
 Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci :
 Aut de passeribus tumidos age, parve, triumphos ;
 Hæc sunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ.
 In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma ?
 Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros." 10
 Non tulit hoc Cyprius (neque enim Deus ullus ad iras
 Promptior), et duplici jam ferus igne calet.

Ver erat, et summæ radians per culmina villæ
Attulerat primam lux tibi, Maie, diem ;
At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem,
Nec matutinum sustinuere jubar.
Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis ;
Prodidit astantem mota pharetra Deum ;
Prodidit et facies, et dulcè minantis ocelli,
Et quicquid puero dignum et Amore fuit. 20
Talis in æterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo
Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi ;
Aut, qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas,
Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas.
Addideratque iras, sed et has decuisse putares ;
Addideratque truces, nec sine felle, minas.
Et "Miser exemplo sapuisses tutiùs," inquit ;
"Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis eris.
Inter et expertos vires numerabere nostras,
Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem. 30
Ipse ego, si nescis, strato Pythone superbum
Edomui Phœbum, cessit et ille mihi ;
Et, quoties meminit Penëidos, ipse fatetur
Certiùs et graviùs tela nocere mea.
Me nequit adductum curvare peritiùs arcum,
Qui post terga solet vincere, Parthus eques :
Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, et ille
Inscius uxori qui necis author erat.
Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
Herculeæque manus, Herculesque comes. 40
Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,
Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.
Cætera quæ dubitas meliùs mea tela docebunt,
Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.
Nec te, stulte, tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ ;
Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem."
Dixit, et, aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,
Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.
At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat. 50
Et modò quàm nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,

Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.
Turba frequens, facieque simillima turba dearum,
Splendida per medias itque redditque vias ;
Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat.
Fallor ? an et radios hinc quoque Phoebus habet ?
Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,
Impetus et quò me fert juvenilis agor ;
Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia misi,
Neve oculos potui continuisse meos. 60
Unam fortè aliis supereminuisse notabam
Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.
Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,
Sic regina Deum conspicienda fuit.
Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido,
Solut et hos nobis texuit antè dolos.
Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multæque sagittæ,
Et facis a tergo grande pependit onus.
Nec mora ; nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori,
Insilit hinc labiis, insidet inde genis ; 70
Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
Hei mihi ! mille locis pectus inermis ferit.
Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores ;
Uror amans intus, flammaque totus eram.
Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat
Ablata est, oculis non reditura meis ;
Ast ego progredior tacitè querebundus, et excors,
Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.
Findor ; et hæc remanet, sequitur pars altera votum :
Raptaque tam subitò gaudia flere juvat. 80
Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia cælum,
Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focus ;
Talis et abreptum solem respexit ad Orcum
Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaræus equis.
Quid faciam infelix, et luctu victus ? Amores
Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.
O utinam spectare semel mihi detur amatos
Vultus, et coràm tristia verba loqui !
Forsitan et duro non est adamante creata,
Fortè nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces ! 90

Crede mihi, nullus sic infelicitè arsit ;
 Ponar in exemplo primus et unus ego.
 Parce, precor, teneri cum sis Deus ales amoris ;
 Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.
 Jam tuus O certè est mihi formidabilis arcus,
 Nate deâ, jaculis nec minus igne potens :
 Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,
 Solus et in Superis tu mihi summus eris.
 Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme, furores ;
 Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans : 100
 Tu modò da facilis, posthæc mea siqua futura est,
 Cuspis amatueros figat ut una duos.

*Hæc ego mente olim lævâ, studioque supino,
 Nequiticæ posui vana trophæa meæ.
 Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error,
 Indocilisque ætas prava magistra fuit ;
 Donec Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos
 Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.
 Protinùs, extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,
 Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu ;
 Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse sagittis,
 Et Diomedeam vim timet ipsa Venus.*

[EPIGRAMMATA.]

IN PRODITIONEM BOMBARDICAM.

CUM simul in regem nuper satrapasque Britannos
 Ausus es infandum, perfide Fauxe, nefas,
 Fallor ? an et mitis voluisti ex parte videri,
 Et pensare malâ cum pietate scelus ?
 Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria cæli,
 Sulphureo curru flammivolisque rotis ;
 Qualiter ille, feris caput inviolabile Parcis,
 Liquit Iôrdanios turbine raptus agros.

IN EANDEM.

SICCINE tentâsti cælo donâsse Iacobum,
 Quæ septemgemino Bellua monte lates ?
 Nî meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,
 Parce, precor, donis insidiosa tuis.
 Ille quidem sine te consortia serus adivit
 Astra, nec infernî pulveris usus ope.
 Sic potius fœdos in cælum pelle cucullos,
 Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos ;
 Namque hac aut aliâ nisi quemque adjuveris arte,
 Crede mihi, cæli vix bene scandet iter. 10

IN EANDEM.

PURGATOREM animæ derisit Iacobus ignem,
 Et sine quo superûm non adeunda domus.
 Frenduit hoc trinâ monstrum Latiale coronâ,
 Movit et horrificum cornua dena minax.
 Et " Nec inultus " ait " temnes mea sacra, Britanne;
 Supplicium spretâ religione dabis ;
 Et, si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,
 Non nisi per flammâs triste patebit iter."
 O quàm funesto cecinisti proxima vero,
 Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis ! 10
 Nam prope Tartareo sublime rotatus ab igni
 Ibat ad æthereas, umbra perusta, plagas.

IN EANDEM.

QUEM modò Roma suis devoverat impia diris,
 Et Styge damnârat, Tænarioque sinu,
 Hunc, vice mutatâ, jam tollere gestit ad astra,
 Et cupit ad superos evehere usque Deos.

IN INVENTOREM BOMBARDÆ.

IAPETIONIDEM laudavit cæca vetustas,
 Qui tulit ætheream solis ab axe facem ;
 At mihi major erit qui lurida creditur arma
 Et trifidum fulmen surripuisse Jovi.

AD LEONORAM ROMÆ CANENTEM.

ANGELUS unicuique suus (sic credite, gentes)
 Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.
 Quid mirum, Leonora, tibi si gloria major?
 Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.
 Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cæli,
 Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens;
 Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda
 Sensim immortalì assuescere posse sono.
 Quòd, si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fusus,
 In te unâ loquitur, cætera mutus habet. 10

AD EANDEM.

ALTERA Torquatum cepit Leonora poetam,
 Cujus ab insano cessit amore furens.
 Ah miser ille tuo quanto feliciùs ævo
 Perditus, et propter te, Leonora, foret!
 Et te Pieriâ sensisset voce canentem
 Aurea maternæ fila movere lyræ!
 Quamvis Dirçæo torsisset lumina Pentheo
 Sævior, aut totus desipuisset iners,
 Tu tamen errantes cæcâ vertigine sensus
 Voce eadem poteras composuisse tuâ; 10
 Et poteras, ægro spirans sub corde quietem,
 Flexanimo cantu restituïsse sibi.

AD EANDEM.

CREDULA quid liquidam Sirena, Neapoli, jactas,
 Claraque Parthenopes fana Achelöiados,
 Littoreamque tuâ defunctam Naiada ripâ
 Corpore Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?
 Illa quidem vivitque, et amœnâ Tibridis undâ
 Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.
 Illic, Romulidum studiis ornata secundis,
 Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.
 VOL. II. D D

APOLOGUS DE RUSTICO ET HERO.

RUSTICUS ex malo sapidissima poma quotannis
 Legit, et urbano lecta dedit Domino :
 Hic, incredibili fructus dulcedine captus,
 Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.
 Hactenus illa ferax, sed longo debilis ævo,
 Mota solo assueto, protinus aret incers.
 Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,
 Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus ;
 Atque ait, "Heu quanto satius fuit illa Coloni
 (Parva licet) grato dona tulisse animo !
 Possem ego avaritiam frænare, gulamque voracem :
 Nunc periere mihi et foetus et ipse parens."

10

[DE MORO.]

GALLI ex concubitu gravidam te, Pontia, Mori
 Quis bene moratam morigeramque neget ?

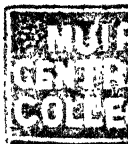
AD CHRISTINAM, SUECORUM REGINAM, NOMINE
CROMWELLI.

BELLIPOTENS Virgo, Septem regina Trionum,
 Christina, Arctoi lucida stella poli !
 Cernis quas merui durâ sub casside rugas,
 Utque senex armis impiger ora tero,
 Invia fatûrum dum per vestigia nitor,
 Exequor et populi fortia jussa manu.
 Ast tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra ;
 Nec sunt hi vultus Regibus usque truces.

Elegiarum Finis.

SYLVARUM LIBER.

Anno ætatis 17.



IN OBITUM PROCANCELLARII MEDICI.

PARERE Fati discite legibus,
Manusque Parcæ jam date supplices,
Qui pendulum telluris orbem
Iâpeti colitis nepotes.

Vos si relicto Mors vaga Tænaro
Semel vocârit flebilis, heu ! moræ
Tentantur incassum dolique ;
Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.

Si destinatam pellere dextera
Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules
Nessi venenatus cruore

10

Æmathiâ jacuisset Cætâ ;
Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ
Vidisset occisum Ilion Hectora, aut
Quem larva Pelidis peremit
Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.

Si triste Fatum verba Hecatæia
Fugare possint, Telegoni parens
Vixisset infamis, potentique
Ægiali soror usa virgâ.

20

Numenque trinum fallere si queant
Artes medentum, ignotaque gramina,
Non gnarus herbarum Machaon
Eurypyli cecidisset hastâ ;

Læsisset et nec te, Philyreie,
Sagitta Echidnæ perlita sanguine ;
Nec tela te fulmenque avitum,
Cæse puer genetricis alvo.

Tuque, O alumno major Apolline,

Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum, 30
 Frondosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,
 Et mediis Helicon in undis,
 Jam præfuisse Palladio gregi
 Lætus superstes, nec sine gloriâ ;
 Nec puppe lustrâs Charontis
 Horribiles barathri recessus.
 At fila rupit Perscphone tua,
 Irata cum te viderit artibus
 Succoque pollenti tot atris
 Faucibus eripuisse Mortis. 40
 Colende Præses, membra precor tua
 Molli quiescant cespitem, et ex tuo
 Crescant rosæ calthæque busto,
 Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.
 Sit mite de te iudicium Æaci,
 Subrideatque Ætnæa Proserpina,
 Interque felices perennis
 Elysio spatium campo !

IN QUINTUM NOVEMBRIS.

Anno aetatis 17.

JAM pius extremâ veniens Iacobus ab arcto
 Teucrigenas populos, latèque patentia regna
 Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile foedus
 Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis :
 Pacificusque novo, felix divesque, sedebat
 In solio, occultique doli securus et hostis :
 Cum ferox ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
 Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,
 Fortè per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,
 Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernasque fideles, 10
 Participes regni post funera mœsta futuros.
 Hic tempestates medio ciet aëre diras ;
 Illic unanimes odium struit inter amicos :
 Armata et invictas in mutua viscera gentes,
 Regnaque oliviferâ vertit florentia pace ;

Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister
Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus ;
Insidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes
Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, ceu Caspia tigris 20
Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam
Nocte sub illuni, et somno nictantibus astris.
Talibus infestat populos Summanus et urbes,
Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.
Jamque fluentisonis albentia rupibus arva
Apparent, et terra Deo dilecta marino,
Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,
Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem,
Æquore tranato, furiali poscere bello,
Ante expugnatae crudelia sæcula Trojæ. 30

At simul hanc, opibusque et festâ pace beatam,
Aspicit, et pingues donis Cerealibus agros,
Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit
Tartareos ignes et luridum olentia sulphur ;
Qualia Trinacriâ trux ab Jove clausus in Ætnâ
Efflat tabifico monstrosus ab ore Typhceus.
Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo
Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuspide cuspis ;
Atque " Pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile mundo 40
Inveni " dixit ; " gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,
Contemtrixque jugi, nostrâque potentior arte.
Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,
Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta."
Hactenus ; et piceis liquido natat aëre pennis :
Quà volat, adversi præcursant agmine venti,
Densantur nubes, et crebra tonitrua fulgent.

Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat Alpes,
Et tenet Ausoniæ fines. A parte sinistrâ
Nimbifer Apenninus erat, priscique Sabini ; 50
Dextra beneficiis infamis Hetruria ; nec non
Te furtiva, Tiberis, Thetidi videt oscula dantem :
Hinc Mavortigenæ consistit in arce Quirini.
Reddiderant dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,

Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,
 Panificosque Deos portat, scapulisque virorum
 Evehitur ; præeunt submisso poplite reges,
 Et mendicantûm series longissima fratrum ;
 Cereaque in manibus gestant funalia cæci,
 Cimmeriis nati in tenebris vitamque trahentes. 60
 Tempa dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis
 (Vesper erat sacer iste Petro), fremitusque canentûm
 Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, et inane locorum :
 Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromique caterva,
 Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,
 Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Asopus in undis,
 Et procul ipse cavâ responsat rupe Cithæron.

His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,
 Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,
 Præcipientesque impellit equos stimulante flagello, 70
 Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætémque ferocem,
 Atque Acherontæo prognatam patre Siopen
 Torpidam, et hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.

Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres,
 Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim secretus adulter
 Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes) ;
 At vix compositos somnus clauderat ocellos
 Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentûm,
 Prædatorque hominum, falsâ sub imagine tectus
 Astitit. Assumptis micuerunt tempora canis ; 80
 Barba sinus promissa tegit ; cineracea longo
 Symmate verrit humum vestis ; pendetque cucullus
 Vertice de raso ; et, ne quicquam desit ad artes,
 Cannabeo lumbos constrinxit fune salaces,
 Tarda fenestratis figens vestigia calceis.
 Talis, uti fama est, vastâ Franciscus eremo
 Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,
 Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis
 Impius, atque lupos domuit, Libycosque leones.

Subdolan at tali Serpens velatus amictu 90
 Solvit in hæc fallax ora execrantia voces :
 " Dormis, nate ? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus ?
 Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum !

Dum cathedram, venerande, tuam diademaque triplex
Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe,
Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britannii:
Surge, age ! surge piger, Latius quem Cæsar adorat,
Cui reserata patet convexi janua cæli ;
Turgentes animos et fastus frange procaces,
Sacrilegique sciant tua quid maledictio possit, 100
Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis ;
Et memor Hesperiae disiectam ulciscere classem,
Mersaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probrosæ,
Thermodoonteâ nuper regnante puellâ.
At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto,
Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires,
Tyrrhenum implebit numero milite pontum,
Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle ;
Reliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit, 110
Sacræque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,
Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.
Nec tamen hunc bellis et aperto Marte lacesses ;
Irritus ille labor ; tu callidus utere fraude :
Quælibet hæreticis disponere retia fas est.
Jamque ad consilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
Patricios vocat, et procerum de stirpe creatos,
Grandævosque patres trabeâ canisque verendos :
Hos tu membratim poteris conspergere in auras,
Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne 120
Ædibus injecto, quâ convenere, sub imis.
Protinûs ipse igitur quoscunque habet Anglia fidos
Propositi factique mone : quisquamne tuorum
Audebit summi non jussa facessere Papæ ?
Perculsosque metu subito, casuque stupentes,
Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel sævus Iberus.
Sæcula sic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
Tuque in bellicosos iterum dominaberis Anglos.
Et, nequid timeas, divos divasque secundas
Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina fastis." 130
Dixit, et adscitos ponens malefidus amictus
Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.

Jam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas
 Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras ;
 Mœstaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati
 Irrigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis ;
 Cum somnos pepulit stellatæ janitor aulae,
 Nocturnos visus et somnia grata revolvens.

Est locus æternâ septus caligine noctis,
 Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamina tecti, 140
 Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotæque bilinguis,
 Effera quos uno peperit Discordia partu.
 Hic inter cæmenta jacent præruptaque saxa
 Ossa inhumata virûm, et trajecta cadavera ferro ;
 Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis,
 Jurgiaque, et stimulis armata Calumnia fauces ;
 Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille, videntur,
 Et Timor ; exanguisque locum circumvolat Horror ;
 Perpetuòque leves per muta silentia Manes
 Exulant ; tellus et sanguine conscia stagnat. 150
 Ipsi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus antri
 Et Phonos et Prodotes ; nulloque sequente per antrum,
 Antrum horrens, scopulosum, atrum feralibus umbris,
 Diffugiunt fontes, et retrò lumina vortunt.
 Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longa fideles
 Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fatur :
 " Finibus occiduis circumfusum incolit æquor
 Gens exosa mihi ; prudens Natura negavit
 Indignam penitùs nostro conjungere mundo.
 Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu, 160
 Tartareoque leves diffidentur pulvere in auras
 Et rex et pariter satrapæ, scelerata propago ;
 Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ
 Consilii socios adhibete, operisque ministros."
 Finierat : rigidi cupidè paruere gemelli.

Interea longo flectens curvamine cælus
 Despiciat æthereâ Dominus qui fulgurat arce,
 Vanaque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ,
 Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.
 Esse ferunt spatium, quâ distat ab Aside terrâ 170
 Fertilis Europe, et spectat Mareotidas undas ;

Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famæ,
Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior astris
Quàm superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossæ.
Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestræ,
Amplaque per tenues translucent atria muros.
Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata susurros ;
Qualiter instrepitant circum mulctralia bombis
Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,
Dum Canis æstivum cæli petit ardua culmen. 180
Ipsa quidem summâ sedet ultrix matris in arce :
Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,
Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captat
Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis ;
Nec tot, Aristoride, servator inique juvencæ
Isidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,
Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,
Lumina subjectas latè spectantia terras.
Istis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe
Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli ; 190
Millenisque loquax auditaque visaque linguis
Cuilibet effundit temeraria ; veraque mendax
Nunc minuit, modò confictis sermonibus auget.
Sed tamen a nostro meruisti carmine laudes,
Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,
Nobis digna cani, nec te memorâsse pigebit
Carmine tam longo ; servati scilicet Angli
Officiis, vaga diva, tuis tibi reddimus æqua.
Te Deus, æternos motu qui temperat ignes,
Fulmine præmisso, alloquitur, terrâque tremente : 200
“ Fama, siles ? an te latet impia Papistarum
Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,
Et nova sceptrigero cædes meditata Iâcobo ? ”
Nec plura : illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,
Et, satis antè fugax, stridentes induit alas,
Induit et variis exilia corpora plumis ;
Dextra tubam gestat Temesæo ex ære sonoram.
Nec mora ; jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
Atque parum est cursu celeres prævertere nubes ;
Jam ventos, jam solis equos, post terga reliquit : 210

Et primò Angliacas, solito de more, per urbes
 Ambiguas voces incertaque murmura spargit ;
 Mox arguta dolos et detestabile vulgat
 Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,
 Authoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis
 Insidiis loca structa silet. Stupuere relatis,
 Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremucre puellæ,
 Effœtique senes pariter, tantæque ruinæ
 Sensus ad ætatem subitò penetraverat omnem.
 Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto 220
 Æthereus Pater, et crudelibus obstitit ausis
 Papicolûm. Capti pœnas raptantur ad acres :
 At pia thura Deo et grati solvuntur honores ;
 Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant ;
 Turba choros juvenilis agit ; Quintoque Novembris
 Nulla dies toto occurrit celebratio anno.

Anno ætatis 17.

IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS ELIENSIS.

ADHUC madentes rore squalebant genæ,
 Et sicca nondum lumina
 Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant salis
 Quem nuper effudi pius
 Dum mœsta charo justa persolvi rogo
 Wintoniensis Præsulis,
 Cum centilinguis Fama (proh ! semper mali
 Cladisque vera nuntia)
 Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniæ,
 Populosque Neptuno satos, 10
 Cessisse Morti et ferreis Sororibus
 Te, generis humani decus,
 Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti in insulâ
 Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.
 Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinûs
 Ebulliebat fervidâ,
 Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam :
 Nec vota Naso in Ibida

Concepit alto diriora pectore ;
Graiusque vates parcius 20
Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,
Sponsamque Neobulen suam.
At ecce ! diras ipse dum fundo graves,
Et imprecor Neci necem,
Audísse tales videor attonitus sonos
Leni, sub aurá, flamine :
“ Cæcos furores pone ; pone vitream
Bilemque et irritas minas.
Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,
Subitòque ad iras percita ? 30
Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,
Mors atra Noctis filia,
Erebove patre creta, sive Erinnye,
Vastove nata sub Chao :
Ast illa, cælo missa stellato, Dei
Messés ubique colligit ;
Animasque mole carneâ reconditas
In lucem et auras evocat,
(Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem,
Themidos Jovisque filiæ,) 40
Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus Patris,
At justa raptat impios
Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari
Sedesque subterraneas.
Hanc ut vocantem lætus audiui, citò
Fœdum reliqui carcerem,
Volatilesque faustus inter milites
Ad astra sublimis feror,
Vates ut olim raptus ad cælum senex,
Auriga currus ignei. 50
Non me Bootis terruere lucidi
Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia ;
Non ensis, Orion, tuus.
Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum ;
Longèque sub pedibus deam
Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat suos

Frænis dracones aureis.
 Erraticorum siderum per ordines,
 Per lacteas vehor plagas,
 Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam,
 Donec nitentes ad fores
 Ventum est Olympi, et regiam crystallinam, et
 Stratum smaragdis atrium.
 Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat
 Oriundus humano patre
 Amœnitates illius loci? Mihi
 Sat est in æternum frui."

60

NATURAM NON PATI SENIUM.

HEU! quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit
 Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa profundis
 Edipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem!
 Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum
 Audet, et incisas leges adamante perenni
 Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile sæclo
 Consilium Fati perituris alligat horis.

Ergone marcescet sulcantibus obsita rugis
 Naturæ facies, et rerum publica Mater,
 Omniparum contracta uterum, sterilescet ab ævo? 10
 Et, se fassa senem, malè certis passibus ibit
 Sidereum tremebunda caput? Num tetra vetustas
 Annorumque æterna fames, squalorque situsque,
 Sidera vexabunt? An et insatiabile Tempus
 Esuriet Cælum, rapietque in viscera patrem?
 Heu! potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces
 Hoc contra munisse nefas, et Temporis isto
 Exemisse malo, gyrosque dedisse perennes?
 Ergo erit ut quandoque, sono dilapsâ tremendâ,
 Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obviâ ictu 20
 Stridat uterque polus, superâque ut Olympius aulâ
 Decidat, horribilisque relectâ Gorgone Pallas;
 Qualis in Ægæam proles Junonia Lemnon
 Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine cæli.
 Tu quoque, Phœbe, tui casus imitabere nati

Præcipiti curru, subitâque ferere ruinâ
Pronus, et extinctâ fumabit lampade Nereus,
Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.
Tunc etiam aërei divulsis sedibus Hæmi
Dissultabit apex, imoque allisa barathro 30
Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,
In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaue bella.
At Pater Omnipotens, fundatis fortiùs astris,
Consuluit rerum summæ, certoque peregit
Pondere Fatorum lances, atque ordine summo
Singula perpetuum jussit servare tenorem.
Volvitur hinc lapsu Mundi rota prima diurno,
Raptat et ambitos sociâ vertigine cælos.
Tardior haud solito Saturnus, et acer ut olim
Fulmineum rutilat cristatâ casside Mavors. 40
Floridus æternum Phœbus juvenile coruscât,
Nec fovet effoetas loca per declivia terras
Devexo temone Deus ; sed semper, amicâ
Luce potens, eadem currit per signa rotarum.
Surgit odoratis pariter formosus ab Indis
Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo,
Manè vocans, et serus agens in pascua cæli ;
Temporis et gemino dispertit regna colore.
Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis. 50
Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque fragore
Lurida percussas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus ;
Stringit et armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
Trux Aquilo, spiratque hiemem, nimbosque volutat.
Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
Rex maris, et raucâ circumstrepit æquora conchâ
Oceani Tubicem, nec vastâ mole minorem
Ægæona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.
Sed neque, Terra, tibi sæcli vigor ille vetusti 60
Priscus abest ; servatque suum Narcissus odorem ;
Et puer ille suum tenet, et puer ille, decorem,
Phœbe, tuusque, et, Cypri, tuus ; nec ditior olim
Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum

Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum
 Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum ;
 Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè
 Circumplexa polos et vasti culmina cæli,
 Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina Mundi.

DE IDEÂ PLATONICÂ QUEMADMODUM ARISTOTELES
 INTELEXIT.

DICITE, sacrorum præsides nemorum deæ,
 Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis
 Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul
 Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,
 Monumenta servans, et ratas leges Jovis,
 Cælique fastos atque ephemeridas Deûm,
 Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine
 Natura solers finxit humanum genus,
 Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
 Unusque et universus, exemplar Dei?
 Haud ille, Palladis gemellus innubæ,
 Interna proles insidet menti Jovis ;
 Sed, quamlibet natura sit communior,
 Tamen seorsus extat ad morem unius,
 Et, mira ! certo stringitur spatio loci :
 Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes
 Cæli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
 Citimumve terris incolit Lunæ globum ;
 Sive, inter animas corpus adituras sedens,
 Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas ;
 Sive in remotâ fortè terrarum plagâ
 Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
 Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput,
 Atlante major portitore siderum.
 Non, cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit,
 Dirceus augur vidit hunc alto sinu ;
 Non hunc silenti nocte Plëiones nepos
 Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro ;
 Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licet
 Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini

10

20

30

Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem ;
Non ille trino gloriosus nomine
Ter magnus Hermes (ut sit arcani sciens)
Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus.
At tu, perenne ruris Academi decus,
(Hæc monstra si tu primus inducti scholis)
Jam jam poetas, urbis exules tuæ,
Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus ;
Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

AD PATREM.

NUNC mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora
Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum ;
Ut, tenues oblita sonos, audacibus alis
Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis.
Hoc utcunque tibi gratum, pater optime, carmen
Exiguum meditatur opus ; nec novimus ipsi
Aptius a nobis quæ possint munera donis
Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint
Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis 10
Esse queat vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.
Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,
Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus istâ,
Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio,
Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro,
Et nemoris laureta sacri, Parnassides umbræ.
Nec tu, vatis opus, divinum despice carmen,
Quo nihil æthereos ortus et semina cæli,
Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
Sancta Prometheæ retinens vestigia flammæ. 20
Carmen amant Superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen
Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,
Et triplici duos Manes adamante coercet.
Carmine sepositi retegunt arcana futuri
Phœbades, et tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ ;
Carmina sacrificus sollennes pangit ad aras,
Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum,

Seu cum fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris
Consulit, et tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis.
Nos etiam, patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum, 30
Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi,
Ibimus auratis per cæli templa coronis,
Dulcia suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectro,
Astra quibus geminique poli convexa sonabunt.
Spiritus et rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes
Nunc quoque sidereis intercinat ipse choreis
Immortale melos et inenarrabile carmen,
Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibila Serpens,
Denissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion,
Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas. 40
Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago
Nota gulæ, et modico spumabat cœna Lyæo.
Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates,
Æsculeâ intonsos redimitus ab arbore crines,
Heroumque actus imitandaque gesta canebat,
Et Chaos, et positi latè fundamina Mundi,
Reptantesque deos, et alentes numina glandes,
Et nondum Ætnæo quæsitum fulmen ab antro.
Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit, 50
Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?
Silvestres decet iste choros, non Orphea, cantus,
Qui tenuit fluvios, et quercubus addidit aures,
Carmine, non citharâ, simulacraque functa canendo
Compulsi in lacrymas : habet has a carmine laudes.
Nec tu perge, precor, sacras contemnere Musas,
Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus
Munere mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos,
Millibus et vocem modulis variare canoram
Doctus Arionii meritò sis nominis hæres. 60
Nunc tibi quid mirum si me genuisse poetam
Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguine juncti
Cognatas artes studiumque affine sequamur?
Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti ;
Dividuumque Deum, genitorque puerque, tenemus.

Tu tamen ut similes teneras odisse Camœnas,
 Non odisse reor. Neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
 Quà via lata patet, quà prœior area lucri,
 Cœtaque condendi fulget spes aurea nummi ; 70
 Nec rapis ad leges, malè custoditaque gentis
 Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures.
 Sed, magis excultam cupiens dîtescere mentem,
 Me, procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis
 Abductum, Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ,
 Phœbæo lateri comitem sinis ire beatum.
 Officium chari taceo commune parentis ;
 Me poscunt inajora. Tuo, pater optime, sumptu
 Cum mihi Romulæ patuit facundia linguæ,
 Et Latii veneres, et quæ Jovis ora decebant 80
 Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,
 Addere suasisti quos jactat Gallia flores,
 Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam
 Fundit, barbaricos testatus voce tumultus,
 Quæque Palæstinus loquitur mysteria vates.
 Denique quicquid habet cælum, subjectaque cælo
 Terra parens, terræque et cælo interflus aër,
 Quicquid et unda tegit, pontique agitable marmor,
 Per te nôsse licet, per te, si nôsse libebit ;
 Dimotâque venit spectanda Scientia nube, 90
 Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,
 Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libâsse molestum.
 I nunc, confer opes, quisquis malesanus avitas
 Austriaci gazas Perûanaque regna præoptas.
 Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse
 Jupiter, excepto, donâset ut omnia, cælo ?
 Non potiora dedit, quamvis et tuta fuissent,
 Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato,
 Atque Hyperionios currus, et fræna diei,
 Et circum undantem radiatâ luce tiaram. 100
 Ergo ego, jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ,
 Victrices hederas inter laurosque sedabo ;
 Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inerti,
 Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.
 Este procul vigiles Curæ, procul este Querelæ,

Invidiæque acies transverso tortilis hirquo ;
 Sæva nec anguiferos extende, Calumnia, rictus ;
 In me triste nihil, sædissima turba, potestis,
 Nec vestri sum juris ego ; securaque tutus
 Pectora vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu.

At tibi, chare pater, postquam non aqua merenti
 Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,
 Sit memorâsse satis, repetitaque munera grato
 Percensere animo, fidæque reponere menti.

Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus,
 Si modò perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,
 Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,
 Nec spisso rapiunt oblivia nigra sub Orco,
 Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
 Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis ævo.

PSALM CXIV.

Ἰσραὴλ ὅτε παῖδες, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φύλ' Ἰακώβου
 Αἰγύπτιον λίπε δῆμον, ἀπεχθέα, βαρβαρύφωνον,
 Δή τότε μῦνον ἔην ὅσιον γένος υἱὲς Ἰοῦδα·
 Ἐν δὲ Θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων βασιλεύεν.
 Εἶδε καὶ ἐντροπύδην φύγαδ' ἐρρώησε θάλασσα,
 Κύματι εἰλυμένη ροθίῳ, ὃ δ' ἄρ' ἐστυφελίχθη
 Ἰρὸς Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν·
 Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέοντο,
 Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγόωντες ἐῦτραφερῶ ἐν ἀλώῃ·
 Βαιότεραι δ' ἅμα πᾶσαι ἀνασκίρτησαν ἐρίπναι,
 Οἷα παραὶ σύριγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄννες.
 Τίπτε σύγ', αἶνα θάλασσα, πέλωρ φύγαδ' ἐρρώησας
 Κύματι εἰλυμένη ροθίῳ ; τί δ' ἄρ' ἐστυφελίχθης
 Ἰὸς Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν ;
 Τίπτ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέεσθε,
 Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγόωντες ἐῦτραφερῶ ἐν ἀλώῃ ;
 Βαιότεραι τί δ' ἄρ' ὕμμες ἀνασκιρτήσατ' ἐρίπναι,

Οἷα παρὰ σύριγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες ;
Σείεο γαῖα τρέουσα Θεὸν μεγάλ' ἐκτυπέοντα,
Γαῖα Θεὸν τρέιουσ' ὕπατον σέβας Ἰσθακίδαο,
Ὅς τε καὶ ἐκ σπιλάδων ποταμοὺς χέε μορμύροντας,
Κρήνην τ' ἀέναον πέτρης ἀπὸ δακρυοέσεως.

*Philosophus ad Regem quendam, qui eum ignotum
et insontem inter reos forte captum inscius dam-
naverat, τὴν ἐπὶ θανάτῳ πορευόμενος, hæc subito
misit.*

ὦ ἄνα, εἰ ὀλέσῃς με τὸν ἔννομον, οὐδέ τιν' ἀνδρῶν
Δεινὸν ὄλωσ δράσαντα, σοφώτατον ἴσθι κάρηνον
Ῥηϊδίως ἀφέλοιο, τὸ δ' ὕστερον αὖθι νοήσεις,
Μαψιδίως δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα τεὸν πρὸς θυμὸν ὀδύρη,
Τοιόνδ' ἐκ πόλιος περὶώνυμον ἄλκαρ ὀλέσσας.

In effigiei ejus sculptorem.

Ἀμαθεῖ γεγράφθαι χειρὶ τήνδε μὲν εἰκόνα
Φαίης τάχ' ἄν, πρὸς εἶδος αὐτοφυὲς βλέπων.
Τὸν δ' ἐκτυπῶτὸν οὐκ ἐπιγνόντες, φίλοι,
Γελᾶτε φαύλου δυσμύμημα ζωγράφου.

AD SALSILLUM, POETAM ROMANUM, ÆGROTANEM.
SCAZONTES.

O MUSA gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,
Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,
Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum
Quam cum decentes flava Dëiope suras
Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum,

Adesdum, et hæc s'is verba pauca Salsillo
Refer, Camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,
Quamque ille magnis prætulit immeritò divis.
Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,
Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum 10
Polique tractum (pessimus ubi ventorum,
Insanientis impotensque pulmonis,
Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra)
Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,
Visum superbâ cognitas urbes famâ,
Virosque, doctæque indolem juventutis,
Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa, Salsille,
Habitumque fesso corpori penitus sanum ;
Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,
Præcordiisque fixa damnosum spirat ; 20
Nec id pepercit impia quòd tu Romano
Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.
O dulce divûm munus, O Salus, Hebës
Germana ! Tuque, Phœbe ! morborum terror,
Pythone cæso, sive tu magis Pæan
Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.
Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso
Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,
Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,
Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati. 30
Sic ille charis redditus rursùm Musis
Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.
Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos
Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,
Suam reclivis semper Ægeriam spectans ;
Tumidusque et ipse Tibris, hinc delinitus,
Spei favebit annuæ colonorum ;
Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges,
Nimiùm sinistro latus irruens loro ;
Sed fræna meliùs temperabit undarum, 40
Adusque curvi salsa regna Portumni.

MANSUS.

Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis, vir ingenii laude, tum literarum studio, nec non et bellicâ virtute, apud Italos clarus in primis est. Ad quem Torquati Tassi Dialogus extat de Amicitia scriptus; erat enim Tassi amicissimus: ab quo etiam inter Campanæ principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus GERUSALEMME CONQUISTATA, lib. 20.

Fra cavalier magnanimi e cortesi
Risplende il Manso

Is authorem, Neapoli commorantem, summâ benevolentia prosecutus est, multaue ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hospes ille, antequam ab eâ urbe discederet, ut ne ingratum se ostenderet, hoc carmen misit.

HÆC quoque, Manse, tuæ meditantur carmina laudi
Pierides; tibi, Manse, choro notissime Phœbi,
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus
honore,

Post Galli cineres, et Mecænatis Hetrusci.
Tu quoque, si nostræ tantum valet aura Camœnæ,
Victrices hederas inter laurosque sedebis.

Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso
Junxit, et æternis inscripsit nomina chartis.
Mox tibi dulciloquum non inscia Musa Marinum
Tradidit; ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum, 10
Dum canit Assyrios divum prolixus amores,
Mollis et Ausonias stupefecit carmine nymphas.
Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates
Ossa, tibi soli, supremaque vota reliquit:
Nec Manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici;
Vidimus arridentem operoso ex ære poetam.
Nec satis hoc visum est in utrumque, et nec pia cessant
Officia in tumulto; cupis integros rapere Orco,
Quâ potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges:
Amborum genus, et variâ sub sorte peractam 20
Describis vitam, moresque, et dona Minervæ;
Æmulus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam
Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.
Ergo ego te, Clîus et magni nomine Phœbi,

Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum,
 Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.
 Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabere Musam,
 Quæ nuper, gelidâ vix enutrita sub Arcto,
 Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.
 Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos 30
 Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras,
 Quâ Thamesis latè puris argenteus urnis
 Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines;
 Quin et in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.

Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo,
 Quâ plaga septeno mundi sulcata Trione
 Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte Boöten.
 Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo,
 Flavescentes spicas, et lutea mala canistris,
 Halantemque crocum (perhibet nisi vana vetustas) 40
 Misimus, et lectas Druidum de gente choreas.
 (Gens Druides antiqua, sacris operata deorum,
 Heroum laudes imitandaque gesta canebant.)
 Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu
 Delo in herbosâ Graiæ de more puellæ,
 Carminibus lætis memorant Corinœida Loxo,
 Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecaërge,
 Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.

Fortunate senex ! ergo quacunque per orbem
 Torquati decus et nomen celebrabitur ingens, 50
 Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini,
 Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausumque virorum,
 Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.
 Dicitur tum sponte tuos habitâsse penates
 Cynthus, et famulas venisse ad limina Musas.
 At non sponte domum tamen idem et regis adivit
 Rura Pheretiadæ cælo fugitivus Apollo,
 Ille licet magnum Alciden suscepit hospes ;
 Tantùm, ubi clamosos placuit vitare bubulcos,
 Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum, 60
 Irriguos inter saltus frondosaque tecta,
 Peneium prope rivum : ibi sæpe sub ilice nigrâ,
 Ad citharæ strepitum, blandâ prece victus amici,

Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.

Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo
Saxa stetero loco ; nutat Trachinia rupes,
Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas ;
Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,
Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces.

Diis dilecte senex ! te Jupiter æquus oportet 70
Nascentem et miti lustrârit lumine Phœbus,
Atlantisque nepos ; neque enim nisi charus ab ortu
Diis superis poterit magno favisse poetæ.
Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus
Vernat, et Æsonios lucratur vivida fusos,
Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,
Ingeniumque vicens, et adultum mentis acumen.
O mihi si mea sors talem concedat amicum,
Phœbæos decorâsse viros qui tam bene nôrit.
Siquando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges, 80
Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem,
Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ
Magnanimos Heroas, et (O modò spiritus adsit)
Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges !
Tandem, ubi, non tacitæ permensus tempora vitæ,
Annorumque satur, cineri sua jura relinquam,
Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis ;
Astanti sat erit si dicam, ' Sim tibi curæ ' ;
Ille meos artus, liventi morte solutos,
Curaret parvâ componi molliter urnâ : 90
Forsitan et nostros ducat de marmore vultus,
Nectens aut Paphiâ myrti aut Parnasside lauri
Fronde comas ; et ego securâ pace quiescam.
Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa bonorum,
Ipse ego, cælicolûm semotus in æthera divûm,
Quò labor et mens pura vehunt atque ignea virtus,
Sècreti hæc aliquâ mundi de parte videbo
(Quantum fata sinunt), et totâ mente serenûm
Ridens purpureo suffundar lumine vultus,
Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo. 100

EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

ARGUMENTUM.

THYRSIS et DAMON, ejusdem vicinæ pastores, eadem studia sequuti, a pueritiâ amici erant, ut qui plurimum. THYRSIS, animi causâ profectus, peregrè de obitu DAMONIS nuncium accepit. Domum postea reversus, et rem ita esse comperto, se suamque solitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. DAMONIS autem sub personâ hic intelligitur CAROLUS DEODATUS, ex urbe Hetruriæ Lucâ paterno genere oriundus, cætera Anglus; ingenio, doctrinâ, clarissimisque cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

HIMERIDES Nymphæ (nam vos et Daphnin et Hylan,
 Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis),
 Dicite Sicelicum Thamesina per oppida carmen :
 Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrsis,
 Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis,
 Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus,
 Dum sibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam
 Luctibus exemit noctem, loca sola pererrans.
 Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus aristâ,
 Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes, 10
 Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,
 Nec dum aderat Thyrsis ; pastorem scilicet illum
 Dulcis amor Musæ Thuscâ retinebat in urbe.
 Ast ubi mens expleta domum pecorisque relictâ
 Cura vocat, simul assuetâ seditque sub ulmo,
 Tum verò amissum, tum denique, sentit amicum,
 Cœpit et immensum sic exonerare dolorem :—
 “Ite domum impasti ; domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hei mihi ! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cælo,
 Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere, Damon ? 20
 Siccine nos linquis ? tua sic sine nomine virtus
 Ibit, et obscuris numero sociabitur umbris ?
 At non ille animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ
 Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
 Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentiûm.
 “Ite domum impasti ; domino jam non vacat, agni.

Quicquid erit, certè, nisi me lupo antè videbit,
Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,
Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit
Inter pastores. Illi tibi vota secundo 30
Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes,
Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit;
Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piumque,
Palladiasque artes, sociumque habuisse canorum.

“Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia, Damon.
At mihi quid tandem fiet modò? quis mihi fidus
Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas,
Frigoribus duris, et per loca fœta pruinis,
Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis, 40
Sive opus in magnos fuit eminùs ire leones,
Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis?
Quis fando sopire diem cantuque solebit?

“Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit
Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cum sibilat igni
Molle pirum, et nucibus strepitat focus, at malus Auster
Miscet cuncta foris, et desuper intonat ulmo?

“Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe, 51
Cum Pan æsculeâ somnum capit abditus umbrâ,
Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia Nymphæ,
Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus,
Quis mihi blanditiasque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,
Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores?

“Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.
At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,
Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ;
Hic serum expecto; supra caput imber et Eurus 60
Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula silvæ.

“Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu! quam culta mihi priùs arva procacibus herbis
Involvuntur, et ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit!
Innuba neglecto marcescit et uva racemo,

Nec myrteta juvant ; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ
Mœrent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.

"Ite domum impasti ; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphesibœus ad ornos,
Ad salices Ægon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas : 70
' Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita gramina musco,
Hic Zephyri, hic placidas interstrepit arbutus undas.'
Ista canunt surdo ; frutices ego nactus abibam.

"Ite domum impasti : domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mopsus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem fortè notârat
(Et callebat avium linguas et sidera Mopsus),
' Thyrsi, quid hoc ?' dixit ; ' quæ te coquit improba
bilis ?

Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat astrum ;
Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,
Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo.' 80

"Ite domum impasti ; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mirantur nymphæ, et ' Quid te, Thyrsi, futurum est ?
Quid tibi vis ?' aiunt : ' non hæc solet esse juventæ
Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi :
Illa choros, lususque leves, et semper amorem
Jure petit ; bis ille miser qui serus amavit.'

"Ite domum impasti ; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Venit Hyas, Dryopeque, et filia Baucidis Ægle,
Docta modos, citharæque sciens, sed perdita fastu ;
Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti : 90
Nil me blanditiæ, nil me solantia verba,
Nil me si quid adest movet, aut spes ulla futuri.

"Ite domum impasti ; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi ! quam similes ludunt per prata juvenci,
Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales !
Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum
De grege ; sic densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri :
Lex eadem pelagi ; deserto in littore Proteus 100
Agmina phocarum numerat ; vilisque volucrum
Passer habet semper quicum sit, et omnia circum
Farra libens volitet, serò sua tecta revisens ;
Quem si sors letho objecit, seu milvus adunco

Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,
Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu.
Nos durum genus, et diris exercita fatis
Gens, homines, aliena animis, et pectore discors :
Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum ;
Aut, si sors dederit tandem non aspera votis,
Illum inopina dies, quâ non speraveris horâ, 110
Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnum.

“Ite domum impasti ; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu ! quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpenque nivosam ?
Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam
(Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret olim
Tityrus ipse suas et oves et rura reliquit),
Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale,
Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
Tot silvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes ? 120
Ah ! certè extremum licuisset tangere dextram,
Et bene compositos placidè morientis ocellos,
Et dixisse ‘Vale ! nostri memor ibis ad astra.’

“Ite domum impasti ; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit,
Pastores Thusci, Musis operata juvenus,
Hic Charis, atque Lepos ; et Thuscus tu quoque
Damon,

Antiquâ genus undè petis Lucumonis ab urbe.
O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni
Murmura, populeumque nemus, quâ mollior herba, 130
Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,
Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam !
Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum ; nec puto multum
Displicui ; nam sunt et apud me munera vestra,
Fiscellæ, calathique, et cerea vincla cicutæ :
Quin et nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos
Et Datis et Francinus ; erant et vocibus ambo
Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.

“Ite domum impasti ; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna, 140
Dum solus teneros clauderam cratibus hœdos.

Ah ! quoties dixi, cum te cinis ater habebat,
 ' Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon ;
 Vimina nunc texit varios sibi quod sit in usus ;'
 Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura
 Arripui voto levis, et præsentia finxi.
 ' Heus bone ! numquid agis ? nisi te quid fortè retardat,
 Imus, et argutâ paulum recubamus in umbrâ,
 Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni ?
 Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos, 150
 Helleborumque, humilesque crocos, foliumque hya-
 cinthi,
 Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentum.'
 Ah ! pereant herbæ, pereant artesque medentum,
 Gramina, postquam ipsi nil profecere magistro !
 Ipse etiam—nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat
 Fistula—ab undecimâ jam lux est altera nocte—
 Et tum fortè novis admoram labra cicutis :
 Dissiluere tamen, ruptâ compage, nec ultra
 Ferre graves potuere sonos : dubito quoque ne sim
 Turgidulus ; tamen et referam ; vos cedite, sylvæ. 160
 "Ite domum impasti ; domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Ipse ego Dardaniæ Rutupina per æquora puppes
 Dicam, et Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,
 Brennumque Arviragumque duces, priscumque Beli-
 num,
 Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos ;
 Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Iögernen ;
 Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Gorlôis arma,
 Merlini dolus. O, mihi tum si vita supersit,
 Tu procul annosâ pendebris, fistula, pinu
 Multum oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata Camœnis 170
 Brittonicum strides ! Quid enim ? omnia non licet uni,
 Non sperâsse uni licet omnia ; mî satis ampla
 Merces, et mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in ævum
 Tum licet, externo penitusque inglorius orbi),
 Si me flava comas legat Usa, et potor Alauni,
 Vorticibusque frequens Abra, et nemus omne Treantæ,
 Et Thamesis meus ante omnes, et fusca metallis
 Tamara, et extremis me discant Orcades undis.

"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri, 180
Hæc, et plura simul; tum quæ mihi pocula Mansus,
Mansus, Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ,
Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus et ipse,
Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento.
In medio Rubri Maris unda, et odoriferum ver,
Littora longa Arabum, et sudantes balsama sylvæ;
Has inter Phoenix, divina avis, unica terris,
Cæruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis,
Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis;
Parte aliâ polus omnipatens. et magnus Olympus: 190
Quis putet? hic quoque Amor, pictæque in nube ph-
retræ,

Arma corusca, faces, et spicula tincta pyropo;
Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobile vulgi,
Hinc ferit; at, circum flammantia lumina torquens,
Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbem
Impiger, et pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus:
Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque deorum.

"Tu quoque in his—nec me fallit spes lubrica,
Damon—

Tu quoque in his certè es; nam quò tua dulcis abiret
Sanctaque simplicitas? nam quò tua candida virtus?
Nec te Lethæo fas quæsivisse sub Orco; 201
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultra.
Ite procul, lacrymæ; purum colit æthera Damon,
Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum;
Heroumque animas inter, divosque perennes,
Æthereos haurit latices et gaudia, potat
Ore sacro. Quin tu, cæli post jura recepta,
Dexter ades, placidusque fave, quicumque vocaris;
Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive æquior audis
DIDOTUS, quo te divino nomine cuncti 210
Cælicolæ nôrint, sylvisque vocabere Damon.
Quòd tibi purpureus pudor, et sine labe juvenus
Grata fuit, quòd nulla tori libata voluptas,
En! etiam tibi virginei servantur honores!
Ipse, caput nitidum cinctus rutilante coronâ,

Lætaque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ,
 Æternum perages immortales hymenæos,
 Cantus ubi, choreisque furit lyra mista beatis,
 Festa Sionæo bacchantur et Orgia thyrsos."

Jan. 23, 1646.

AD JOANNEM ROUSIUM,

OXONIENSIS ACADEMIÆ BIBLIOTHECARIUM.

*De libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi denuo mitti postulabat, ut
 cum aliis nostris in Bibliothecâ Publicâ reponeret, Ode.*

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidemque Antistrophis, unâ demum
 Epodo clausis; quas, tametsi omnes nec versuum numero nec certis
 ubique colis exactè respondeant, ita tamen secuimus, commodè legendi
 potius quam ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem spectantes. Alio-
 quin hoc genus rectius fortasse dici *monostrophicum* debuerat. Metra
 partim sunt κατὰ σχῆσιν, partim ἀπολελυμένα. Phaleucia quæ sunt
 spondæum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in secundo loco Catullus
 ad libitum fecit.

STROPHE I.

GEMELLE cultu simplici gaudens liber,
 Fronde licet geminâ,
 Munditieque nitens non operosâ,
 Quam manus attulit
 Juvenilis olim
 Sedula, tamen haud nimii poetæ;
 Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras,
 Nunc Britannica per vireta lusit,
 Insons populi, barbitoque devius
 Indulsit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio 10
 Longinquum intonuit melos
 Vicinis, et humum vix tetigit pede :

ANTISTROPHE.

Quis te, parve liber, quis te fratribus
Subduxit reliquis dolo,
Cum tu missus ab urbe,
Docto jugiter obsecrante amico,
Illustre tendebas iter
Thamesis ad incunabula
Cærulei patris,
Fontes ubi limpidi
Aonidum, thyasusque sacer,
Orbi notus per immensos
Temporum lapsus redeunte cælo,
Celeberque futurus in ævum?

20

STROPHE 2.

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo,
Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem,
(Si satis noxas luimus priores,
Mollique luxu degener otium)
Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
Almaque revocet studia sanctus,
Et relegatas sine sede Musas
Jam penè totis finibus Angligenum,
Immundasque volucres
Unguibus imminentes
Figat Apollineâ pharetrâ,
Phineamque abigat pestem procul amne
Pegaseo?

30

ANTISTROPHE.

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licet malâ
Fide, vel oscitantia,
Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
Seu quis te teneat specus,

40

Seu qua te latebra, forsân unde vili
 Callo tereris institoris insulsi,
 Lætare felix ; en ! iterum tibi
 Spes nova fulget posse profundam
 Fugere Lethen, vehique superam
 In Jovis aulam remige pennâ :

STROPHE 3.

Nam te Rotisius sui
 Optat peculî, numeroque justo
 Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse,
 Rogatque venias ille, cujus inclyta
 Sunt data virûm monumenta cuiæ ;
 Teque adytis etiam sacris
 Voluit reponi, quibus et ipse præsidet
 Æternorum operum custos fidelis,
 Quæstorque gazæ nobilioris
 Quam cui præfuit Ion,
 Clarus Erechtheides,
 Opulenta dei per templa parentis,
 Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica,
 Ion Actæâ genitus Creusâ.

50

60

ANTISTROPHE.

Ergo tu visere lucos
 Musarum ibis amœnos ;
 Diamque Phœbi rursus ibis in domum
 Oxoniâ quam valle colit,
 Delo posthabitâ,
 Bifidoque Parnassi jugo ;
 Ibis honestus,
 Postquam egregiam tu quoque sortem
 Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.
 Illic legeris inter alta nomina
 Authorum, Graiæ simul et Latinæ
 Antiqua gentis lumina et verum decus.

70

EPODOS.

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,
 Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,
 Jam serò placidam sperare jubeo
 Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, sedesque beatas
 Quas bonus Hermes
 Et tutela dabit solers Rotisî,
 Quò neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque longè
 Turba legentùm prava facesset ; &c
 At ultimi nepotes
 Et cordatior ætas
 Judicia rebus æquiora forsitan
 Adhibebit integro sinu.
 Tum, livore sepulto,
 Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet,
 Rotisio favente.

IN SALMASII HUNDREDAM.

QUIS expeditiv Salmasio suam *Hundredam*,
 Picamque docuit verba nostra conari?
 Magister artis venter, et Jacobæi
 Centum, exulantis viscera marsupii regis.
 Quòd, si dolosi spes refulserit nummi,
 Ipse, Antichristi qui modò primatum Papæ
 Minatus uno est dissipare sufflatu,
 Cantabit ultrò Cardinalitium melos.

IN SALMASIUM.

GAUDETE, scombri, et quicquid est piscium salo,
 Qui frigidâ hieme incolitis argentes freta !
 Vestrum misertus ille Salmasius Eques
 Bonus amicire nuditatem cogitat ;

Chartæque largus apparat papyrinos
Vobis cucullos, præferentes Claudii
Insignia, nomenque et decus, Salmasii ;
Gestetis ut per omne cetarium forum
Equitis clientes, scriniis mungentium
Cubito virorum, et capsulis, gratissimos.

NOTES TO PARADISE REGAINED.

BOOK I.

1—7. "*I, who erewhile,*" &c. On the intimate connexion of *Paradise Regained* with *Paradise Lost*, see *Introd.* pp. 6—8. The passages of Scripture which are Milton's chief authorities in this poem are Matthew iii. and iv. 1—11, Mark i. 1—15, Luke iii. 2—23 and iv. 1—14, and John i.

8—17. "*Thou Spirit,*" &c. See *P. L.*, I. 1—26, VII. 1—39, IX. 13—47.—*Eremit*, now *Hermit*, means in Greek "a dweller in the desert."

33. "*the Adversary,*" i.e. Satan. See note, *P. L.*, I. 82.

89—91. "*His first-begot we know . . . who this is we must learn*" Satan does not as yet know that Jesus is the Messiah.

103, 104. "*a calmer voyage now,*" &c. For now it is not to be from Hell, up through Chaos, to the Human World, as in the former expedition, but only from the mid-air round the Earth, where Satan and his consistory are, down to the Earth.

184. "*Bethabara.*" See Judges vii. 24. It was a town on the east bank of Jordan in the middle part of its course between the Lake of Gennesareth and the Dead Sea.

193. "*the bordering Desert wild.*" The Desert or Wilderness which was the scene of the Temptation was, according to Matthew and Luke, the same as that in which John had been preaching and from which he had gone to Bethabara baptizing. It was called the Wilderness of Judea, and extended from the Jordan along the whole western coast of the Dead Sea. The middle part was called specially the Wilderness of Ziph, from a mountain in it, and the northern part, due east

from Jerusalem, the Wilderness of Engedi or Engaddi, from one of the cities of the desert (Josh. xv. 62). The "bordering Desert wild" of the present passage was either this Wilderness of Engedi, or some desert part of the valley of Jordan itself higher up. In the sequel of the poem, however, Milton supposes that Christ, in his forty days of wandering, may have penetrated farther into the Wilderness of Judea and even reached the great Arabian Desert itself.

291. "*our Morning Star*." Rev. xxii. 16.

314—320. "*But now an aged man*," &c. Note the manner of Satan's first appearance here, and how stealthy and mean-looking he is. It is as if the great Satan of *Paradise Lost* had been shrinking since then into the Mephistopheles of the modern world. See *Introd.* p. 8.

347—351. "*Is it not written?*" &c. Deut. viii. 3.

368, 369. "*I came*," &c. Job i. 6.

371—376. "*And, when . . King Ahab*," &c. 1 Kings xxii. 19—23.

428. "*four hundred mouths*." 1 Kings xxii. 6.

435. "*Ambiguous, and with double sense deluding*." A reference to some of the famous instances of ambiguous answers by the Delphic Oracle.

456. "*henceforth Oracles are ceased*." See *Od. Nat.* 173 *et seq.*

BOOK II.

7. "*Andrew and Simon*." John i. 40, 42.

15. "*Moses . . missing long*." Exod. xxxii. 1.

16. "*the great Tishbite*." Elijah, the Tishbite (1 Kings xvii. 1). Milton avoids the *sh* sound.

17. "*yet once again to come*." This was a belief of the Early Church, founded on Malachi iv. 5, and Matt. xvii. 11.

27. "*Plain fishermen (no greater men them call)*." After Spenser (*Shep. Cal.* i. 1): "A shepherd's boy (no better do him call)."

131. "*tasted him*." Taste for "test" or "try" is found in old English. Todd quotes from a book of 1620 "He began to taste his pulse," said of a physician and his patient.

150, 151. "*Belial . . Asmodai*." See *P. L.*, II. 108 *et seq.*, and IV. 168, VI. 365, with notes.

178—181. "*Before the Flood*," &c. Compare *P. L.*, XI. 573 *et seq.* The "sons of God" who there intermarried

with the "daughters of men" (Gen. vi. 2) are represented as Seth's posterity; here they are the Fallen Angels.

186—191. "*Calisto*," one of Diana's nymphs, seduced by Jupiter; "*Clymene*," one of the Oceanids, mother of Pnaethon by Apollo; "*Daphne*," wooed by Apollo; "*Semele*," mother of Bacchus by Jupiter; "*Antiope*," wooed by Jupiter as a Satyr; "*Amymone*," beloved by Neptune; "*Syrinx*," chased by Pan.

196. "*that Pellean conqueror*": i.e. Alexander the Great, born at Pella, in Macedonia. After the battle of Issus, when he was twenty-three years of age, he dismissed the wife and daughters of Darius, and other captive Persian ladies.

199. "*he surnamed of Africa*": i.e. Scipio Africanus, who generously, when in his twenty-fifth year, restored a young Spanish lady to her family.

210. "*vouchsafe*." So spelt here, though usually *voutsafe* in Milton.

266—278. "*by the brook of Cherith . . . Elijah . . . Daniel*." See 1 Kings xvii. 5, 6, and xix. 4, and Daniel i. 11, 12.

309. "*Outcast Nebaioth*." The name is here used for Ishmael, Hagar's son; but in Gen. xxv. 13 it is the name of Ishmael's eldest son.

313. "*Native of Thebez*." A mistake, Mr. Keightley thinks. Elijah was a native of Tishbe in Gilead; Thebez was in Ephraim. Elijah was a favourite character with Milton.

344. "*Grisamber-steamed*." Perfumes were used in old English cookery, and especially grisamber or grey amber. Though so called, it was not any kind of amber, but a peculiar grey substance, of animal origin, found floating in the sea, or thrown on the coasts, in warm climates. When heated it gave off a rich fragrance. It was very expensive, and was used only on great occasions.

347. "*Pontus*," the Euxine; "*Lucrine bay*," the Lucrine lake in Italy; "*Afric coast*": all celebrated for their fish.

353—361. "*Ganymed*," Jupiter's cup-bearer; "*Hylar*," the attendant of Hercules; "*Amalthea's horn*," the horn of Jupiter's Cretan nurse which he invested with the power of pouring out fruits and flowers; "*ladies of the Hesperides*" (properly "the Hesperides" themselves), daughters of Hesperus, the brother of Atlas, and keepers of the gardens

containing the golden fruit. "*Logres*" or *Loegria* is the name in old British legends for what is now the main part of England; "*Lyones*," a name for Cornwall; "*Lancelot, Pelleas*, and *Pellenore*," are well-known knights of Arthurian romance.

374, 375. "*All these are Spirits of air*," &c. There is an echo here of a famous passage in the *Tempest*, Act iv. Sc. i.

423, 424. "*Antipater the Edomite, and his son Herod*." See note, *P. L.*, XII. 353—358.

439. "*Gideon and Jephtha*," Judges vi. 11 *et seq.*, and xi.

446. "*Quintius*" is Quintius Cincinnatus, who returned to his plough from the Roman Dictatorship; "*Fabricius*" was a patriotic Roman who resisted all the bribes of King Pyrrhus, and died poor; "*Curius*" is the victorious Curius Dentatus, who refused all public rewards, and was found by the Samnite ambassadors roasting turnips; "*Regulus*" is the celebrated Roman who dissuaded his countrymen from peace with the Carthaginians, and then went back to Carthage to suffer the consequences.

BOOK III.

13—15. "*the oracle Urim and Thummim*," &c. The two gems or clusters of gems so called (the names are translated *Manifestation* and *Truth*), were worn in the breast-plate of Aaron and his successors in the High Priesthood, and used, in some unknown way, for the purposes of augury on solemn occasions. See Exod. xxviii. 30, Levit. viii. 8, Numb. xxvii. 21, Deut. xxxiii. 8, 1 Sam. xxviii. 6, Ezra ii. 63, Neh. vii. 65.

31—42. "*Thy years are ripe*," &c. At the time of the Temptation, Jesus (Luke iii. 23) was about thirty years of age. Alexander, "*the son of Macedonian Philip*," had begun to reign at the age of twenty, and had overturned the Persian Empire before he was twenty-five. *Scipio* had the command against the Carthaginians in Spain at the age of twenty-four, and had earned his name of "*Africanus*" by his victories in Africa before he was thirty-three. *Pompey* had certainly earned great distinction in his youth; but it was not till his forty-fourth year that he "*rode in triumph*," after his conquest of "*the Pontic King*," Mithridates. The "*great Julius*" was nearly forty years of age before his opportunity came; and there is a story of his bursting into tears, either when reading the biography or when looking at a

statue of Alexander, at the thought that so much of his life was past and so little had been done in it. Compare Milton's Sonnet II.

81, 82. "*and must be titled Gods*" (like Antiochus, King of Syria, called *Theos*), "*great Benefactors of mankind*" (like Antiochus of Asia and his son Demetrius Poliorcetes, styled *Euergetai*), "*Deliverers*" (i.e. *Soter*es or "Saviours," a title given to several Greek rulers, including the last-named).

84. "*One is the son of Jove*": i.e. Alexander; "*of Mars the other*": i.e. Romulus.

101. "*young African*": i.e. Scipio.

146. "*stood struck*." See note, *P. L.*, XI. 486.

160—163. "*oft have they violated the Temple*," &c. : *i. z.* Antiochus Epiphanes (2 Maccab. v.) and Pompey, who penetrated to the Holy of Holies.

165—170. "*So did not Machabeus*," &c. The Asmonæan family so celebrated in later Jewish history were descended from Asmonæus, a Levite, and were themselves priests, dwelling in the district called Modin. When Antiochus Epiphanes, the Greek king of Syria (see last note), was persecuting the Jews for their religion, Mattathias, the head of this family, and his five sons, John, Simon, Judas, Eleazar, and Jonathan, led a patriotic revolt. Judas particularly distinguished himself, and acquired the name of *Maccabæus*, or "the Hammerer"; which name was extended to the whole family. Their successes were such as to bring the sovereignty into their hands; and the dynasty of the Maccabees, founded B.C. 166 by Judas Maccabæus, lasted more than a century. Satan in the text is careful to call it a "usurpation" of the throne of David.

183. "*And time there is for all things, Truth hath said*." Eccles. iii. 1.

253—264. "*It was a mountain*," &c. Tradition has fixed on Mount Quarantania, on the right bank of the Jordan, as the mountain of the Temptation; but Milton clearly imagines (lines 267—270) that Christ and the Tempter have been transported by magical power to some mountain far beyond the bounds of Palestine. Dunster argued for Mount Niphates in Armenia, on the top of which Satan had alighted on his own first visit to the Earth (*P. L.*, III. 742, and note); and some mountain in that region, whence could be seen the "two rivers," Euphrates and Tigris, "the one winding, the other

straight," with the "champaign" of Mesopotamia between, seems required by the description. But, as appears presently, the view from the mountain is limitless.

269—297. "*Here thou beholdest*," &c. The view from the mountain-top in this passage is of what may be called generally THE EAST—*i.e.* of all those countries which, anciently included in the Assyrian and Babylonian Empires, were next comprehended in that of Persia, and so passed under Græco-Macedonian rule, till about B.C. 256, when the Parthians (a people of the region south-east of the Caspian) threw off the government of the Seleucidæ and were formed into an independent power by their chief, Arsaces. The Parthian Empire of the East lasted, under the successors of Arsaces, till A.D. 226, defying the attempts of the Romans to subvert it; and at the date to which the poem refers us the Empire was in its most palmy state. The object of the Tempter for the moment is to impress Christ with the extent and greatness of the Empire. For this purpose, he first points out its boundaries—from the Indus to the Euphrates in one direction, and from the Caspian and Araxes to the Persian Gulf and Arabia in another. Then he points to the famous cities with which the vast area is studded. First there is *Nineveh*, on the Tigris, built by primeval Ninus, the capital of the old Assyrian Empire, and so the seat of that Salmanassar or Shalmanezzer, King of Assyria, who, B.C. 721, invaded Samaria, and carried away the Ten Tribes of Israel into captivity (2 Kings xvii. 1—6). Next, on the Euphrates, is *Babylon*, as old, but rebuilt by Nebuchadnezzar, who twice invaded Judæa (2 Kings xxiv. and xxv., and 2 Chron. xxxvi.), and carried away the Jews into that Seventy Years' captivity from which they were liberated by Cyrus, King of Persia. His (*i.e.* Cyrus's) capital, *Persepolis*, is also visible, and also *Bactra*, the chief city of the Bactrian part of the Persian Empire. *Ecbatana*, the ancient capital of Media, is visible; also *Hecatompylos*, "the hundred-gated," the capital of Parthia proper, and of the Parthian Empire under the Arsacidæ; also *Susa*, the winter-residence and treasury of the old Persian kings, built on the Choaspes or Eulæus river, of whose waters alone the Persian kings would drink. Not so venerable as any of these, as having been built more recently by the Emathians (Macedonians) or the Parthians, but still great and wealthy, were other cities. *Seleucia*, on

the Tigris, had been built by Alexander's general, Seleucus Nicator, the founder of the dynasty of the Seleucidæ of Syria; *Nisibis*, in Mesopotamia, was also of Macedonian foundation; *Artaxata*, on the Araxes, was the capital of Armenia; *Teredon* was on the Persian Gulf; and *Ctesiphon*, near Seleucia, was the winter-quarters of the Parthian monarchs.

298—344. "*And just in time thou com'st . . . for now the Parthian king in Ctesiphon*," &c. What was going on in the Parthian Empire, in Ctesiphon or anywhere else, at the date referred to, is profoundly obscure; but the incident which the poet imagines—a review of Parthian troops, preparatory to a march against invading hosts of Scythians from the north—is true to possibility, and gives occasion for a fine poetical description of those evolutions of the Parthian cavalry, shooting their arrows in retreat as well as in advance, which were so terrible to the Romans. *Sogdiana*, which the Scythian invaders are supposed to have wasted, was the extreme north-east province of the Parthian Empire, and beyond the Oxus.

316—321. "*From Arachosia*," &c. Another of Milton's most musical lists of proper names. *Arachosia* is part of the modern Afghanistan; *Candaor* is Kandahar in that country; *Margiana* was a province adjoining the invaded Sogdiana; *the Hyrcanian cliffs of Caucasus* stand for *Hyrcania*, another province in the north; *the dark Iberian dales* are *Iberia*, a province between the Euxine and the Caspian; *Atropatia* was part of Media; *Adiabene* part of Assyria; *Media* and *Susiana* explain themselves; *Balsara's haven* is Bussorah on the Persian Gulf.

338—343. "*When Agrican*," &c. The romance here cited is Boiardo's "*Orlando Innamorato*," where there is a siege of *Albracca*, the city of *Gallaphrone*, King of Cathay, by *Agricane*, King of Tartary, to win *Angelica*, Gallaphrone's daughter, famous for her beauty at *Charlemain's* court and through the world.

359. "*Samaritan or Jew*." Palestine consisted then of three divisions—Judæa, Samaria, and Galilee; but, as Samaria had received many foreign colonists since the abduction of the Ten Tribes, the Samaritans were not a pure Hebrew race, and were disliked by the Jews of Judæa and Galilee.

361—385. "*Between two such opposing enemies, Roman and Parthian*," &c. Satan now more fully discloses his purpose

in having brought Jesus to the mountain-top and enabled him to survey the great Parthian or Eastern Empire. On the assumption that Christ's ambition is political, and that he has begun to meditate the means of restoring the independence of the Jews, and re-establishing that Kingdom of David which once extended from Egypt to the Euphrates, he has a plan to explain, as follows :—There were then only two great powers in the world, the Roman and the Parthian, and only by the help or connivance of one of those powers in opposition to the other could Jesus hope to succeed in his enterprise. Now circumstances were such as to recommend, in the first place at least, as the Devil thought, an application to the Parthians. Since B.C. 65 the whole of Syria, with Palestine included in it, had been part of the Roman Empire ; and, though the Romans had for some time permitted the native dynasty of the Asmonæans or Maccabees (see note, 165—170) to govern in Palestine under them, and had then caused that dynasty to be supplanted by the Idumæan dynasty of Antipater and his son Herod the Great, they had at length (A.D. 7) abolished all nominal sub-sovereignty in Judæa and Samaria, and converted those two sections of Palestine into a regular Roman province, to be governed by "procurators" under the Prefect of Syria. Pontius Pilate had just been appointed Roman procurator of the province (A.D. 26), while Herod Antipas, called "the Tetrarch," one of the sons of Herod the Great (this was the Herod that beheaded John the Baptist), was suffered still to rule for the Romans in Galilee. All these changes had been of great interest to the Parthians, to whose empire Syria adjoined, separated from it only by the Euphrates, and who had long been trying to wrest that whole region from the Romans, so as to advance the Parthian boundary from the Euphrates to the Mediterranean. They had interfered again and again in Jewish affairs under the later Maccabees and also under the Idumæan dynasty. Especially they had backed *Antigonus*, one of the Maccabee family, in his contest for the throne against his uncle *Hyrchanus II.*, whom the Romans kept there. They had actually "carried away old Hyrchanus bound, maugre the Roman" (B.C. 40), not doing the same for Antigonus, as Milton's words seem to imply, but sustaining him on the throne of Palestine, with Parthian help, till B.C. 37, when the Romans overpowered him and put him to death, to make

way for Herod the Great. Remembering these facts, might not Jesus draw the inference? Syria was still the debateable-land between the Romans and the Parthians, the Romans sometimes attacking the Parthians thence, and the Parthians sometimes retaliating by covering Syria with a cloud of their horse. What more likely, therefore, than that, if the Parthians heard of a native claimant for the throne of David, who was no mere Maccabee, but the lineal descendant of David, they would find it their interest to do for him against the Romans even more than they had done for Antigonos, the last of the Maccabees? Jesus, it is hinted (lines 368—385), need not cultivate the Parthian alliance longer than he finds it useful; nay, ultimately, a subversion of the Parthian power itself might be the true policy. For (and here is another subtle ingenuity suggested by historical knowledge) was not the very instrumentality by which the Hebrew monarchy could most easily and most nobly be restored lodged in the heart of the Parthian Empire? Was it not "in Halah and in Habor by the river of Gozan, and in the cities of the Medes" (2 Kings xviii. 11) that Shalmanezar, the King of Assyria, had put the Ten Tribes of Israel when he had carried them away captive; and would not the liberation of those lost Tribes in their Parthian fastnesses be at once a great exploit in itself, and the arming of an agency for the rest of the work?

384. "*From Egypt to Euphrates.*" Gen. xv. 18, and 1 Kings iv. 21.

409—412. "*When thou stoodst up his tempter,*" &c. 1 Chron. xxi. 1—14.

415—431. "*fell off from God to worship calves,*" &c. 1 Kings xvi. 32 and xi. 5, 2 Kings xvii.

BOOK IV.

25. "*to the western side*"; for the vision is now to be in that direction.

27—42. "*Another plain,*" &c. : *i.e.* the whole long strip of Italy west of the Apennines, with the Tiber and Rome visible in it. The vision was procured either by magical means, causing by atmospheric refraction some "*strange parallax,*" or apparent elevation of distant objects (as when a coin in a basin is made visible at a greater distance by pouring water into the basin), or by some arrangement of optical instruments.

There had been much speculation on the point among Biblical commentators before Milton.

66. "*turms*," troops.

68, 69. "*on the Appian road, or on the Æmilian*." The former led south, the latter north.

69—79. "*some from farthest south, Syene*," &c. Another of Milton's geographical enumerations. *Syene*, in Egypt, on the borders of Ethiopia, was accounted the southernmost point of the Roman Empire; *Meroe* was a celebrated island and city on the Nile in Ethiopia, far beyond Syene, and within the Tropics, so that twice a year shadows of objects there would change their direction; "*the realm of Bocchus*," was Gætulia in Northern Africa, where king Bocchus had been the father-in-law of Jugurtha, King of Numidia; and this Numidia, with Mauritania, &c., constituted the rest "*to the Blackmoor sea*." Asia also sends her Embassies (observe the dexterity of the remark that the Parthians themselves send ambassadors to Rome), so that even "*the golden Chersoness*," i.e. Malacca, and "*the utmost Indian isle, Taprobane*," i.e. Ceylon, are represented. All Europe, of course, is represented, from the west, where the city of *Gades* or *Cadiz* stands for Spain, to the Germanic north, and the Scythian east, as far as "*the Tauric pool*," or sea of Azof.

90. "*This Emperor*." Tiberius.

95. "*a wicked favourite*." Sejanus.

117, 118. "*Their wines*," &c. The first three kinds of wine mentioned were native Italian, grown near Rome; the others were Greek.

119. "*myrrhine*," porcelain.

142. "*scene*," theatre.

175—177. "*It is written*," &c. Matt. iv. 10.

201. "*Tetrarchs*." So called as sharing among them the four Elements.

240. "*Athens, the eye of Greece*." The phrase is attributed to Demosthenes.

244. "*the olive-grove of Academe*." This famous school of Plato was a garden, less than a mile beyond the walls of Athens, on the road to Eleusis, and derived its name from the fact that it was near ground consecrated to the Hero Akadêmus.

245. "*the Attic bird*," the nightingale.

253. "*Lyceum*," the school of Aristotle; "*Stoa*," a portico

in Athens, decorated with paintings, which became the school of Zeno, the founder of the Stoics. The Lyceum, however, was not "within the walls"

257. "*Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes*": Greek lyric poetry generally. Alcaeus and Sappho used the Æolian dialect, Pindar and other lyricists the Doric.

259. "*Blind Melesigenes thence Homer called*." He was called *Melesigenes* on the idea that he had been born on the banks of the Meles in Ionia; the name *Homer* was supposed to be a contraction of three Greek words meaning "the blind man."

260. "*Whose poem Phæbus,*" &c. In a Greek epigram, quoted by Bishop Newton, Apollo is made to say, "'Twas I that sang: Homer but wrote it down."

261—266. "*the lofty grave Tragedians,*" &c. *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*, are, of course, all in recollection; but in one of the phrases Milton may have been thinking most of his favourite *Euripides*.

267—271. "*the famous Orators,*" &c. *Pericles* and *Demosthenes* are the two most in view in the passage. The fulminations of the former reached *Artaxerxes*; those of the latter *Macedon*.

273, 274. "*the low-roofed house of Socrates.*" One of the jests of *Aristophanes* at *Socrates* was that he lived in "a little bit of a house."

275—277. "*Whom . . the Oracle pronounced wisest of men.*" *Plato* reports the well-known story, as told by *Socrates* himself. It was his friend *Chærephon* that went to *Delphi* to put the question.

277—280. "*all the schools of Academics old and new,*" viz: the original *Academy* of *Plato* (died B.C. 347), the middle *Academy* of *Arcesilas* (died B.C. 271), and the later *Academy* of *Carneades* (died B.C. 128).—"with those surnamed *Peripatetics*, and the sect *Epicurean*, and the *Stoic severe*": the followers respectively of *Aristotle* (died B.C. 322), *Epicurus* (died B.C. 270), and *Zeno* (died B.C. 264).

322. "*Wise men have said,*" &c. *Eccles.* xii. 12.

331—364. "*Or, if I would delight,*" &c. Notwithstanding the tone of depreciation in the last passage (lines 286—330), there was no greater admirer of the Greek literature than *Milton*, and *Plato*, though represented there as having fallen "to fabling and smooth conceits," was a teacher to

whom he owed and acknowledged much. Yet that preference for the literature of the Hebrews over all the other literatures of the world which he now goes to avow and justify (for by implication the sentiments are Milton's own), was an undoubted habit of Milton's mind from his early manhood onwards. He has expressed the same in his prose writings. Even apart from his belief in the inspiration of the Hebrew Scriptures, or rather as only another form of that belief, one can find reasons for the preference in Milton's own character and his notions of Literature and its real duties and ends.

336, 337. "*in Babylon*," &c. Ps. cxxxvii.

354. "*statists*," statesmen.

393. "*the starry rubric*." A metaphor suggested by the red-letter Calendar of the Church.

415. "*the four hinges of the world*." The four cardinal points: Lat. *cardo*, a hinge.

427. "*amice*," mantle: Lat. *amictus*, a garment.

454. "*flaws*," gusts, breaks, sudden blasts: Teutonic *flaga*. See *P. L.*, X. 698.

457. "*to the main*": i.e. to the Universe as a whole.

556—559. "*it is written*," &c. Ps. xci. 11, 12.

560, 561. "*Also it is written*," &c. Deut. vi. 16.

563—581. "*As when*," &c. The first classical comparison in this passage is from the story of the giant *Antæus*, son of the Earth and Neptune, who, wrestling with *Alcides* (Hercules) in Irassa in North Africa, and always receiving from his falls fresh strength from his mother, was at length carried up into the air by the hero and there throttled. The other is from the legend of the *Theban monster*, the Sphinx, who, when Œdipus at last solved her riddle, flung herself from the citadel of Thebes—called here "*the Ismenian steep*," as being on the river Ismenus.

581. "*So Satan fell*." Observe that this is the fifth occurrence of the word *fall* in the description. It is to intensify the contrast between Satan's *falling* from the pinnacle and Christ's *standing*.

581, 582. "*a fiery globe of Angels*." See *P. L.*, II. 512 and note there.

624. "*Abaddon*." In Rev. ix. 11, *Abaddon* or *Apollyon* is the name of the Angel of the Bottomless Pit: here it stands for the Pit itself.

NOTES TO SAMSON AGONISTES.

Throughout this Poem there are references and allusions the explanation of which will be easily found in those four chapters of the Book of Judges (xiii—xvi.) which contain the history of Samson.

13. "*Dagon, their sea-idol.*" Compare *P. L.*, I. 457—466. 66—109. "*But, chief of all, O loss of sight,*" &c. In applying this passage to Milton himself, compare Sonnets XIX., XXII., XXIII., and *P. L.*, III. 1—55 and VII. 1—39.

89. "*her vacant interlunar cave*": i.e. her "between moons" cave, where she hides between old moon and new moon.

133. "*Chalybean-tempered*": i.e. tempered like the steel of the Chalybes, an iron-working nation of Asia Minor.

133. "*Adamantean.*" Adamant (literally "unsubduable") was generally a name for steel; sometimes for any very hard substance.

138. "*Ascalonite.*" 1 Sam. vi. 17.

147. "*Azza,*" same as Gaza. See Deut. ii. 23.

148. "*Hebron, seat of giants old.*" Numb. xiii. 33 and Josh. xv. 13, 14.

150. "*Like whom the Gentiles,*" &c. The Titans: particularly Atlas.

181. "*Eshtaol and Zora's fruitful vale.*" Samson's native district in Dan. See his life in Judges: also Josh. xv. 33 and xix. 41.

229. "*Dalila.*" Observe the pronunciation Dalila. See *P. L.*, IX. 1061, and note there.

278—281. "*How Succoth,*" &c. Judges viii. 5 *et seq.*

282—289. "*And how ingrateful Ephraim,*" &c. Judges xii. 1 *et seq.*

297—299. "*For of such doctrine,*" &c. Ps. xiv. 1.

318, 319. "*this heroic Nazarite.*" Numb. vi. 1—21.

453. "*idolists,*" idolaters. See *P. R.*, IV. 234.

471. "*blank,*" blanch, turn pale.

499—501. "*a sin that Gentiles in their parables condemn,*" &c. An allusion to such stories as that of Tantalus.

598. "*And I shall shortly be with them that rest.*" This is perhaps the most pathetic line in all Milton.

674—704. "*Nor do I name of men the common rout,*" &c. It is impossible to read this passage without seeing in it a veiled reference to the trials and executions of the Regicides, and the degradation of the other chiefs of the Commonwealth, after the Restoration; and the description of his own case at the close is exact, even to the surprise that at the end of his temperate life his disease should have been *gout*. See Memoir, p. lxx. and p. lxxiii.

715, 716. "*Tarsus,*" in Cilicia; "*the isles of Javan,*" those of Greece and Ionia; "*Gadire,*" Gades in Spain.

720. "*amber scent*": i.e. the fragrance of grey amber or ambergris. See note, *P. R.*, II. 344.

759—762. "*That wisest and best men,*" &c. See Memoir, p. xxxix.

778—789. Compare Eve's speech to Adam, *P. L.*, IX. 1155 *et seq.*

840. "*Knowing . . . by thee betrayed.*" See same idiom, *P. L.*, IX. 792.

936. "*adder's wisdom.*" Ps. lviii. 4, 5.

971—974. "*Fame . . . is double-mouthed.*" In Chaucer's *House of Fame*, and elsewhere, the fickle goddess is represented as having at her command two trumpets, one of gold and one of black brass. A blast from the first secures good renown for persons or deeds, a blast from the other ensures infamy; and no one ever knows on any particular occasion which will be blown.

988—990. "*in Mount Ephraim Jael,*" &c. Judges iv. and v.

1020. "*Thy paronymph,*" i.e. bridesman.

1034—1045. "*What'er it be,*" &c. A passage very like this occurs in Milton's first Divorce Treatise, published in 1643.

1053—1060. "*Therefore God's universal law,*" &c. A very decisive expression of one of Milton's doctrines, expressed several times elsewhere. Compare *P. L.*, X. 144 *et seq.* Once (in his *Tetrachordon*) he admits this limitation: "Not "but that particular exceptions may have place, if she exceed "her husband in prudence and dexterity, and he contentedly "yield; for then a superior and more natural law comes in, "that the wiser should govern the less wise whether male or "female."

1075. "*fraught*," freight, burden.

1079. "*Men call me Harapha*." No such individual giant is mentioned in Scripture; but see 2 Sam. xxi. 15—22. The Philistine giants mentioned there are said to be sons of a certain well-known giant in Gath called "the giant," and the Hebrew word for "the giant" there is *rapha* or *harapha*. Milton has appropriated the name to his fictitious giant, whom he makes out in the sequel (1248, 1249) to be the actual father of that brood of giants.

1080, 1081. "*Og . . . Anak . . . the Emims . . . Kiriathaim*." Deut. iii. 11; ii. 10, 11; Gen. xiv. 5.

1120, 1121. "*brigandine*," coat of mail; "*habergeon*," mail for the neck and shoulders; "*vant brace*," mail for the arms; "*greaves*," leg-armour; "*gauntlet*," glove of mail.

1122. "*A weaver's beam*": Goliath's weapon, whose armour also Milton had just remembered. 1 Sam. xvii. 5—7.

1220. "*appellant*," challenger.

1231. "*O Boal-zub!*" Harapha fitly swears by this God, "the God of Ekron" (2 Kings i. 16); and again (1242) by the Phœnician goddess Astaroth.

1248, 1249. See previous note, line 1079, and see again 2 Sam. xxi. 15—22, for the fates of four of the five giants whom Milton takes the liberty of making sons of his Harapha. Their brother Goliath had previously been killed by David. As Samson's death, in the Biblical chronology, was eighty years before David's accession, Milton must have taken poetic licence in making the five giants killed in David's time full-grown in Samson's.

1308. "*Ebrews*." So spelt in the original edition. The word occurs three times in *S. A.*, and each time so; it occurs but twice besides in the poetry (*P. R.*, IV. 336, and *Ps.* cxxxvi. 50), both times as an adjective, and both times with the *H*.

1461—1471. "*Some much averse*," &c. One may detect here a glance at the different degrees of vengefulness among the Royalists after the Restoration.

1540. "*An Ebrew*." See note, line 1308.

1605—1610. "*The building was*," &c. Imagine as follows: There is a large semi-circular *convex* space or amphitheatre, with tiers of seats, the roof supported by two pillars rising about mid-point of the diameter of the semi-circle. There is no wall at this diameter, but only these two pillars. Standing

near them, therefore, Samson would look *in* upon the lords and others of high rank occupying the tiers of seats in the covered space, while behind him, in an open and uncovered space, and seeing only his back, would be the poorer and seatless rabble.

1619. "*cataphracts*," mailed horsemen.

1627. "*stupendious*." See *P. L.*, X. 351, and note there.

1674. "*Silo*." Another instance of Milton's dislike of the sound *sh*. In Samson's time the Tabernacle and the Ark were in Shiloh (Josh. xviii. 1).

1686. "*struck*." See note, *P. L.*, II. 165.

1692—1696. "*And as an evening dragon came*," &c. The violent change of metaphor, the *dragon* becoming an *eagle* within four lines, has caused some to suspect an error of the text. But is not the violence intentional? The blind Samson came among the assembled and seated Philistines like an evening dragon among tame fowl perched on their roosts—a fearful object certainly, but on the ground and darkly groping his way, so that he can only get at them by some chance spring forward and upward. Knowing this, though fluttered, they are on their guard against that possibility; when lo! their destruction comes upon them from him vertically downwards. The very enemy they saw on the ground was, in his own mind at that moment, swooping down upon them resistlessly from overhead; and so he who came as a ground-dragon ended as an eagle, the bird of Jove, bringing thunderbolts from a clear sky.

1695. "*villatic fowl*," farm-house fowl; from *villa*, a country house.

1699. "*that self-begotten bird*," &c. The Phoenix. See *P. L.*, V. 272—274, and note there.

1700. "*embost*," embosked, hidden.

1702. "*holocaust*," a sacrifice burnt entire.

1703. "*teemed*," produced.

1707. "*a secular bird*": *i.e.* lasting for many *sæcula*, or generations.

1713. "*the sons of Caphtor*": *i.e.* the Philistines, reputed to have come from the Isle of Caphtor or Crete. See Amos ix. 7, and Deut. ii. 23.

1755. "*acquist*," acquisition: not unfrequent in old English writers, sometimes as *acquest*.

NOTES TO THE MINOR ENGLISH POEMS.

PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV.—Several phrases and rhymes in this juvenile piece have been traced to Sylvester's *Du Bartas* (see Introd.)—*e.g.* the rhymes *recoil, foil* (9, 10), *mountains, fountains* (13, 14), *crush, gush* (17, 18)—“*Terah's faithful son*” (1) is Abiahham; “*Pharian*” for Egyptian (3) is either from *Pharuoh* or from *Pharos* (an island on the coast of Egypt), and is found in Buchanan's *Psalms*.

PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXXXVI.—“*Ruddy waves*” and “*Erythrean*” for the Red Sea (45, 46) are found in Sylvester; also “*walls of glass*” (50), and “*warble forth*” (89). “*Watery plain*” for the sea (23) is in Spenser, Drayton, and William Browne; “*golden-trussed*,” as an epithet for the sun (29), is in Chaucer; “*horned moon*” (33) is Spenser's, Shakespeare's, and everybody's; “*tawny king*” is found in Fairfax's *Tasso*. —“*Seon . . . that ruled the Amorrean coast*” (65) is a literal translation of a line in Buchanan's Latin version of Psalm CXXXV.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT.

1. “*O fairest flower*,” &c. This opening is distinctly imitated from that of a piece in Shakespeare's *Passionate Pilgrim*.

8—10. “*grim Aquilo*,” &c. Aquilo, or Boreas, the North Wind, dwelt in a cave in Thrace, and carried off Oreithyia, the daughter of the Athenian king Erechtheus.

15. “*icy-pearled*.” Warton suggested “*ice-ypearled*,” on the analogy of *y-chained* (*Od. Nat.* 155) and *star-y-pointing* (*On Shaks.*); but, on the analogy of *rosy-bosomed* (*Com.* 986) and *fiery-wheelèd* (*Pens.* 53), we may keep *icy-pearled*. Sylvester calls hail “*ice-pearl*.”

23—27. “*For so Apollo*,” &c. Hyacinthus, son of a

king of Sparta or Laconia, of which Eurotas is a river, was accidentally killed by Apollo; and from his blood sprang the flower that bears his name.

39. "*that high first-moving sphere*": i.e. the *primum mobile* or Tenth Sphere of the old system of Astronomy. See *Introd. Par. Lost*, p. 41.

50, 51. "*that just Maid who*," &c. Astræa or Justice, who dwelt on the Earth in the golden age, but forsook it afterwards in disgust, and resumed her place in Heaven.

53. "*Or wert thou [Mercy], that sweet smiling Youth?*" The word within brackets is wanting in the original; but there can be no doubt that *Mercy* was meant.

68. "*the slaughtering pestilence*." See *Introd.* to the piece.

76, 77. "*he will an offspring give that*," &c. One can hardly say that this prophecy was fulfilled in Edward Phillips and John Phillips, Milton's nephews, the brothers of the "Fair Infant," born after her death (see *Memoir*, p. lxxvii.) Yet they are both remembered on their uncle's account.

AT A VACATION EXERCISE.

20. "*our late fantastics*," our recent literary coxcombs.

33-44. "*Such where the deep transported mind may soar*," &c. I hardly know a passage in Milton's earlier poetry in which the difference between poetic imagination and ordinary thinking may be more clearly seen than in this. Milton's constant habit of thinking in the terms of the Ptolemaic Astronomy is also to be seen in it.

48-52. "*Such as the wise Demodocus*," &c. In the *Odyssey* Demodocus, the blind bard of Alcinous, King of the Phæacians, is brought in to sing before the unknown Ulysses and the rest of the company. He sang of the Trojan war; and the agitation of Ulysses on hearing him attracted the notice of Alcinous.

58. "*to the next*": i.e. the next speaker in the *Extravaganza*.

90. "*Your learned hands*." The word *your* is emphatic. It is addressed to the academic audience present at the *Extravaganza* in Christ's College. Only they, or such as they, could interpret the scholastic riddle of the immediately preceding speech.

91—100. "*Rivers, arise*," &c. This passage has been rendered intelligible by a neat little discovery, made in 1859 by Mr. W. G. Clark, Vice-master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and one of the editors of the Cambridge Shakespeare. He ascertained from the books of Christ's College that two recently admitted freshmen of the college at the time when Milton's comic discourse was delivered were GEORGE and NIZELL RIVERS, sons of Sir John Rivers, a Kentish knight, the first in the fifteenth year of his age, the second in the fourteenth. One of these boys must have stood for the Predicament *Relation* in Milton's Extravaganza; and he it was who was now "called by his name," as Milton has just informed us: "*RIVERS, arise*." The rest of the speech is a continued pun on that phrase in the form of a poetical enumeration of English rivers. Of the thirteen mentioned five have epithets attached to them that may need explanation. The *Mole*, in Surrey, disappears, in summer, for a part of its course, into a subterranean channel; *Severn* derived its name from the maiden *Sabrina*, drowned in it (see *Comus*, 824 *et seq.*, and note there); the *Dee*, near Chester, was sacred to Druidical traditions; *Humber*, in legend, derives its name from a Hunnish invader in primeval times; "*royal-towered Thame*" is the Thames, flowing by Windsor, Hampton Court, and London.

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

27. "*the Angel Quire*": the Angels heard at Bethlehem. Luke ii. 13, 14.

48. "*the turning sphere*": the wheeling sphere of the Universe as conceived in the old Cosmology.

56. "*The hookèd chariot*." War-chariots had scythes or hooks, to cut what they met.

64. "*whist*," hushed.

74. "*Lucifer*," the Morning Star.

89. "*the mighty Pan*," the God of shepherds.

95. "*strook*." See note, *P. L.*, II. 165.

101—104. "*Nature, that heard*," &c. Construe thus: "Nature, that heard such sound thrilling the airy region beneath the hollow round of Cynthia's seat (*i.e.* beneath the concave sky where the Moon rides) was now," &c.

106. "*its last fulfilling*." One of the three occurrences of the word *its* in Milton's poetry. See note, *P. L.*, I. 254.

117—124. "*Such music*," &c. Job xxxviii. 4—11.

125—132. "*Ring out, ye crystal spheres*," &c. An instance of Milton's fondness for the Pythagorean fancy of the music of the spheres, *i.e.* a music produced by the wheelings of orbs that were supposed, in the old Astronomy, to constitute the Mundane Universe. See Introd. to *P. L.*, pp. 36—41. In the completely developed Ptolemaic system there were ten spheres: for the present purpose Milton is content with *nine* (line 131).

132. "*consort*," (Lat. *consortium*, society): used in some sense as our *concert*.

168. "*the Old Dragon*." Rev. xx. 2.

173. "*The Oracles are dumb*." The idea, from this point to line 236, is that of the sudden extinction of the gods and ceremonies of the Pagan Religions at the birth of Christ. Compare *P. R.*, I. 455.

191. "*Lars*," family-gods; "*Lemures*," ghosts or goblins.

197—220. "*Peor and Baalim*," &c. With one exception, all the oriental gods mentioned in these three stanzas are enumerated in the list of Fallen Angels in *P. L.*, I. 392 *et seq.* *Anubis*, not there mentioned, was an Egyptian god, worshipped in the shape of a dog. The "twice-battered god of Palestine" is the Philistian Dagon. "*The Lybic Hammon*," or Jupiter Ammon, was represented with the head of a ram. In the myth of *Osiris* he is put into a chest by conspirators, and sent floating down the Nile: Milton blends him with *Apis*, the bull-god.—"*The Memphian grove*," fields about the Egyptian city of Memphis.—"*unshowered grass*," from the lack of rain in Egypt.

226. "*Typhon huge*." Typhon is the Greek name for Suti, one of the brothers of Osiris, and his enemy. In Egypt he was worshipped in various beast forms, sometimes as a crocodile. The Greek Typhon was a dragon-headed monster, buried underground for opposing Zeus.

229. "*So, when the Sun*," &c. This popular idea of the vanishing of ghosts at sunrise occurs also in Shakespeare (*Mids. W. Dr.* iii. 2).

240. "*youngest-born*," latest-born.

THE PASSION:—6. "*wintry solstice*": when the day is shortest.—26. "*Cremona's trump*," *i.e.* the Latin poem

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of Marco Girolamo Vida of Cremona (1490—1566), called "The Christiad."—34, 35. "*The leaves should all be black,*" &c. : a conceit from the old books of funereal poems, printed with white letters on a black ground.—36—39. "*See, see the chariot,*" &c. The prophet here is Ezekiel : (see Ezek. 1.)—43. "*that sad sepulchral rock*" : the holy sepulchre.—56. "*Had got a race of mourners,*" &c. The conceit is from the story of Ixion.

ON TIME :—12. "*individual,*" indivisible. See note, *P.L.* IV. 486.

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC :—2. "*Sphere-born.*" Compare *Comus*, 241.—6. "*concent,*" from Lat. *concentus*, singing together.—7—16. "*Aye sung,*" &c. Ezek. i. and Rev. v.—23. "*diapason*" : in music "the octave, or interval which includes all the notes of the scale."—28. "*consort.*" See note, *Od. Nat.* 132.

ON SHAKESPEARE :—4. "*star-ypointing.*" The prefix *y* (German *ge*) was more proper in the past participle passive : e.g. *yclept, yclad.*—9, 10. "*to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,*" &c. A reference to Shakespeare's extreme ease in composition, as attested by his fellow-players, the editors of the first Folio.

EPITAPH ON THE MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER.

17. "*The virgin quire*" : i.e. the bride's maids.

18. "*The god that sits at marriage feast.*" Hymen, bringing his torch.

23, 24. "*Once had,*" &c. This only son of the young Marchioness was Charles Paulet, called Lord St. John of Basing till his father's death in 1674, when he succeeded him as sixth Marquis of Winchester. In 1689 he was made Duke of Bolton.

26. "*Lucina,*" the Roman goddess of Childbirth.

28. "*Atropos,*" one of the three Fates. Clotho span the thread of life ; Lachesis decided its length ; Atropos ("the Inevitable") cut it at the fated point.

56. "*Weept.*" So in the original ; "*Helicon,*" the mountain-tract in Bœotia sacred to the Muses.

58. "hearse," in old English a tomb, or framework over a tomb.

62—70. "That fair Syrian shepherdess," &c. Rachel, Jacob's wife. Gen. xxix. xxx., and xxxv. 16—20.

L'ALLEGRO.

10. "dark Cimmerian desert." In the *Odyssey* the Cimmerians are a people dwelling beyond the ocean-stream in a land of perpetual darkness.

12—24. "*Euphrosyne*" (Mirth or Cheerfulness) was one of the three Graces; the other two being *Aglaia* (Brightness) and *Thalia* (Bloom). In the classic mythology they are generally represented as daughters of Zeus and Hera; but Milton makes the genealogy suit his own ideas. He gives a choice of two genealogies, both significant.

40. "*unreproved*": unreprieveable or innocent. So "*unvalued*" for "*inestimable*" in the lines on Shakespeare. There are many instances in Milton, and the form was common.

45—48. "*Then to come*," &c. This passage has been strangely misconstrued by commentators. They have read it as if "*to come*" applied to the skylark; and, as the skylark never comes to people's windows, they have found a proof here that Milton was not an accurate observer of nature. As the very syntax of the passage shows, however, it is not the skylark that is thought of as coming to the window, but L'Allegro himself, the Cheerful Youth, after he has heard the skylark.

67. "*tells his tale*." Warton, on the suggestion of a friend, proposed to take *tale* here in the sense which it has in Exod. v. 8 ("the tale of the bricks"), and so to understand the fancy to be that of the shepherds counting their sheep in the morning to make sure that all was right. The reading has found favour; but the popular and more poetical one, which takes "*tale*" to mean simply "story," may after all be correct.

73, 74. "*Mountains*," &c. This passage alone would confirm the view that the scenery of *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, though they may have been written at Horton, is not to be regarded as all actual or local, but as mainly ideal and eclectic (see Introd. p. 156). A mountain near Horton was never seen but in dreams, and then it was a hillock.

77—80. "*Towers and battlements it sees,*" &c. Windsor Castle, near Horton, may be here meant.—"*cynosure*": in Greek literally "the dog's tail," the name for the constellation of the Lesser Bear, which contains the pole-star. The Phœnician sailors, though not the Greek, directed their eyes to this constellation in steering their course; hence, by metaphor, any object on which many eyes are fastened is a *cynosure*.

94. "*rebecks*": a kind of fiddle.

102. "*Faery Mab.*" See Shakespeare's description of Queen Mab in *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 4. There is a more prosaic one in Ben Jonson's masque *The Satyr* (1603).—"junks," cream-cheese or the like, wrapt in rushes (Italian *giunco*, a rush).

103—114 "*She . . . and he,*" &c. A girl has been telling some story about Queen Mab, vouching from her own experience that what is said of the nightly pranks of that Fairy about farm-houses is all true; and now another colloquist, a man, accredits, on like authority, the stories told of two other beings of the Fairy class—*Friar Rush and his Lantern*, more commonly called *Jack o' Lantern* or *Will o' the Wisp*; and *Robin Goodfellow*, called also *Hobgoblin*. Most is said about the second, "the drudging goblin," a kind of masculine Mab, performing among the ploughmen and farm-labourers the same offices of mischievous interference and occasional good service that Mab did among the housemaids and dairymaids. Shakespeare promoted him into Puck.

117. "*Towered citi-s please us then.*" It is the mood of the youth that is transferred to the city, not himself personally.

131—134. "*Then to the well-trod stage,*" &c. See Intro. to *Sams. Ag.* pp. 73, 74. Milton keeps to the contrast which had become common in his time between Jonson's learning and Shakespeare's natural genius. Jonson was still alive when the lines were written.—The *sock*, a low-heeled shoe, was worn in comic acting, and therefore stands for Comedy; tragic actors wore *buskins*, or high-heeled boots, and *buskin* sometimes stands for Tragedy.

136. "*Lydian airs.*" Lydian music was of the soft kind described, and was distinguished from Dorian music and Phrygian.

145—150. "*That Orpheus' self,*" &c. Orpheus, the un-

paralleled singer and musician, having lost his wife Eurydice, descended into Hades to recover her if possible. His music, charming even the infernal ghosts, prevailed with Pluto, who granted his prayer on condition that he should not look on Eurydice till they were completely out of Hades and in the light of the upper world. On their way upwards he turned to see whether she was following him, and she was caught back.

IL PENSEROSO.

18. "*Prince Memnon's sister.*" Memnon was a prince of the Ethiopians who came to the aid of Priam in the Trojan War and was killed by Achilles. Though black or dark, he was of splendid beauty, and the same might be presumed of any sister of his.

19—21. "*that starred Ethiop queen,*" &c. Cassiope, wife of Cepheus, King of the Ethiopians, having offended the Nereids by her superior beauty, they sent a ravaging monster into Ethiopia; and Andromeda, the daughter of Cassiope, was about to be sacrificed to this monster when she was rescued by her lover Perseus. Both mother and daughter were raised to heaven and turned into constellations. Hence the epithet "*starred.*"

23—30. "*Thee bright-haired Vesta . . . to solitary Saturn,*" &c. As Milton had invented a genealogy for Mirth (*L'All.* 14—24), so now, with even more subtlety of significance, he invents one for Melancholy. She is the daughter of the solitary Saturn (from whose name and disposition comes our word *saturnine*) by his own child Vesta, or Hestia, the goddess of the domestic hearth.

33. "*grain.*" See note, *P. L.*, V. 285.

35. "*cypress lawn*": black linen crape, said to have first come from the island of Cyprus, and often spelt "Cyprus" in old books. "Cyprus black as e'er was crow" is one of the wares of the pedlar Autolycus in *Winter's Tale* (iv. 4).

42. "*Forget thyself to marble.*" An idea repeated from the Lines on Shakespeare.

52—54. "*Him that you soars,*" &c. A daring use of the vision in Ezekiel, chap. x. Milton ventures to *name* one of the Cherubs that there guide the fiery wheelings of the throne.

56. "*hst*": imperative, as *bring* in line 51.

59, 60. "*While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,*" &c.: i.e. "while the Moon, entranced with the song, is seen to check the pace of her dragon-drawn chariot over a particular oak-tree, that she may listen the longer." Compare *In ob. Præz. El.*, 56—58. In classic mythology it is the chariot of Ceres or Demeter that is drawn by dragons.

61—64. Milton's fondness for the nightingale appears not only in this passage, but also in Sonnet I., *Comus* 234 and 566, *P. L.*, IV. 602 and 771, and VII. 435-6, and *P. R.*, IV. 245.

65. "*unseen.*" In studied antithesis to line 57 of *L'Allegro*.

73—76. "*Oft on a plat of rising ground,*" &c. Observe the word "*some*" in line 75. It is a distinct intimation, if such were necessary, that the visual circumstance is ideal—that the *Penseroso* is not actually walking in any particular locality, but is imagining himself here, there, and anywhere, at the bidding of his mood. Still a recollection of some actual spot may have been in Milton's mind. The old custom of ringing the curfew-bell at eight or nine o'clock (originally the signal that fires were to be put out: *couvre-feu*) was kept up in various parts of England; and, if Milton wanted to think of any particular spot with that evening characteristic, he could have no difficulty in choosing. The neighbourhood of Oxford has put in a claim. The sound of the eight o'clock bell from Christ Church is said to suit the requirements. It might be heard, say, as far as Forest-hill. But where in that vicinity is the "wide-watered shore"? It is suggested that the word "shore" may stand for the banks of a river or the boundary of a lake, and that thus, if the country near Oxford were flooded, as it used to be, there would be a sufficient "shore" in this sense. But why should the "wide-watered shore" not be the sea-shore? This seems the natural import of the phrase; and would it not be an omission in a poem on Melancholy if there were no mention of "the melancholy main"? Moreover "shore" is always, with Milton, the shore of a sea or some large piece of water that cannot be all seen round at once; and, even were it not so, the phrase "wide-watered shore" would suggest that here at all events he was thinking of a single line of coast beaten by the waves, and not of a limited circular lake-boundary. In the latter case it would be the country or district that was "wide-watered," not the "shore."—

"*Swinging slow with sullen roar.*" This is generally construed as of the "bell"; but, on the supposition just made of a tract of sea-shore, might it not be construed of the shore itself with the swinging boom of its waves? Anyone who has listened to the sea at night at the distance of half a mile will accept the "swinging slow with sullen roar" as very exact to the sound. Still the other construction is perhaps the less forced; and, though "roar" as applied to a bell is not usual, it is conceivable. "Sullen" is proper enough; and Shakespeare gives us not only "sullen bell" (*Henry IV.*, Part II. i. 1), but also "surly sullen bell" (Sonnet LXXI.).

83, 84. "*Or the bellman's drowsy charm,*" &c. The house imagined is, therefore, in some town, where the bellman or watchman may be heard outside, going his rounds, with his usual sing-song ("charm," from *carmen*) or cry. "Half-past nine, and a fine cloudy evening," may be remembered yet as a cry of the watchmen in some towns before the time of gas; but the older watchmen mingled pious benedictions with their meteorological information.

87. "*outwatch the Bear.*" Mr. Keightley notes that, as the Bear never sets, this implies sitting up till daybreak, when the stars vanish.

88. "*With thrice great Hermes*": i.e. reading the books of the Egyptian king and philosopher Thot, called by the Greeks Hermes Trismegistus, or the Thrice-great Mercury. There were at one time many such books of Hermetic lore, bearing the name of this mythical personage, most of them written by the Neo-Platonists of Alexandria.

88—92. "*or unsphere the spirit of Plato,*" &c.: i.e. "disentangle the doctrine of Plato from his writings, and so, as it were, bring back his disembodied spirit from the invisible regions in which it is now sphered."—"to unfold," &c. A reference to the "Phædo," where Plato expounds his doctrine of Immortality. See note, *P. R.*, IV. 331—364.

97—102. "*Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy,*" &c. *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides* are thought of among the ancients; among the moderns, perhaps only Shakespeare. See note to *L'All.* 131—134, and see also *P. R.*, IV. 261 and note there.

104. "*But O . . . to raise Musæus . . . or bid the soul of Orpheus*": i.e. "O that we could recover the sacred hymns

of the primitive semi-mythical Musæus of the Greeks, or the similar poems of his contemporary Orpheus." See *L'All.*, 145 and note.

109—115. "*Or call up him,*" &c.: i.e. Chaucer, whose unfinished *Squire's Tale* is here sketched.

116—120. "*And if aught else great bards,*" &c. The allusion must be to Spenser, with perhaps Ariosto and Tasso.

124. "*the Attic boy.*" Cephalus, the lover of Eos or Morning.

130. "*minute-drops,*" falling at intervals. So "*minute-guns.*"

156—166. "*To walk the studious cloister's pale,*" &c. Here again the spirit of local identification puts questions. What Gothic cloister did Milton mean? Was it Old St. Paul's in London? It may have been that or one of any number of cathedrals or chapels. But by "*studious cloister*" he must have meant for the moment the cloister of some college, say at Cambridge. One sees in lines 155, 156, a student walking in such college-cloisters, outside the chapel at first, though in the next line he enters the chapel, and the vision is then enlarged to that of a fully appointed cathedral. Observe that only at this point of the poem is Il Penseroso in contact with his fellow-creatures. Throughout the rest he is solitary.

158. "*massy proof,*" either "proof against the mass they support," or "massively proof."

159. "*storied windows richly dight,*" windows of stained glass, with subjects on them from Scripture history.

167—176. "*And may at last,*" &c. Recollected by Scott in the Introduction to Canto II. of his *Marmion*.

ARCADES.

8—13. "*Fame that . . . erst,*" &c. See Introd. pp. 158—163.

20—25. "*the wise Latona . . . or the towered Cybele,*" &c. Latona or Leto preceded Juno as the wife of Jupiter, and was the mother of Apollo and Diana. Cybele, otherwise Rhea or Berecynthia, was the wife of Saturn, and mother of the great gods, Jupiter, Juno, Neptune, Pluto, Vesta, and Ceres. She was called "the great Idæan mother of the gods," and in her images she wears a diadem from which

three towers rise over the forehead. Observe how gracefully, in his choice of goddesses to be named, Milton alludes to the age of the Countess of Derby. Observe also the implied compliment, that even the handsomest of her daughters must do her best to keep up with her.

30, 31. "*Divine Alpheus*," &c. Alpheus or Alpheius was a river in Arcadia. The legend was that a youthful hunter of that name had been in love with the nymph Arethusa, and that, when she fled from him to the island of Ortygia, on the coast of Sicily, he was turned into a river, pursued her in that guise by a secret channel under the sea, and, rising again in Ortygia, became one with her in a well or fountain there, called Arethusa after her.

52. "*the cross dire-looking planet*." Saturn.

57. "*tasselled horn*": the horn of the huntsman, which had tassels hung to it.

63—73. "*the celestial Sirens' harmony*." Another of those passages in which Milton employs the language of the Ptolemaic system of the Cosmos, and shows also his delight in the Pythagorean sub-notion called the Music of the Spheres. See *Intro.* to *P. L.* pp. 36—41, and *Od. Nat.* 125—132, with note there. In the present passage, as in that, he is content with *nine* of the spheres; but the reason is now plain. It is only "*the nine infolded spheres*" that are concerned in the production of the music of the universe, the tenth, outmost, or Primum Mobile, having apparently a sufficient function in containing them all and protecting them from Chaos. On each of the inner nine sits a Muse or Siren; and these nine Sirens are singing harmoniously on their revolving spheres all the while that the three Fates are turning the spindle of Necessity. This very spindle of Necessity goes round to the tune of the music that lulls the Fates as they turn it.—In all this description, Milton, as Warton pointed out, had in view an extraordinary passage in Plato's *Republic* (Book x. ch. 14). In Plato, of course, there are only eight spheres. See also Lorenzo's well-known speech to Jessica on the music of the spheres in *Merch. of Venice*, v. i.; where, however, it is the stars individually that are supposed to sing.

81. "*state*," i.e. chair of state.

96—109. "*Ladon*" was a river in Arcadia; "*Lycaus*," "*Cyllene*," and "*Manalus*," were mountains in the same;

Erymanthus was an Arcadian river-god. Of *Pan* and *Syrinx* all have heard.

COMUS.

20, 21. "*Took in by lot*," &c. The partition of the universe by lot among the three brothers, Jupiter, Pluto (called the underground or Stygian Jupiter), and Neptune, is described by Neptune himself in the Fifteenth Iliad.

27. "*this Isle*." Great Britain.

30. "*this tract that fronts the falling sun*." Wales or West Britain.

31—33. "*A noble Peer*," &c. The Earl of Bridgewater. See *Introd.*

46—50. "*Bacchus*," &c. The story of the voyage of Bacchus along the Tyrrhene shore, of the seizure of him by pirates there, and of their transformation into dolphins for this act of impiety, is told in the Homeric hymn to Bacchus and in Ovid's *Metam.* iii. The bringing of Bacchus, after this adventure, to Circe's island of *Ææa*, off the Latian coast, is Milton's invention. The visit of Ulysses to the island is a famous incident of the *Odyssey*.

50—53. "*Who knows not Circe, &c?*" She was the daughter of Helios (the Sun) by an ocean-nymph; and the *Odyssey* tells how, by her drugs and enchantments, she turned mortals into bestial shapes and kept them on her island. Milton has that account in view.

54—58. "*This Nymph . . . had by him a son . . . Comus named*." On referring to *L'Allegro*, 14—16, it will be seen that, if Milton adheres to the first of his two alternative genealogies for Euphrosyne, or Innocent Mirth, then Comus, the god of sensual Delirium, was her half-brother. Bacchus was the father of both; but the respective mothers were the good-tempered Queen Venus and Circe the island-witch. As Milton was punctilious in such matters, he may have had a meaning in this.

60. "*the Celtic and Iberian fields*." Gaul and Spain.

83. "*Iris' woof*." Compare *P. L.*, XI. 244.

84. "*a swain that to the service of this house belongs*," &c. A compliment to Lawes, put into his own mouth.

93. "*The star that bids the shepherd fold*": i.e. the Evening Star.

116. "*morrice*," originally morisco, or Moorish dance.

129. "*Dark-veiled Cotyto*": a Thracian Divinity, whose festival was celebrated by orgies on the hills. Her worship extended in later times to Athens, Corinth, and other places.

135. "*Hecate*," or *Hecate*: also a goddess of Thracian origin, and of darksome character. She presided over all kinds of nocturnal ghastliness and spectral horror.

139. "*The nice Morn on the Indian steep*." In this exquisite picture "*nice*" means "dainty" or "fastidious as to what she saw;" and the word must have come with a touch of sarcasm from Comus.

153, 154. "*Thus I hurl*," &c. At this point imagine the actor who personated Comus flinging from his hand, or making a gesture of flinging, a magical powder, with the result, by some stage-device, of a flash of coloured light.

175. "*granges*," granaries, farm-steads.

231. "*thy airy shell*," the hollow vault of the atmosphere.

232. "*Mæander's margent green*." Mr. Keightley suggests that Mæander, the river in Asia Minor so celebrated for its windings, may have been here selected as one of Echo's haunts for that very reason.

237. "*thy Narcissus*": the youth for whose love Echo pined away till only her voice was left, and who was afterwards punished for his insensibility by being made to fall in love with his own image in a fountain, and at length turned into the flower that bears his name.

241. "*Daughter of the Sphere*." Compare *At a Solemn Music*, I, 2.

244—248. "*Can any mortal mixture*," &c. In the actual performance at Ludlow this, besides its relation to the story, would have the effect of a compliment to the Lady Alice's singing.

252—257. "*I have oft heard*," &c. In the *Odyssey* the Sirens or Singing Maidens who lured mariners to their destruction are not companions of Circe, nor inhabitants of her island. But Circe sang herself, and had Naiads, or fountain-nymphs, among her handmaidens, who helped her to cull her magical herbs.

257—259. "*Scylla . . . and fell Charybdis*," &c. Homer places the island of the Sirens to the south-west of Italy, not far from Scylla and Charybdis.

293. "*swinked*," laboured, fatigued.

299. "*the clement*," sky or air.

301. "*awee-strook*." See note, *P.L.*, II. 165.

313. "*bosky bourn*," shrubby watercourse.

341, 342. "*our star of Arcady, or Tyrian Cynosure*." For *Cynosure* see note, *L'Alleg.* 80. It was the Phœnician mariners that steered by that constellation, and hence it is called *Tyrian*. The Greek mariners steered by the adjacent constellation of the Greater Bear, and "*star of Arcady*" here means any conspicuous star in that constellation. For it was the nymph Callisto, daughter of the *Arcadian* king Lycaon, that was turned into the Great Bear, and called Arctos, while it was her son Arcas that was whirled up beside her as the Lesser Bear or Tyrian Cynosure.

380. "*all to-ruffled*." In Milton's own texts this phrase is printed without any hyphen as three distinct words thus "*all to ruff'd*"; and, as that does not make sense in our present printing, the question has arisen whether the reading should be *all too ruffled* (i.e. "all too much ruffled," as in such phrases as "all too sad to tell"); or "*all-to ruffled*" (where *all-to* would be an old adverb meaning *completely*); or "*all to-ruffled*" (where "*to-ruffled*" would be taken as the participle of a verb compounded of the simple verb and the intensifying prefix *to*, and meaning "to ruffle greatly"). Something may be said for each reading; but, on the whole, the last may be chosen. In the authorized English Bible of 1611 (Judges ix. 53) we read "And a certain woman cast a millstone upon Abimelech's head and all to-brake his skull" (i.e. smashed, broke to pieces); and other instances are found of verbs with the intensifying prefix *to*.

393—395. "*the fair Hesperian tree*," &c. The golden apples of Juno were in charge of the nymphs called the Hesperides, and were watched in their gardens by the sleepless dragon Ladon. It was one of the labours of Hercules to slay the dragon and obtain the apples.

420. "'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity." The passage which begins here and ends at line 475 is a concentrated expression of the moral of the whole Masque, and an exposition also of a cardinal idea of Milton's own life and of his ethical philosophy.

432—437. "*Some say*," &c. Undoubtedly, as Warton remarked, Milton had here in his mind the passage in *Hamlet* (i. 1) beginning "Some say that ever 'gainst that season

comes."—The superstition was that the liberty of ghosts to wander began at curfew time in the evening.

459—463. "*Till oft converse*," &c. Here we have the germ of the peculiar physio-metaphysical speculation afterwards developed more at length in Raphael's speech to Adam in *Par. Lost*, V. 404—503. See the passage and note to part of it.

463—475. "*But, when lust*," &c. The whole passage, as Warton pointed out, is an adoption and translation of one in Plato's *Phædo*.

476—479. "*How charming is divine Philosophy!*" &c. A special compliment to Plato, who has just been quoted. See note, *P. R.*, IV. 331—364.

495—512. Observe that these eighteen lines are rhyming couplets.

515—518. "*What the sage poets*," &c. The reference is especially to Homer and Virgil, some of whose stories correspond to the description.

555—562. "*At last a soft*," &c. A renewed compliment (see previous note, 244—248) to the Echo-song of the Lady, and in language of memorable splendour.

586—599. A peculiarly Miltonic passage.

605. "*Harpies*," unclean bird-shaped creatures; "*Hydras*," water-serpents.

619—630. "*a certain shepherd-lad*," &c. Undoubtedly a reference to Milton's bosom-friend, the half-Italian Diodati, practising as a young physician when *Comus* was written. Compare *Epitaph. Dam.* 150—154.

636, 637. "*than that Moly*," &c. See *Introd.* p. 185. The plant Moly given to Ulysses by Hermes, to protect him against the charms and drugs of Circe (*Odys.* x.), is thus described: "It was black at the root, and its flower was milk-white; the gods call it *Moly*, but it is difficult for mortal men to dig it up."

638. "*He called it Hæmony*." Milton invents this name for his imaginary plant. *Hæmonia* was an old name for Thessaly, especially a land of magic with the Greeks. Spenser speaks of "the grassy banks of *Hæmony*."

655. "*Or, like the sons of Vulcan, vomit smoke*." The giant Cacus, the son of Vulcan, does this in the *Æneid*, in his last struggle.

661, 662. "*as Daphne was*," &c. The story of the

nymph Daphne, turned into a laurel-tree as she was chased by Apollo, is told in Ovid (*Met.* 1).

675, 676. "*that Nepenthes which*," &c. In the *Odyssey* Helen gives to her husband Menelaus, mixed with his wine, an opiate which she had obtained from Polydamna, the Egyptian, the wife of Thone. It was called *nepenthes* ("pain-dispelling") and was of wonderful virtue.

695. "*oughly-headed*." So in Milton's text.

707. "*budge doctors of the Stolic fur*." The word *budge* itself meant *fur* at one time; and a "budge-gown" or furred gown indicated a certain Academic grade. The word however was used also as an adjective for "stout" or "portly"; and the two meanings seem to be combined here.

721. "*Should, in a pet of temperance, feed on pulse*." The food of Daniel and the other three children of Israel. See Dan. i.

750. "*grain*." See note, *P. L.*, V. 285.

760. "*bolt her arguments*." A metaphor from the miller's process of *bolting*, or separating the meal from the bran.

780—799. "*To him that dares*," &c. A recurrence, by the sister, with even more mystic fervour, to that Platonic and Miltonic doctrine which had already been propounded by the Elder Brother (see lines 420—475 and note), and which is the pervading moral of the Masque.

803—806. "*as when the wrath of Jove*," &c. The reference is to the wars of Zeus against Cronos (Saturn) and the Titans, which ended in the imprisonment of some of them under Tartarus.

822. "*Melibæus old*." Possibly Geoffrey of Monmouth.

823. "*soothest*," truest. Said ironically, if Geoffrey of Monmouth was Melibæus.

826—857. "*Sabrina is her name*," &c. The legend of Sabrina, as told in Geoffrey of Monmouth, repeated in Spenser, Drayton, and other poets, and afterwards related in prose by Milton himself in his *History of Britain*, is as follows:—Brutus the Trojan, the second founder of the British nation, left his dominions divided among his three sons. Locrine, the eldest, took the chief part (now England); Camber took the west (now Wales); Albanact took the north (now Scotland). Cornwall meanwhile remained a separate sovereignty under Corineus, the giant-killer, the old co-partner of Brutus. Soon, however, there came a great

invasion of Huns, under their king, Humber; Albanact was killed; and there was a coalition of all the British populations under Lochrine as chief, to resist the Huns. With great success. The Huns were routed, and their king drowned in the river which now bears his name. Among the spoil left by Humber, however, was a German princess of matchless beauty, called Estrildis, and Lochrine fell in love with her. As he had been previously engaged to Guendolen, the daughter of Corineus, this caused scandal; and Corineus compelled Lochrine to fulfil his engagement. But for seven years Estrildis was kept secretly in Lochrine's palace, where she bore him a most beautiful daughter, Sabre or Sabrina, just when Queen Guendolen had borne him a son, Madan. At last, Corineus having died, Lochrine divorced Guendolen, and acknowledged Estrildis and her daughter. But Guendolen was a woman of spirit; and, rousing her own Cornish people, she fought a battle with her husband, in which he was slain. Thus supreme in Britain, and ruling it for her son Madan, she took revenge on her rival and her innocent daughter. "She commanded Estrildis and her daughter 'Sabre,' says Geoffrey, 'to be thrown into the river now called Severn, and published an edict through all Britain that the river should bear the damsel's name, 'hoping by this to perpetuate her memory, and by that 'the infamy of her husband.'" In Spenser (*F. Q. II. x.*) it is only Sabrina that is so drowned, her mother being disposed of otherwise; and in this Milton follows Spenser, changing also other particulars.

835. "*aged Nereus' hall.*" The hall of Nereus, the father of the Nereids or sea-nymphs, deep down in the sea.

845. "*urchin blasts*": i.e. evil strokes from the malicious hedgehog. Warton cited Caliban's speech in the *Tempest* (ii. 2) in illustration of the old superstitious dread of the hedgehog.

846. "*the shrewd meddling elf.*" Some cleverer brother, we may suppose, of Robin Goodfellow. See *L'Alleg.* 105, and note.

867—889. "*Listen, and appear to us,*" &c. The mythological allusions in this ditty may be thus explained:—*Oceanus* was the most ancient sea-god, the god of the ocean-stream encircling the whole Earth; *Neptune*, with his trident, was a later being. *Tethys* was the wife of Oceanus, and

mother of the river-gods. "*Hoary Nereus*" is the "aged *Nereus*" of line 835. The "*Carpathian wizard*" is the subtle *Proteus*, ever shifting his shape: he dwelt in a cave in the island of Carpathus; and he had a "hook," because he was the shepherd of the sea-calves. *Triton*, son of Neptune and Aphrodite, though he had a palace in the sea-depths, generally rode on the waves atop, blowing his shell-trumpet: he was "scaly," because the lower part of him was fish. *Glaucus* was a Boeotian fisherman who had been changed into a marine god: he haunted coasts of sea-weed, and was an oracle for sailors and fishermen. *Leucothea* ("the white goddess") was originally Ino, the daughter of Cadmus, and had received her new name after she had drowned herself and been converted into a sea-deity. "*Her son that rules the strands*" was Melicertes, drowned and deified with her, and thenceforward known as *Palaemon* or *Portunus*, the god of bays and harbours. *Thetis*, one of the daughters of Nereus, and therefore a sea-deity by birth, married Peleus, and was the mother of Achilles: Homer calls her "silver-footed." Of the *Sirens* or singing sea-nymphs (see note, 252—257) *Parthenope* and *Ligea* were two. The "dear tomb" of the first was at Naples (see the third Latin piece *Ad Leonoram Romæ carentem*); the "golden comb" of the second is from stories of our own mermaids.

921. "*Amphitrite's bower*." She was the wife of Neptune and Queen of the Sea.

922, 923. "*daughter of Locrine, sprung of old Anchises' line*." See previous note, 826—857; and complete Sabrina's genealogy by remembering that Brutus, her grandfather, was the son of Silvius, the son of Ascanius, the son of the great Æneas, the son of the aged Anchises.

934—937. "*May thy lofty head be crowned*," &c. The syntax of this passage has puzzled commentators; but all is made perfectly clear, I think, by the observation of a critic, Mr. Calton, quoted by Todd, that Milton must have in view two Greek verbs, one meaning "to put a crown round," the other "to put a crown upon." The construction then is "May thy lofty head be *crowned round* with many a tower and terrace, and thy banks here and there be *crowned upon* with groves of myrrh and cinnamon."

976—979. These four lines are in the very rhythm and rhyme of the first four of Ariel's song in the *Tempest* (v. 1).

In the actual performance of the Masque they and the next sixteen lines, instead of coming here as part of the Epilogue, were used for Prologue (see *Introd.* pp. 173, 174).

982, 983. "*Hesperus, and his daughters three*," &c. Hesperus, brother of Atlas, was the father of the Hesperides. See note, 393—395.

997—1011. "*(List, mortals, if your ears be true)*," &c. By this parenthesis Milton begs attention to a mystery which he is to propound allegorically. It is that in those celestial regions to which the Spirit is ascending there is not only all physical beauty and delight, but also that true Love of which Comus had apprehended only the vile counterfeit. Yes, whatever of fine and good significance may be discerned in such an earthly myth, say, as that of Venus (identified here with "the Assyrian queen" Astarte) grieving over her wounded Adonis (same as Thammuz: see *P. L.*, I. 446—457)—to *that* Heaven contains something to correspond! Much more is realized there the highly spiritual love set forth perhaps in the Greek myth of Cupid and Psyche, where Psyche (the Human Soul), parted from her Cupid, has to wander about disconsolate, and undergo sufferings and humiliations, till at last, becoming immortal, she is united to him for ever with the consent of all the gods! In other parts of Milton's writings a highly mystic or Platonic notion of this kind is hinted at as a truth beyond the scope of common spirits. See *Lycid.* 172—177, *Epitaph. Dam.* 212—219, and *P. L.*, VIII. 612—629.

1016, 1017. "*And from thence*," &c. A double touch here from Shakespeare, as Warton observed. See Oberon's song, *Mids. N. Dr.* IV. 1, and Hecate's words in *Macbeth* III. 5.

1021. "*sphery chime*." See note, *Arc.* 63—73.

1022, 1023. "*Or, if Virtue*," &c. On a certain day, nearly five years after *Comus* was written (June 10, 1639), Milton, passing through Geneva, on his return to England from his Italian journey, was asked to write something in an Album kept by the family of a certain Italian, Cerdogni, living there, and in which already there were the signatures of many distinguished persons of the time. Complying with the request, he wrote these two last lines of his *Comus*, adding the Latin verse, "*Cælum non animum nuto dum trans mare curro*," and his signature, "JOANNES MILTONIUS,

ANGLUS." It was as if he said "Wherever I go, the sentiment of the last two lines of my *Comus* is always my fixed belief." The Album is now in America, where it was the property of the Hon. Charles Sumner.

LYCIDAS.

5. "*Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.*" The allusion is not here, as has been supposed, "to the unripe age of his friend," but is personal to Milton himself. The laurel, the myrtle, and the ivy supply wreaths for poets: to pluck their berries or their leaves is to solicit a wreath, *i.e.* to write a poem; to do so before the ripe season is to let oneself be induced to write a poem, perhaps imprudently, by some sudden occasion.

8, 9. "*Lycidas . . . young Lycidas.*" The pastoral name is taken from Theocritus and Virgil.

15, 16. "*Sisters of the sacred well,*" &c. The Muses, daughters of Zeus and Mnemosyne, born at the Pierian fountain under Mount Olympus.

26. "*Under the opening eyelids of the Morn.*" This noble phrase is found in older poets, and has been traced by Todd to a marginal variation of the translation of Job iii. 9, in the Authorized Version of the Bible. For "dawning of the day" in the text the margin proposes "the eyelids of the morning."

29. "*Battening,*" feeding. This and other such phrases from line 23 to line 56 are pastoral metaphors for companionship at college and the incidents of college-life. See *Intro.* pp. 190, 191.

34—36. "*Rough Satyrs . . . and Fauns,*" miscellaneous Cambridge undergraduates; "*old Damatus,*" perhaps Joseph Meade or some other well-remembered fellow of Christ's. See *Memoir*, p. xii.

50—55. "*Where were ye, Nymphs,*" &c. Imitated expressly from Theocritus (*Idyll* i. 66—69) and Virgil (*Ecl.* x. 9—12), but with a substitution of West-British haunts of the Muses for their Greek haunts named in those classic passages.—"*The steep where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie*" may be any of the Welsh mountains; but Warton suggests especially the sepulture of the Druids at Kerig-y-Druidion in South Denbighshire. "*The shaggy top of Mona*" is the high interior of Anglesey, the island retreat

of the Druids, once thick with woods. "*Deva*" is the Dee, "the holy Dee," sacred with Druidic and Arthurian legends. Chester, from which King sailed, is on the Dee, at some distance from its mouth, and was the chief port in that part of England before the rise of Liverpool.

58-63. "*What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,*" &c. The continued grief of Orpheus for his lost Eurydice (see note, *L'All.* 145) so enraged the Thracian women that they fell upon him in one of their orgies and tore him to pieces. The fragments of his body were buried by the Muses with all honour at the foot of Mount Olympus; but his head, having been thrown into the Thracian river Hebrus, was rolled down to the sea, and so carried to the Island of Lesbos, where it was buried separately. Even the Muse Calliope, his mother, could not prevent such a fate.

65. "*the homely, stighted, shepherd's trade*": i.e., in the established metaphor of the pastoralists, the practice of poetry.

68, 69. "*Amaryllys . . Neæra.*" Names of imaginary shepherdesses from the Greek and Latin pastorals.

75, 76. "*Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,*" &c. In strict Mythology the Furies or Erinnyes were different beings from the Fates; and Atropos, who cut the threads of lives, was one of the Fates. See note, *Ep. Mar. Win.* 28.

77. "*and touched my trembling ears.*" A fine poetical appropriation of the popular superstition that the tingling of a person's ears is a sign that people are talking of him. What Milton had been saying about poetic fame might be understood, he saw, as applicable to himself.

79. "*glistening foil,*" shining sheet of metallic leaf, as in *tin-foil*.

85, 86. "*O fountain Arethuse*": the fountain so-called in the island of Ortygia on the Sicilian coast (see note, *Arc.* 30, 31). "*And thou . . smooth-sliding Mincius*": the tributary to the Po in northern Italy, near which Virgil had been born. The first stream represented the Greek Pastoral Poetry of Theocritus and other Sicilians; the second the Latin Pastoral.

87, 88. "*That strain I heard was of a higher mood,*" &c. : i.e. the speech of Phoebus from line 76 to line 84 had been a burst beyond the simple mood of the Pastoral proper; to which he now returns.

89, 90. "*the Herald of the sea*," &c. : i.e. Triton (note to *Comus* 867—889); who comes, in behalf of Neptune, to inquire what had caused the drowning of Lycidas.

96. "*sage Hippotades*" : i.e. Æolus, the God of the Winds, son of Hippotes.

99. "*Panope*," &c. She was one of the Nereids or sea-nymphs; and the meaning is that the sea was as calm as glass when the ship went down.

101. "*Built in the eclipse*." So, as Warton noted, among the ingredients in the witch-caldron in *Macbeth* (iv. 1) are "slips of yew slivered in the moon's eclipse."

103—107. "*Next, Camus*," &c. The genius of the Cam River and of Cambridge University was naturally one of the mourners for Lycidas. He comes attired in a mantle of the hairy river-weed that floats down the Cam; his bonnet is of the sedge of that river, which exhibits, especially when dried, peculiar markings, something like the *dî dî* ("Alas! alas!") which the Greeks detected on the leaves of the hyacinth, in token of the sad death of the Spartan youth from whose blood the flower had sprung (see note, *D. of a Fair Infant*, 23—27).

109. "*The Pilot of the Galilean Lake*" : i.e. St. Peter. While the name recalls his original occupation in Galilee, he is introduced, however, in his subsequent character as the apostle to whom Christ had committed so high a charge in his Church (Matt. xvi. 17—19) and whom he had constituted so expressly the Shepherd of his Flock (John xxi. 15—17). See *Intro.* pp. 191, 192. ✓

113—131. "*How well could I have spared for thee, young swain*," &c. These nineteen lines of the poem, supposed to be spoken by St. Peter, are perhaps the most remarkable passage in it. See *Intro.* p. 192. Observe the studied contempt and sternness of the phraseology, and even the studied harshness of the sound—"their bellies' sake," "*shove away*," "*Blind mouths*" (a singularly bold figure!), "*grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw*," &c.—The "*grim wolf*" of lines 128, 129, adding stealthy seizures of individual sheep to the evil of the sheep-rot already in the fold through bad tending, is undoubtedly the Church of Rome, the numerous private secessions to which in England in Laud's time were a subject of alarm and complaint among the Puritans.—The last two lines of the passage are the most

obscure. There is the powerful image of some "*two-handed engine*" at the door of the corrupted Church, soon to smite it in, as with the blow of an axe or a battering-ram. But what *is* the implement, and is it about to be wielded by the hands of one attacking figure, as an axe or two-handed sword would be, or to be propelled by the joint force of many? On the whole, if the image is a Biblical one, we are referred, I think, to the first three chapters of the Book of Revelation where St. John sees the awful vision of "one like unto the Son of Man" and receives from him the messages to the Seven Churches of Asia. Part of the description of the divine figure is that "he had in his right hand seven stars" and that "out of his mouth went a *sharp two-edged sword*" (Rev. i. 16). Afterwards (Rev. ii. 12—16) the actual message to one of the Seven Churches, represented as most corrupt, begins "These things saith *he which hath the sharp sword with two edges*"; and, after terrible rebuke of the corrupters, it ends "Repent; or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will fight against them *with the sword of my mouth*." The Apocalyptic agency for the reform of a corrupt Church is certainly, therefore, the two-edged sword of St. John's vision, and Milton is not likely to have overlooked this. It is not unlike him, however, to have let the Apocalyptic suggestion shape itself in his imagination into the optical form of some actual double-handed agency thought of by himself; and in that case we have not far to seek. The agency by which, three or four years afterwards, the doors of the Church of England *were* dashed in was an English Parliament with its two Houses; and at the time when *Lycidas* was written that was the agency secretly in the minds and hopes of all the Puritans. Or, if this is too prosaic as an interpretation of the prophecy before the fact, yet, as the prophecy fulfilled itself exactly so, might not Milton have known for the first time *after* the fact, as often happens to a prophet, the real meaning of his own symbol?

132—134. "*Return, Alpheus,*" &c. For the second time there has been a burst beyond the limits of the simple Pastoral, and again he returns. This time it is not on Arethusa and Mincius that he calls, as after his first return (85, 86), but on Alpheus. Or rather it is on Alpheus and Arethusa together, both of them one now in the fountain

Arethuse in the Sicilian island of Ortygia (see note *Arc.* 30, 31), and therefore jointly the "Sicilian muse," or muse of the true Pastoral.

138. "*the swart star*": Sirius, the dog-star, which brings heat and swarthinness.

142—151. "*Bring the rather [early] primrose,*" &c. This is the most exquisite flower-and-colour passage in all Milton's poetry. His manuscript shows that he brought it to perfection by additions and afterthoughts.

151. "*laurate hearse*": i.e. "the laurelled hearse." The word *hearse* here, as in the Epitaph to the Marchioness of Winchester (58), means not the carriage conveying the coffin, but the coffin itself, or at least the tomb.

156—162. "*Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,*" &c. See *Introd.* p. 192.—"*sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old*": i.e., prosaically, near Land's End in Cornwall. Land's End was the *Bellerium* of the Romans; and Milton himself seems to have invented *Bellerus* as a namefather for the place, imagining him perhaps as one of the old Cornish Britons of the lineage of Corineus (see note, *Comus* 826—857). Indeed he had first written "*Corineus*," and had substituted *Bellerus* for musical reasons.—"*The great Vision of the guarded mount.*" The "guarded mount" is the steep and rocky St. Michael's Mount, opposite the town of Marazion near Land's End, and connected with the town at low water. The Mount was famous long before Milton's time for the remains in it of an old Norman stronghold and a still older monastery, but especially for a semi-accessible craggy seat, looking out upon the sea, and called "St. Michael's chair," because the apparition of the Archangel Michael had now and then been seen in it. *He*, therefore, is the "*great Vision*" that guards the Mount. Tourists go to see it now, both for its old celebrity and on account of this mention of it in Milton.—"*Looks to Namancos and Bayona's hold.*" In old maps of Spain *Namancos* is a town in the province of Galicia near Cape Finisterre, and *Bayona* is a city on the west coast of the same province. It was a boast of the Cornish people that there was a direct line of sea-view from Land's End passing France altogether and hitting no European land till it reached Spain. Drayton had expressed this in his *Polyolbion*, and Milton does it more grandly here in his fancy of the Archangel's gaze seaward from the southwestmost point of the British shore.

176. "*unexpressive*," inexpressible, or inexpressibly sweet.
 186. "*Thus sang*," &c. See Introd. pp. 192, 193.
 189. "*Doric lay*": lay after the manner of the Greek pastoralists, who wrote in the Doric dialect.

SONNETS AND KINDRED PIECES.

SONNET VIII. :—" *The great Emathian conqueror*" is Alexander the Great, so called after Emathia, part of Macedonia; who, when he sacked the Boeotian city of Thebes and razed it to the ground (B.C. 335), ordered the house of the poet Pindar, who had died more than a century before, to be carefully preserved.—"*Sad Electra's poet*" is Milton's favourite Euripides, one of whose tragedies is "*Electra*." The story is that, when the Spartan Lysander had taken Athens and it was proposed to destroy it utterly (B.C. 404), the victors were turned from their purpose by hearing casually repeated some verses from Euripides, then just dead.

SONNET X. :—" *that old man eloquent*" is the Athenian orator and statesman Isocrates, who died B.C. 338, at the age of ninety-eight years, just after the fatal battle of Chæroneia, in which Philip of Macedon defeated the Athenians and their Boeotian allies, and crushed the liberties of Greece.

SONNET XI. :—" *Mile-end Green*": a locality in Whitechapel, about the distance which its name indicates from the central parts of the City of London, and the common terminus in Milton's time of a staid citizen's walk in that direction.—"*Gordon, Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp.*" These names, which Milton picks out as of no less uncouth sound than the title of his own unfortunate book, were Scottish names recently wafted into England with the news of that extraordinary Scottish episode of the great Civil War which forms the subject of Scott's *Legend of Montrose*. For a whole year the Marquis of Montrose had been displaying the King's standard in Scotland with a success that seemed marvellous, and that threatened at last to be very troublesome to the cause of Parliament in England; and not till Sept. 1645 had he been suppressed by the battle of Philiphaugh. As there had been much talk of him and his doings in England, the names of some of his principal followers had been in men's mouths there as well as his own. Among

